MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

CANON WIDDICOMBE

3 1761 06566131 6

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/memoriesmusings00widd

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

IN THE LESUTO

A SKETCH OF AFRICAN MISSION LIFE

With Map and Illustrations
Crown 8vo. Cloth Boards 5/-

LONDON: SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN
KNOWLEDGE, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE

THE VERY REV. THE ARCHIMANDRITE ATHANASIUS NIKOPOULOUS.

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

BY

JOHN WIDDICOMBE

CANON EMERITUS OF BLOEMFONTEIN
LATE DIRECTOR OF ST. SAVIOUR'S MISSION, THLOTSE, BASUTOLAND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS

> Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
> As more of Heaven in each we see:
> Some softening gleam of love and prayer
> Shall dawn on every cross and care.
>
> KEBLE

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
RUSKIN HOUSE, MUSEUM STREET W.C.
1915

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
NU 18 198

BRIEF
DTB
001409

TO

"UNCLE JACK" OF LOCHINVER

WITH

GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

PREFACE

THESE Memories and Musings are written for the general reader by a general reader: or, if you will, by a man of the veld for the man-in-the-street.

It has been so ordered that by far the greater part of my life has been spent in Africa, and a large slice of it in the veld—which is, as everyone knows, the South African name for open, uncultivated country.

I have tried to write simply and clearly and to use when treating of religious or theological subjects as little technical terminology as possible, knowing from experience, as I suppose most clergymen do, that theological language is not always correctly understood.

In penning these records of some of my experiences I have had to rely mainly upon my memory, and can therefore hardly hope that they will be entirely free from errors; but I venture to think that such errors as may reveal themselves will be only errors of detail, of no real importance, and that nothing has been said which is not substantially true and in accordance with fact.

If I have written somewhat trenchantly on religious or political subjects, I have done my best to abstain from unfair criticism of individuals either in Church or State. A man slowing down into the Great Terminus would not wish to enter it and pass through its portals into the eternal realities of the unseen and the unknown with unkind thoughts towards his fellow creatures. He would wish to be in charity with all men. And such is my desire.

My thanks are due to my friend Mr. George Worley for his great kindness in correcting the proof sheets and seeing the volume through the press.

For the views of the Knysna as well as the photographs of some of its surrounding scenery, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Joseph of this place.

In other cases I am under obligations to personal friends and copyright-holders for illustrations supplied, particularly to Miss Nussey and Mr. Otto Husemeyer.

JOHN WIDDICOMBE

KNYSNA, SOUTH AFRICA,
1914

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

LONDON IN THE 'FIFTIES

PAGE

Magnificence of London—Growth of London—Northumberland House—Villages now part of the city—Church life—Hatred of Calvinism—Awakening of the Church—Puseyites—Roman Catholic churches—Irvingism—Nonconformists—Peculiar hymns—St. Paul's Cathedral—Reflections . 1

CHAPTER II

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN LONDON

St. Barnabas', Pimlico—The Blessed Sacrament—Ancient hymns and music—Lenten services—Hymnals—Three stories—The Guild of St. Alban—Some London churches—Edward Stuart—Secessions 21

CHAPTER III

INEPTITUDE AND FURY

The Puseyites—Dr. Pusey and the lamb—The Home Episcopate—A bishop on beards—*The Church Times—Hymns A. and M.*—A pathetic history—Another seceder—Trials of the 'Fifties—Father Lowder and St. George's Mission—The riots—The need of Spiritual Courts—Three men in green . 46

CHAPTER IV

SOUTH AFRICA IN THE 'SIXTIES

Vast changes—Cape Town—Countries of South Africa—Travelling by Post Cart—Appearance of the country—George Town—South African Nomenclature—A stained glass window—Captain Rainier and Mr. Chapman—Archdeacon Welby—A liberated slave—Sir George Grey—The Knysna 71

CHAPTER V

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE

PAGE
Bishop Welby—Archdeacon Badnall—W. F. Taylor—Tristan d'Acunha—Two stories—Bishop Sidwell—Absent-mindedness—A night walk—Dean Nicholson and the ghost—Moral 98

CHAPTER VI

OUDTSHOORN AND MALMESBURY

Oudtshoorn—The ostrich—Churches—Jews and Scots—The Cango Caverns—Christians of George—A story—Malmesbury—The Marriage Service—The Bays—The Guano Islands—Sea Fowl—The Old Watchman. . . . 124

CHAPTER VII

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Church and State in England—The Mother Church still without Spiritual Courts—Bishop Gray—Bishop Colenso—The Colenso Case—Loss of all Church property in Natal—Bishop Colenso's lapse—The Higher Critics and their writings—Dean Green—The strife in Natal—An American story—Robert Robertson—The effect of the Excommunication—Bishop Gray's toils and tribulations—Dr. Hook—Bishop Gray's death—His characteristics . . . 152

CHAPTER VIII

NORTH OF THE ORANGE

Bloemfontein—President Brand—Bishop Webb—Archdeacon Croghan—Canon Beckett—Charles Gutch—A story—Modder Poort—Father Douglas—A London experience—O.F.S. Tourists—Miss Grimes—Post Cart adventures—Archdeacon Crisp—A recognition—Johannesburg—The Natives and "Civilization"—Chinese labour—Bishop Furse—Tobacco and oranges—A Greek Archimandrite—Reunion with the Greek Church 180

CHAPTER IX

WANDERINGS

PAGE

Leaving Basutoland—Retirement from active work—Bishop Smyth—Three ancient ladies—The Portuguese and Mission Work—Zanzibar—Nairobi—Life in British East Africa—A Jesuit Father—Mount Kenia—Lions—Other wild animals—Jiggers—Nearly burnt out—A dinner—Farming—Fever—Return to South Africa—Indian finger prints—Malmesbury parish—Hopefield—Thlotse—Bishop Hicks—The spirit of Missions 219

CHAPTER X

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: ITS CAUSES

Misconceptions—Two chief causes: Ultimate and Proximate—Ultimate: the Two Ideals—The Southern Ideal: equal rights to all civilized men—Illustrations of its working—Difficulty of drawing a Colour Line in the Western Province—Illustrations of this—The Northern Ideal—The Boer Pioneers—The Ideal as reduced to practice—The individual Englishman and the English Government—Summary—Proximate cause of the war—Johannesburg and the Uitlanders—Corruption—The clashing of the Two Ideals—The Hegemony of South Africa 271

CHAPTER XI

KRUGER AND RHODES

A comparison and a contrast—Paul Kruger—A Dopper preacher—Kruger's Zulu nurse-boy—Kruger and the Jews—Kruger's shrewdness—A story—His obstinacy and obscurantism—Cecil Rhodes—The German menace in the Sub-Continent—An illustration—Rhodes and the Red Line—Rhodesia—A story—The Raid—Personal intercourse with Rhodes—His resting-place 311

CHAPTER XII

THE CAMPAIGN

PAGE

Light spirit in which the war was undertaken—The Boers—The British—Buller's instructions—The Basuto—Thlotse isolated—Boer mistakes—Magnitude of the struggle—The railway—Sights at Thlotse—Good behaviour of the troops—Twee Fontein—The Black Week—Buller's advance—Epiphany, 1900—Colonel Rhodes and General Koch—A Yeomanry story—More war stories—King Edward VII and Major Mullins 338

CHAPTER XIII

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Results of the War—Peace between the two white races—Loyalty and self-restraint of the Native races—Unification of the four most important Colonies—The Southern Ideal and its partial realization—Native Representation—Earl Grey's views—South Africa a White Man's Country—Segregation—Unity and development—Bishop Furse on the Native Question—Justice and freedom . . . 376

CHAPTER XIV

CHRISTIAN REUNION

The Duty of Reunion—Our Lord's Solemn Prayer—The A.P.U.C.—Previous attempts—Objections—The Roman Catholic—The Anglican—The Nonconformist—Survey of the Christian Communities—Statistical Tables—Remarks on the Tables—The Essential Unity of the Church—How the Church is One—The Four Marks of the Church—The Anglo-Catholic Church—Difficulties of Reunion—The Holy Eastern Church—The departure of the Guards for the Crimea—The Roman Church—Papal Infallibility—The Church Militant only a small part of the Church—Ignorance—Modernism—The separated Eastern Churches—The Modern Churches—Apostolical Succession—The Visible Church—Dangers—Orthodox and Liberal—Erastianism—Hopes—The Easterns—The Latins—The Modern Churches—The Crown of the Catholic Revival 390

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Very Rev. the Archimandrite Athanasius Nikopoulous *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

The Veld, Orange Free State 73

Sunset on the Knysna River 73

Knysna : the forest road 97

Entrance to Knysna 97

The Rev. Father Douglas, S.S.A. 193

S. Augustine's, Modder Poort : front entrance . . . 209

S. Augustine's, Modder Poort : back entrance . . . 209

Father Beckett's cave, Modder Poort 217

Modder River, O.F.S. 217

The Right Rev. Bishop Webb 225

Basuto children 265

Bishop Hicks' grave : Maseru, Basutoland . . . 265

In the mission garden : Thlotse, Basutoland . . . 353

The Market Place, Bloemfontein 353

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

CHAPTER I

LONDON IN THE 'FIFTIES

Magnificence of London—Growth of London—Northumberland House—Villages now part of the city—Church life—Hatred of Calvinism—Awakening of the Church—Puseyites—Roman Catholic churches—Irvingism—Nonconformists—Peculiar hymns—St. Paul's Cathedral—Reflections.

> " Earth has not anything to show more fair :
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty :
> This City now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendour valley, rock or hill ;
> Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
> The river glideth at his own sweet will :
> Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep :
> And all that mighty heart is lying still ! "—*Wordsworth.*

WHEN, after Waterloo, Blücher stood upon the steps of the National Gallery and contemplated the scene around him, looking down upon Trafalgar Square and up through Parliament Street towards Westminster Abbey, he is said to have exclaimed, " What a city to sack ! " Perhaps he said nothing of the kind, for great men are often credited with sayings they did not utter, but if he did give utterance to such a thought, what would he say now when the splendour of the scene has so much increased ?

The last sixty years have made a vast difference in the size, grandeur and magnificence of London. If it was the greatest and most busy city in the world then, much more is it so now. To-day it is a city of palaces. It was not wanting in fine buildings in the early Victorian era, but they were many of them hidden from view. They had to be looked for in shabby back streets and out-of-the-way places. To-day things are very different. It may be said with truth that London is now not only the most busy but the most magnificent city in the world.

I first saw London in 1847. Coming up from Devonshire as a small boy of eight, the thing that impressed me most as I was driven in a cab at night from Paddington station was a large chemist's shop with its huge globular bottles of red, green and blue. The colours were crude and glaring, and made me wonder what such immense bottles could contain. The main streets were dull and drab and dingy then compared with what they are now. And hidden away behind the great arteries of the vast metropolis were many slums of closely packed human beings, existing for the most part amid squalor and vice. Trafalgar Square, said to be the finest urban site in Europe, had as a background the purlieus of the Seven Dials, the Five Dials and Clare Market. The dens of Southwark, in close proximity to Lambeth Palace, were at a dead level of ugliness and degradation. Close to Westminster Abbey there existed infamous hordes of vice and crime and debasement, while at the East End a network of slums extended right away from Whitechapel down to St. George's-in-the-East and the St. Katherine and London Docks—a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes and blind alleys which a policeman dared not enter alone. Nearly all of these have either been swept away or made less loathsome. The miles of streets further afield which have sprung up, dull and uniformly mean as they are with their workmen's dwellings of almost uniform type, are at any rate a vast improvement on the old slums and human rookeries where the thousands of toilers of half a century ago lived their dreary, cheerless lives with no attraction save that of the flaunting gin shops around.

Coming back to the great city after long absences one cannot but realize the immense improvements that have been made in every direction. There are blots on it still, but they are not as large or as black as they were in the days when I first saw its lights and shadows and walked along its streets.

In the way of street architecture what strikes one most is the improvements that have been made in its very centre. Trafalgar Square and its column and fountains and St. Martin's Church and its portico still remain, and long may they continue to do so. And the insignificant National Gallery with its pepper-pot still crowns the height of the vast space around, but Northumberland House with its dismal front—ugly enough in all conscience, but not sufficiently so to make it interesting—has disappeared. With it has gone, too, the lion that stood so insolently on its roof: the lion that was said to wag its tail with rage when the might of England was questioned or the honour of the Percys impugned. I was told when I first saw it that it wagged its tail when angered, but that it had never been known to roar.

And Temple Bar has gone ; removed, so I am informed, to some place in the country. But I wonder what has become of my poor old friend the lion, the pride of so many generations of cockneys, and whether he is still supposed to wag his tail.

In those old days Hampstead and Highgate and Fulham and Streatham and Tooting and Clapham and Norwood and many another suburb or outlying portion of London were really villages in the country. Highgate had its ponds in which small boys loved to fish, though they met with but scanty reward in the way of sticklebacks for their patience ; and doubtless the ponds are there still and small boys still angle in them. Chalk Farm was a real farm where the town visitor was regaled with the purest milk and penny draughts of curds and whey. These villages are now reckoned as parts of London, and the vast metropolis stretches far away beyond them all.

Look at its streets ! One used to think that they were quite crowded enough, but now they are more crowded than ever ; and the principal ones wear an air of grandeur altogether lacking in the ’forties and ’fifties. And one notes, too, the disappearance of the old-fashioned cab and omnibus. They have given place to the motor-car and the motor-bus, and I suppose it is for the best ; but I must confess that I miss the old horsed vehicles, they were so much more natural and sightly in appearance. And to an ancient African like myself the motor-car is a terror—a python. You stand at Piccadilly Circus or in Oxford Street waiting to cross, and lo, the moment you make the attempt you find yourself surrounded by numbers of these mechanical monsters emitting their malodorous vapours and lashing their tails and swishing and doubling, ready to embrace and crush you. Oh, stranger, beware of the Piccadilly python! He is more dangerous than the living reptile of Central Africa! If you wish to cross in safety, get under the kindly shelter of the policeman, for he is the omnipotent and beneficent arbiter of your fate when attempting to cross a crowded London street.

And there is that wonderful Tube! When I was a boy the Thames Tunnel was regarded as a triumph of engineering and a marvel, and tourists from the country used to think it a great thing to be able to say that they had crossed the Thames underground! But now it is seldom heard of: the Tube and the Underground railway have driven it out of mind. Poor old Tunnel!

And the shops! There is an opulence about them which strikes a stranger, and their number, their variety, their size, their decoration, and the beautiful and costly and artistic articles they display all make a profound impression upon the passer-by. And most of all, the perfection to which window-dressing has been brought. There was nothing like it in the days of yore. Dainty and tasteful and attractive in their display, the shop windows alone show how greatly refinement and wealth and luxury have increased.

But to a reflecting mind it seems doubtful whether all this ostentation and display of wealth and ornament in the splendid shops, and the rushing to and fro of luxuriously appointed motor-cars, have a wholesome effect upon the toiling thousands who witness and take note of them. The contrast between wealth and poverty, luxury and squalor, seems greater and more painful than ever. There is reason to hope that, great as it still is, the poverty is less than it formerly was—the squalor certainly is—but the luxury and the display of it have undoubtedly increased, and that enormously.

CHURCH LIFE

In the late 'forties and early 'fifties the Church of England was beginning to rouse herself from the easy-going, not to say somnolent, condition in which the greater part of the first half of the nineteenth century had found her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) was making vigorous efforts to plant new churches and schools in new and rapidly growing districts, and the Oxford Movement was making its influence felt in a few—a very few—parishes, at the head of which stood St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, then under the charge of the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett. Some of the parishes in the hands of incumbents of the Evangelical school of thought were doing good work on deeply spiritual lines, but for the most part there did not seem to be much life or movement in the diocese. The Church was eminently "respectable," but had not yet been roused to a true realization of its responsibilities or its duty. In the upper and middle classes of society it was considered the correct thing to attend Divine Service at least once on Sunday, usually in the forenoon. The communicants were very few, and early celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, almost unknown since the days of Queen Anne, were only just being revived. Not many of the lower classes were churchgoers. Nonconformity had a large following among the lower middle classes and the better educated tradesmen and artisans. The Roman Church was vigorous in certain districts where Irish immigrants and their descendants predominated and had just established a new mission, the Oratory, in King William

Street, Strand.[1] Newman might sometimes have been heard lecturing there. The Irvingites, calling themselves the "Catholic and Apostolic Church," were building their splendid temple in Gordon Square ; Dr. Cumming thundered eloquently and predicted the coming end of the world to Scottish Presbyterians at Crown Court, Drury Lane, and minor sects such as the Swedenborgians had their disciples, few in number but zealous and devoted.

The home religious influence (what there was of it) of my boyhood was narrowly Protestant and Calvinistic, and by the time I was fourteen my whole being revolted against it. It seemed to me that Calvinistic theories made Almighty God a cruel and unjust monster instead of a just and merciful Father, and I cast them from me as hideous caricatures of the teaching of the Saviour of mankind. I saw that good and pious and intelligent men believed these theories, but how they could do so was to me a mystery. So I wandered about from church to church and sect to sect until by the mercy of God my soul found its sure anchorage in the Catholic Faith, and I became convinced of the claims of the English Church upon my allegiance. Had this grace not been vouchsafed to me I fear that I should have become an unbeliever. And I was not alone in such spiritual experiences, for those were days of transition—quite as much so as present days, though men may not think it. Old ideas and prejudices and usages were passing away. Religious thought was in a state of flux. Untenable and narrow and Puritan principles were about to be tested in the light of a truer and more Apostolic Christianity which was making its influence felt all over the country and in London most of all. The English Church was awaking from her lethargy, renewed by the Spirit of God and pulsating with the divine life within her. She was realizing her divine origin and her mission, and rousing herself to undergo the severe tests that awaited her—tests which have proved again and again during the last half century the truthfulness of her claim to be a part of the Body of Christ and a true and living member of that Catholic and Apostolic Society, built upon the Apostles and prophets, of which Christ Himself is the head corner-stone.

---

[1] The Oratorians soon afterwards removed to their magnificent home at Brompton. The hall which they had occupied in King William Street was then engaged by W. S. Woodin, the ventriloquist, who gave his celebrated performances there.

There is, I suppose, in every large body of men, religious or political, a right, a left and a centre party. The magnificent organization of the great Latin Church has been unable to suppress these characteristics entirely, and they exist even in the more rigid Orthodox Catholic Church of the East. In the English Church they have become three "schools of thought" not infrequently exaggerated and embittered by party feeling, instead of being, as they ought to be and would be if men were wiser and more charitable, complementary to each other. A clever article in the *Saturday Review* soon after its first appearance, and when it was renowned for its scorching satire, felicitously described them with epigrammatic wit and brevity as the Attitudinarians, the Latitudinarians and the Platitudinarians. The Attitudinarians were, of course, the "High Church" party, the Latitudinarians the "Broad," and the Platitudinarians the "Low."

In the 'fifties both "Broad" and "Low" were popular, the latter especially so. The "High," now that they were identified with the men of the Oxford Movement, the Tractarians or Puseyites, were in ill odour with the nation generally. The "Broad" had the Press on their side; the "Low" had the sympathy and indeed the allegiance of the great majority of respectable and religious Englishmen; but the unhappy Puseyites were regarded with aversion and fear, and looked upon as secret emissaries of Rome. They had very few friends. They belonged to a "sect everywhere spoken against." They were held up to ridicule in the pages of *Punch*—always a true reflector of public feeling—and maligned and defamed by Lord John Russell in his "Durham Letter," a mean and dastardly production unworthy of a British statesman. Blow upon blow fell upon them. The whole world seemed against them. "Low" Churchman and Nonconformist, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, unbeliever and worldling, the Press and the "thinkers" of the age all agreed, however they might differ in other matters, to hate, fear, condemn or despise these disciples of the Oxford Movement. They led the life of a toad under a harrow. I have never known anything like it, and I have seen something of religious bigotry. They were marked men wherever they went. Sometimes it was prophesied by the organs of public opinion that after all there need be no fear, they would soon become extinct. The great majority of them would secede to Rome, their proper place, and the remainder repent of their follies or be speedily suppressed. But neither of these things happened. In some extraordinary way which was a hopeless puzzle to ordinary people who did not go into the question, they actually increased! They would not be "put down": they increased rapidly in spite of all this opposition, or perhaps—who knows?—because of it. A Puseyite friend of mine used facetiously to say that the only way to exterminate them would be to cut off their noses; and that he sometimes doubted whether even that drastic measure would prove effectual. It certainly would have been a severe test of their sincerity. Imagine thousands of people going about noseless! And everyone pointing the finger of scorn at them! Well, for my own part I think they would have stood even that test, they were in such deadly earnest. Nothing could daunt them.

The "Papal Aggression" of 1850 which had lashed England into a fury with its bombastic letter from Cardinal Wiseman, and the celebrated Gorham case with the secessions that followed it, kindled a flame that burnt with fury all through that decade. In those days to attend a Puseyite service was to be a marked man. Wherever Puseyism would lead him it would not be to honours and riches.

My parish church was St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and I sometimes attended it. Its services were dry and dreary and so eminently respectable that they nearly choked me. Perhaps they tended to the edification of saints; of that I could not judge; but I felt that they did not tend to the conversion of sinners. So, as I have said, I used to wander about from one church to another as fancy led, and not unfrequently I went to Roman or Nonconformist places of worship. Sometimes I attended High Mass at St. James's, Spanish Place, but the service did not attract me. Besides being in Latin it was showy, with vulgar music, and the whole religious atmosphere of the church repelled me. St. Mary's, Chelsea (also Roman), was better and the people more devout. Once I remember going to St. Patrick's, Soho, a huge, ugly building in the midst of a crowded settlement of Irish, most of them very poor. Payment for seats was in vogue there. The front seats nearest the altar were of course highest in price. But towards the west end of the church there were a few free seats, and standing in the spaces near the door was a group of poor Irish, mostly women and children; the latter with bare feet blue with the cold, for it was winter. I had always had a horror and detestation of the pew system, and here I saw it in a more ugly form than ever. I loathed such an exhibition of it, and said to myself, the Roman Church is no better than others, notwithstanding all its pretensions. All alike seem to have departed from the standard of brotherly faith and love set forth by St. James in his Epistle.

I went now and then to the Irvingite cathedral in Gordon Square and was greatly attracted by its services. I remember that the first time I entered the sacred edifice was on a Sunday afternoon while Evensong was in progress. It was all very wonderful. The beautiful singing and intoning, the magnificent vestures of the ministers—among them apostles, angels, prophets, bishops, presbyters and deacons—the clouds of incense, the altar ablaze with lights, and the devotion of the people made a deep impression upon me. Instead of a sermon, a deacon, attired in a surplice and wearing a red stole deaconwise over the left shoulder, read from the pulpit a homily from one of the Primitive Fathers in a subdued, measured tone of voice, to which the large congregation listened with reverent attention. Just inside the door of the church I noticed two alms boxes, into which it seemed to be the custom for worshippers to drop their offerings. Over one of the boxes I read the words, "For the Angels": over the other, "For the Poor." As I thought the angels would not need so humble an offering as mine I considered it best to drop my mite into the box for the poor, not knowing at the time that the "angels" were the "bishops" of the Irvingite community, or an order similar to them, and that the "Irvingites" repudiated this name (the name by which they were commonly designated), and called themselves "The Catholic and Apostolic Church." But I found upon inquiry that they possessed no ministry claiming descent from the Twelve Apostles by authority and succession, and, beautiful as their worship was, I did not feel that I could enter their communion. I have known several Irvingites since and have found them devout Christians of consistent life, in every way worthy of respect and with a love for everything Catholic. That such a body should spring from Presbyterian and strongly Protestant beginnings is indeed remarkable, and one cannot help believing that sooner or later they will find their true home in the Heir of the Ages, the historic Church founded by Christ Himself.

The Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was Mr. Fuller, a scholarly, dignified man who doubtless did a good work according to his lights, but the whole parish needed rousing from its spiritual torpor. And years afterwards we know how it was awakened by the burning words, the unwearied devotion, the deep spiritual influence and the holy life of Mr. Wilkinson, whose pathetic but beautiful death as Primate of the Scottish Church is still fresh in our memories.

Sometimes I went with friends or relatives to Nonconformist chapels (they were not called "churches" then), either Congregational or Baptist. At Westminster chapel there was an eloquent and deeply pious minister—Samuel Martin—who attracted a large congregation and drew many souls to Christ. His sermons touched my heart and I never tired, boy though I was, of listening to him; but the services themselves were anything but winning or soul-inspiring to one who like myself had already imbibed a taste for liturgical worship. And the building in which they were held was bare and ugly. But the singing was hearty and many of the hymns helpful to devotion.

A Baptist chapel to which I was now and then taken positively repelled me by the vulgarity of the prayers offered by its minister. They seemed to me shocking. Extempore effusions (I cannot call them prayers), lasting sometimes as long as twenty-five minutes, in which the good man continually reminded God of His duty, or prescribed for Him His conduct to saints and sinners, were more than I could bear; and each time I went I came away in grief and disgust, feeling that the Baptist chapel was no home for me. Moreover, the hymns were for the most part nauseous or irreverent doggerel, some of the lines being repeated again and again to "catchy" but, to me, excruciating tunes, undignified and quite unsuited to the worship of God.

The Primitive Methodists, in those days often known as "Ranters" by scoffers and unbelievers who jeered at them, were the worst offenders in the way of hymns and hymn singing. Imagine a congregation of the "elect" fervently shouting at the top of their voices such words as these:

"And from old pol—
And from old pol—
And from old pol-lution save us.

"And bring down sal—
And bring down sal—
And bring down sal-vation to us.

" And take Thy pil—
And take Thy pil—
And take Thy pil-grim home, O Lord."

In after years I became the possessor of an extraordinary collection of hymns in Negro-English, put forth by the " African Methodist Episcopal Church in America." What a name! It is a denomination which still exists in the United States, and is indeed larger than ever. The Methodist Episcopal Church is divided into two bodies, one for whites and the other for blacks. They do not worship together, though they consider themselves in communion with each other. The hymnal of the African section was a literary curiosity, and among much that was quaint and novel contained the following, which was the opening verse of a hymn on *The Shortness of Life:*

" A fine old man was Methusalum:
He was a fine old man, by gum;
And just afore he died he said to his wife,
Oh, 'tis hard to die in the prime of life."

The book has been, I should think, long out of print, and present-day congregations of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America, Negro though they be, would no doubt be ashamed of it. I am sorry that I did not keep my copy.

But many of the hymns sung by English Nonconformists were simple and in their way beautiful, and well calculated to lay hold of the hearts of the uneducated and win them to Christ. Here is a sample—one that was very popular with the farm labourers of Devonshire:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and weary, sick and sore;
Come to Jesus; He will save you;
Come to Him and sin no more."

What were the services at St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey like in those days? As to the former, Charles Kingsley shall give the answer in words often quoted: "The organ droned sadly in its iron cage to a few musical amateurs. . . . The scanty service rattled in the vast building, like a dried kernel too small for its shell. The place breathed imbecility and unreality, and sleepy life-in-death, while the whole nineteenth century went roaring on its way outside."

Severe as the words are, I am afraid they are only too true. From my own experience I can testify that the services were slovenly in the extreme. The choir offices of Matins and Evensong were rendered daily in the most perfunctory manner and with but little apparent devotion. Showy, florid music was the rule. Often there were but one or two of the dignitaries in their stalls, and neither clergy nor lay clerks were conspicuous for their reverence. And, of course, the boys of the choir followed suit. In the procession of clergy and choir after Evensong I have more than once seen a lay clerk leave its ranks to go and shake hands with a friend in a front row of the congregation; and I was told that sometimes a minor canon would do the same. No one would mind it; it seemed the most natural thing in the world. A choral Eucharist had, I suppose, been unknown for many years. And the vast building, magnificent as it is in its architecture and proportions, inspired but little reverence, it was so bare and unadorned. The screen blocked the entrance to the choir and shut out a view of the altar. Perhaps that was as well, for the Lord's Table was mean and insignificant and entirely unworthy of its surroundings. Beyond the two daily choir offices and the Sunday celebration (merely said) of the Holy Communion, with an occasional celebration on some special occasion such as an ordination, there were but few services ; and the congregations were miserably small except on these special occasions. The chief of these was the service for the children of the charity schools in and around the city, which was held under the dome. The choir mustered then in full strength and was augmented by that of Westminster Abbey, and the sight of the five thousand children in their quaint and picturesque dresses was one which could not easily be forgotten. The fresh young voices taking their part, for which they had carefully been trained, in the Hallelujah Chorus and the psalms and hymns ; the pealing notes of the organ, and the sound of silver trumpets echoing throughout the vast building were grand and awe-inspiring. It was in its way a superb spectacle and a glorious service, and was usually held on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, Corpus Christi day. Surely it is a pity that such a service should have been discontinued.

Then, as now, tourists, many of them foreigners, came to see the Cathedral daily, for, of course, it was one of the show places of London. What the latter thought of it and its services I cannot say, but I fear they must have carried away with them a very poor impression of the Church of England and its mode of worship. There was little or no reverence manifested by visitors. People from the country often brought their lunch with them, and I have seen small groups of stolid British Philistines complacently eating their ham and pickles and quaffing their beer in some quiet corner, indulging at the same time in pleasant conversation and quite oblivious to the fact that they were in the house of God. The irreverence was so scandalous and painful to thinking and devout Churchmen that in the later 'fifties a confraternity of which I was a member—the Guild of St. Alban—passed a resolution desiring guild brethren when in the city to turn aside if possible and enter the cathedral and kneel down and make an Act of Reparation to Almighty God for the irreverence and absence of devotion so often and so conspicuously apparent. Some of us were able to do so from time to time, and also to pray for the restoration of true spiritual worship where then all was so perfunctory and lifeless. And we prayed too that the time might speedily come when that, the chief church of London, might be the centre and home not only of worship but of Church life throughout the diocese. The vergers stared at us kneeling in prayer as if we were some new species of wild beast, and visitors did the same, but they did not molest us, though kneeling at prayer except during the services was, I fear, unknown. How signally those prayers have been answered! Think of St. Paul's to-day and its continuous and glorious services! Think of its splendour and its matchless reredos, and above all of its daily celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and compare all this with the state of things in the 'forties and 'fifties and even the early 'sixties! Verily, "the Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice."

At Westminster Abbey things were not quite so bad. The services were more reverently rendered and the choir was more efficient. Indeed, how could anyone be irreverent in the Abbey? The very building itself, looking down upon us through so many centuries, rebuked the thought. Still, there was a cold formality about the worship, and the worshippers were few. But there also the passing years have witnessed a great improvement, and I am told that there are now frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion and that very large congregations attend the Sunday services.

Looking back and comparing the present with the past, while there is ample reason for thankfulness there is no room for complacency. Religious movements are more widespread than formerly, but whether the religious life of to-day is as intense and real as it used to be is, perhaps, questionable. It has gained in breadth, but is it as deep ?

Nonconformity has become more political. How far has that affected its spiritual life ? Is it being sapped ?

In the Church the Catholic type of worship has become in many quarters fashionable. Beautiful services, reverent ceremonial, exquisite music and brief discourses on the topics of the day are increasingly popular. There are people who consider themselves good Catholics if they attend an early Mass and spend the remainder of the Lord's Day at their ease or in paying visits to their friends, it may be in a costly motor-car. Such Catholicism will never convert the world. In the early days of the Oxford Movement such people were unknown, but as soon as it became popular and fashionable they were bound to appear. This is a danger. The "Passing of the Oxford Movement" is not in accordance with fact. It has not yet done more than half its work ; but there is certainly need of a return to the high standard of unworldliness and devotion and spiritual fervour of the Tractarian fathers. When I was a boy the Evangelicals were gradually losing the spiritual influence which had been associated with them for half a century and more ; they were becoming mundane and gradually developing into mere controversial " Low" Churchmen. Their whole standard of Christian life was lowered. It has been recovered to some extent, for which we must be thankful ; but their school of thought has not anything like the spiritual influence on England that it had a hundred years ago. There are those who laugh at " other-worldliness," but it seems to me that we need more of it, not less.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign of the times is the resolute way in which the Church is throwing herself into the Social Service movement. Not only is that movement increasingly needed, but it will promote the feeling of brotherhood. " By love serve one another." " Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The Social Service campaign is a carrying out of the teaching of the Oxford leaders : read, for instance, Pusey's sermons and you will be assured of that. The salt will not lose its savour while clergy and laity go out among the poor and the outcast and realize their membership with them in the Body of Christ.

The world needs Christ, and it is beginning after a reaction of twenty years or more to realize the fact. Luxury and " Week-ends " and " faring sumptuously every day " like " Epicurean hogs " will not make men happy. Christ is the Light of the world, and outside Him it is as dark as in heathen Africa, or at best mere twilight. He came " to save them that were lost," and at the present moment there are indubitable signs that the great mass of mundane men and women in the Homeland are beginning to realize that they are lost without Him. Only when they have found Him will they be happy. It is for the Church to bring out of her treasures things new and old and draw men to Him. And perhaps the wealthy and the luxurious need Him most of all, for in His sight they are " poor and naked." There should be a mission in Belgrave Square and Park Lane as well as in Bethnal Green and Southwark.

I do not think that downright unbelief is more prevalent than it was. It is more in evidence and more advertised, whereas formerly it was in the background. But it was there : it was only biding its time.

The moral tone of the Press is, I think, as high as ever—even higher ; but I am not in love with the prevailing American fashion of " snacks " and sensational snippets and flaunting advertisements between its pages.

Novels have deteriorated, and most of them are full of nauseous " sex problems " which leave a nasty taste in the mouth. There is here much room for improvement. Let us hope that it may come.

CHAPTER II

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN LONDON

St. Barnabas', Pimlico—The Blessed Sacrament—Ancient hymns and music—Lenten services—Hymnals—Three stories—The Guild of St. Alban—Some London Churches—Edward Stuart—Secessions.

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley, which was full of bones; and He caused me to pass by them round about: and behold, there were very many in the open valley; and lo, they were very dry. And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest."

. . . . . .

"I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."—*Ezekiel* xxxvii. 1, 2, 3, 10.

"Seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."
Acts iii. 19.

WITH the 'forties the church building era set in, especially in the diocese of London, and as time went on many new churches were erected in crowded neighbourhoods where they were greatly needed as well as in the rapidly extending suburbs. In one of these new churches, St. Barnabas', Pimlico, which dates from 1850, I found in 1853 after various wanderings my spiritual home. Its teaching brought home to me with living power the claims of the English Church and made me a convinced Catholic. I came upon it almost accidentally just after I had read in the papers that it was the hotbed of Puseyism, Romanism and Jesuitism. Its founder, Mr. Bennett, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, had been censured by his bishop (Blomfield) and had thought it his duty to resign, and at that date St. Barnabas' was only a chapel-of-ease to St. Paul's; so there had been an entire change in the staff of clergy at both churches. But the new incumbent of St. Paul's, the Rev. the Hon. R. Liddell, though a more "moderate" man than his predecessor, was certainly of the Tractarian school, and while the services at the mother church were pared down considerably, those at St. Barnabas' were carried on almost as before. When I first knew it the senior curate (who was virtually curate-in-charge of the new district, for Mr. Liddell had the utmost confidence in him and gave him a free hand in almost everything) was the Rev. James Skinner, an eloquent and outspoken Scot, who was assisted in his ministrations by three devoted priests, Charles Lowder, Charles Lyford and Euseby Cleaver. They were all of them men with fire in their bones and indefatigable in their labours: more devoted men never lived. Lowder was, as everyone knows, the founder of the mission at St. George's in the East, Lyford became the first vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, and Cleaver a parish priest in Essex. Mr. Skinner's health failed not very long after I had discovered St. Barnabas' and he resigned, and ultimately became warden of some alms-houses erected at Newlands by Earl Beauchamp, a devout and accomplished Churchman who often worshipped at St. Barnabas'. To James Skinner succeeded George Cosby White, who upheld and continued the reverent and Catholic type of worship for which the church had become celebrated and whose influence extended far beyond the scene of his ministrations. He is, I think, though very aged, still spared to us. But the others whose names I have mentioned have long since passed to their rest. St. Barnabas' attracted me from the first. Its architecture, its services, and above all the deep spiritual life and ardent devotion of its people laid hold of me. A spirit of true Christian brotherhood pervaded the whole congregation. They and their clergy had been a byword of reproach. They had been defamed and cast out as evil, and this persecution had welded them together in the bonds of affection as nothing else could. Looking back over a long life, I have certainly never known a community more united, more enthusiastic in their churchmanship and more devoted to every good work.

There was nothing very elaborate or ornate in the services, and the ceremonial would be considered moderate now, but the dignity and beauty and heartiness with which the services were rendered fascinated me from the first. I realized what *worship* is, and earth seemed now the ante-chamber of heaven. The Holy Eucharist was a revelation to me, and filled my soul with such joy and rapture that all I could do was to bow down and adore. The Lord Jesus Christ and His perpetual presence and undying love were brought home to me as never before, and the worship of the Church on earth was realized as a prelude and foretaste of the worship of heaven ; for surely the Blessed Sacrament sweetens our life and softens its sorrows as nothing else can. Speaking of this greatest and last gift which our Saviour bequeathed to His Church the night before He laid down His life for us upon the cross, it has always seemed to me extraordinary as well as pitiful that Christians should have quarrelled so fiercely over It ; yes, even as to its very names and titles. Surely by whatever name we denominate this sacred ordinance we all mean the same thing. Whether we speak of It as the Holy Communion or the Eucharist or the Lord's Supper or the Breaking of Bread or the Holy Sacrifice or the Mass, we all mean that service which the Lord celebrated at the conclusion of the ancient Passover "in the same night that He was betrayed"; when, according to the synoptical gospels, He instituted this great Sacrament and commanded His Apostles to celebrate it continually until His coming again, saying, "Do this in remembrance of Me." They must be unworthy children who would wrangle over the last commands of their father and think but little of his last will and testament, made entirely in their favour. And yet this is what Christians have done for centuries and what many of us are doing still with regard to our dear Lord's dying Gift to His Church. However we may differ as to the meaning of His words or the greatness and value of His Gift, surely we ought to do so in the spirit of charity, bearing in mind that whether we speak of the Mass or the Lord's Supper we mean the same service, the same Sacrament.

At St. Barnabas' almost all the music was plainsong. The psalter was that of Helmore, which had only just appeared; the hymns were those of the Hymnal Noted, the first part of which was published in 1850. It contained a selection of the principal ancient hymns (Sarum and others) of the English Church, translated from the original Latin by Dr. Neale and other gifted scholars and set to the original melodies by the Rev. T. Helmore, precentor of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Since those days plainsong has become much better known and the method of rendering it greatly improved. No modern hymns or tunes were sung except on the great festivals and during Lent and Passion-tide, and even then they were used but sparingly. Anglican chants were strictly ruled out, but at the Sunday Evensong there was usually an anthem. At Christmas, Easter, Ascension-tide and on Whitsunday the anthem music was that of some eminent master of the English school, and Handel's Hallelujah Chorus was sung at least once a year. There was an excellent choir, trained by a layman named Baker, Mr. Helmore being precentor. At the great festivals the latter would often bring with him the two senior boys of the Chapel Royal choir to take the solos, soprano and contralto, and one of these was Arthur Sullivan, afterwards the celebrated composer. When he came in the early 'fifties he had a beautiful voice and took his part in masterly style and with much taste and expression. He was a handsome boy. The plainsong chants and melodies were rendered with care and precision, and the whole congregation joined in them, for almost everyone possessed a psalter and a Hymnal Noted and knew a great many of the psalms and hymns by heart. The psalms and canticles were rendered antiphonally, the cantoris side singing the odd verses, the decani the even ; and as the men of the congregation sat on the north side of the church and the women on the south, the effect of the men's voices in the one verse and the women's and girls' in the other was very fine. The glorias were taken full. The music of the Eucharist was that of Merbecke, sung, of course, in unison, and I have never heard anywhere in the world such a thoroughly congregational rendering of the Creed as could be heard in that church Sunday after Sunday. Everyone knew his Merbecke, and choir and congregation sang it together with one heart and one soul. Once heard, it could never be forgotten.

The church was always full on Sundays at the two chief services, choral Eucharist and Evensong, and on festivals was often so crowded that there was not even standing room, while at the early Eucharist there were usually large numbers of communicants besides other worshippers. Such services as those of St. Barnabas' were few and far between, and, hence a considerable number of the congregation, probably a third, were non-parishioners, some of the regular attendants coming from long distances. So great was the devotion of Churchmen in those days that young men would constantly walk two or three miles to attend the daily Evensong. On the great festivals there was in addition to the forenoon High Mass a choral celebration at 6 a.m., the music being rendered by a choir of men only, and I have often seen at Christmas and Easter over three hundred communicants at that service.

During Lent and Passion-tide there was, besides Evensong, which was sung at five, a special service in the evening at eight o'clock. It was very simple, consisting of the Litany, two modern hymns and a sermon. The sermon, usually a long one of at least half an hour, came first, and there was no organ or choir. The hymns were sung with deep feeling and whole-heartedly by large congregations which during Holy Week filled the church. The remarkable feature of this extra Lenten service was that there was a different preacher every night; so we had the privilege of hearing forty preachers, most of them well-known men of learning and ability and some really eloquent. We never knew who the preacher would be, for St. Barnabas' abhorred anything in the way of advertisement and display. We had the privilege of hearing Bishop Forbes of Brechin and Wordsworth of St. Andrew's, Archdeacon Merriman, Butler of Wantage, Wagner of Brighton, Woodford (afterwards Bishop of Ely), Upton Richards of All Saints', Margaret Street, Edward Munro of Harrow Weald, and other celebrated and devoted leaders of the Catholic school of thought. With Holy Week came the giants: Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Dr. Neale, and others who have all long since gone to their reward. But no English bishop honoured us with his presence; we were too black sheep for that.

During the years I was privileged to worship and work at St. Barnabas' the hymnal in use was, as I have said, the Hymnal Noted, containing no modern hymns or melodies; but after 1860 a new hymnal, "Hymns Ancient and Modern," was introduced by Cosby White, who had become the first vicar. He was one of the "Forty Thieves"—the committee, forty in number, which compiled that hymnal, a book that has taken an immense hold upon the affections of Churchmen all over the world. These Forty Thieves were so-called because they boldly culled from all sources, ancient or modern, English or foreign, Catholic or Protestant, such hymns as seemed to them worthy of being sung in the services of the Church. When I left England for mission work in South Africa Mr. White kindly gave me an advance copy, and the book appeared soon after my arrival there. As we all know, it proved to be a great and almost instantaneous success. It supplied a real need, for with the exception of the Hymnal Noted previous hymnals had been but poor and meagre and unworthy of being a companion to the Book of Common Prayer. Notwithstanding its defects (or shall we say because of them?) its popularity went on increasing, and by the time its Supplement appeared it had become the most widely used hymnal of the Church, a position it still maintains. Several other good collections have appeared from time to time, the latest being the English Hymnal, a book of which English Churchmen may well be proud. But manifold as are its merits, especially with regard to its plainsong settings, it has not supplanted the older book. "Church Hymns," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the musical editor of which was Sir Arthur Sullivan, contains several tunes of real merit not to be found in other hymn-books. Among these is Sullivan's tune to Baring Gould's processional hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a stirring melody to which that inspiring composition is nearly everywhere sung. When Church Hymns first appeared some years after the advent of Hymns Ancient and Modern, it was thought that it would be a formidable rival to that collection and eventually displace it, but such has not proved to be the case.

In connection with this newer hymnal I recollect a story told me in 1875 by the vicar of a country parish in Buckinghamshire, who happened to be in a small general shop, which was also the post office of a village in a neighbouring county. While in the shop two gentlemen entered, who proved to be H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The Duke, as is well known, was devoted to music, especially to the violin, which he played with considerable taste and skill. He was very friendly with Sullivan, and had been with him to some musical festival in the country, after which they took a little tour together. The Duke wanted to write a letter, and went into the post office to get a sheet of paper and a stamp. While doing so his companion, looking round the shop, observed on the counter some copies of Church Hymns, the book edited by himself. He had opened one of these and was apparently regarding a tune with some interest when the Duke, having finished his letter, turned to him and saw what he was doing and noted the title of the volume. He knew that Sullivan was the musical editor of it. Turning to the postmaster, who was also the owner of the shop and the parish clerk, he asked whether they used that hymn-book in their church.

" Yes, sir," said the parish clerk, " we do."

" And do you like it ? " asked the Duke.

" No, sir," was the reply; " I can't say that we do altogether, although, of course, there are some good hymns in it. But you see, sir, we have always been used to sing the Psalms of David, together with a few old hymns that we like, to the old-fashioned tunes we are very fond of. But our new vicar, a good and kind man who tells us that he wishes to introduce a better class of music, has lately chosen this book as our hymnal, and so we have to use it. But nobody cares much for it. The people don't like these new-fangled tunes, and only sing them to please the vicar."

" But what do you think of it yourself ? " asked the Duke.

" Well," was the answer, " I have looked through it carefully, and I think I have some idea of a good tune. I am very fond of a good hymn set to a really good tune, but I can only say that in my opinion the gentleman who edited this book, whoever he may be, *knows very little about music.*"

His royal highness, with an amused smile, turned to Sir Arthur and said, " What do you think of that, old man ? "

Of course, the postmaster had no idea who the two men were, but my friend knew them both very well by sight and was greatly amused by the incident.

Speaking of hymns and hymn singing reminds me of another story concerning another great man, no less a personage than the noble-hearted Archbishop Temple. When Bishop of London he would sometimes put on a great coat and an old comforter and go, thus muffled up, on a wet, cold Sunday evening to a slum church to attend Evensong. On such occasions he did not look at all episcopal and was often not recognized. He liked to go into the congregation and judge for himself how far the Church was making progress in such parishes. One Sunday evening he arrived late at one of these churches and found the building full of real working men and women, mostly of the labouring and costermonger classes, a sight which gladdened his heart. With difficulty he found a seat next to a man who was lustily singing a hymn which had just been commenced. Observing that the stranger had no book the man, probably a coster, courteously shared his own with him. Now the coster, though uneducated and untrained, had a good voice and a good ear and sang the tune quite correctly, evidently enjoying both words and music. The bishop, his heart full of joy at the fervour of his humble friend, opened his mouth and " gave it tongue " too. The man sang louder, the bishop louder still. But alas, his lordship's ear for music being very defective, there issued from his throat nothing save sounds of harrowing discord. The poor coster endured it as long as he could, and at last when his patience was exhausted put his hand to his mouth and whispered in an entreating " aside ": " I say, guv'ner, dry up then, will yer! You're a-spilin' the show."

Archbishop Temple was a man whom everyone learnt to revere, but there was a great hubbub when Gladstone nominated him to the see of Exeter. He had contributed an essay on the "Education of the World" to a notorious volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*. The essays were for the most part poor productions not destined to live; crude and ill digested, and "offensive to pious ears." Some of them were unsound and mischievous in tendency and it seemed questionable whether their writers really believed in the Incarnation, but no fault could be found with Dr. Temple's essay. On the contrary, it was perfectly orthodox and exceedingly able and well written. It was indeed the redeeming feature of the book. But that a contributor to such a volume should be elevated to the episcopate, though it was distinctly stated that he was only responsible for his own essay, was quite enough in those days to cause much ferment in the breasts of many Churchmen.

On the morning on which Temple was to be consecrated in Westminster Abbey a friend of mine who was going to the service met Dr. Moberly, soon afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, a prelate above suspicion and greatly respected. My friend was more or less intimate with him and ventured to ask him whether he knew Dr. Temple, and whether he thought him sound in the Faith. (The reader will remember that Arthur Stanley was the Dean of Westminster.) The dear old Doctor smiled and said, "Know him! Oh dear, yes, I have known him for years, and Stanley too. And I am quite sure that Temple is sound in the Faith. Have no fears about him. He is as sound as a drum and believes in the Incarnation as truly as you and I do. Oh yes, dear Freddy (Temple) has a creed, and would die for it. But as to dear Arthur (Stanley), he is the dearest fellow in the world, but I really don't know what creed he would die for."

At St. Barnabas' there was a branch of the Guild of

St. Alban, a society of laymen founded in Birmingham in 1851 by Dr. Shirley Palmer, a devout physician who had come under the influence of the Catholic Movement. This guild is the parent of all the numerous guilds now existing in the Anglican Church, and is essentially a lay society, though members who take Holy Orders may retain their rights of membership, and clergymen are not infrequently admitted as "Clerical Associates." The guild is devoted to active works of various kinds, undertaken and carried on with the approval of the clergy. I became a member of it in 1856 and was attached to the St. Barnabas' branch. In London there were branches in the parishes of St. Matthew, City Road; St. Bartholomew, Cripplegate; and St. Mary, Soho; besides the one working at St. Barnabas'. In addition to the local branch meetings there was a "Common Hall" of the London district, held monthly, a usage which still obtains. When I first knew the Guild this Common Hall was sometimes held in the schoolroom of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate, and I have a vivid recollection of the scene before me when I entered the meeting. It was eight o'clock at night, and the large room was lighted by only a few candles. Amid the gloom were sitting at a table seven men habited in black cassocks and wearing the badge of the guild, a bronze Latin cross. They were making the usual monthly report of their work when we from the west of London entered, and the grave earnestness with which they did so struck me greatly. As we say now, "They meant business": their hearts were in their work. Then, presently, the needs of the Church in some of the London parishes were discussed and proposals made for short, midday services at one of the city churches during the luncheon hour, proposals which soon after bore fruit at

St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate Street and elsewhere; and I believe that these services have been continued up to the present day and have been found helpful by large numbers of clerks and other city men. After the business of the Hall was concluded the session was closed with Compline, sung with fervour and devotion to the ancient plainsong music. And then we tramped to our distant homes, at which we arrived about midnight. Each branch of the guild had its little oratory, at which some of the seven Canonical Hours were said whenever the brethren could meet together for the purpose. The guild has its own "use" of the Hours, the distinguishing feature of which is the large amount of Holy Scripture incorporated into them; in other respects they follow the ancient Sarum use. They were drawn up mainly by Dr. Steere while still a layman and are certainly beautiful offices, and a new and revised edition of them has recently been published. The guild still exists and carries on its various works of charity in a quiet and unobtrusive way in London and elsewhere; and though not imposing in numbers or display it has been and still is a power for good, and its present members carry on the old traditions in the old spirit. It is very little known and does not advertise itself. A branch has been lately formed in Paris, attached to St. George's Church, and is doing good work among the young Englishmen of that city.

The guild has numbered among its brethren several remarkable and devoted men, among whom in my time was Dr. Steere, afterwards Bishop of Zanzibar, whose name is justly revered not only in Central Africa but throughout the Anglican Church. In early days the local superior at St. Barnabas' was Arthur Crickmay, a large-hearted, high-souled and cultured layman who devoted all his spare time to various good works among the humbler classes. He was a beautiful character, full of Christian devotion and self-sacrifice—a man whom to know was to love. He and I and several others of the brethren sang in the choir of the church, and at the wish of the vicar he undertook to carry on a night school for the " hooligans " of a small slum in one corner of the parish. He was its superintendent and head teacher, and was assisted by three or four guildsmen, of whom I was one. We held school three nights a week, and for a long time it was very uphill work. The lads were self-willed and utterly undisciplined and regarded us with suspicion as " parsonettes," for they had been brought up to regard the parson as their natural enemy. It was in that night school that I learnt something of the art of teaching and keeping in order a rough set of slum-bred semi-savages, an experience which served me in good stead in the African mission field.

Besides visits to the sick and the whole, teaching, literary work and choir duties, the brethren at St. Barnabas' conducted a burial society and introduced a more reverent and Christian method of burial. This latter was greatly needed, for funerals at that time were more heathen than Christian, with their sombre and ugly trappings and hired " mutes." We procured admirable designs for coffins and palls from Dr. Neale of East Grinstead and other eminent ecclesiologists. The palls were really beautiful, handsome in design and of such durable material that they would last for many years. Their first appearance at a funeral created no small stir in the parish, and they were commented upon by a London paper, which described them as Chinese! I suppose it was because they were not black. The burial society was a success and a real help to the poor of the parish. Its members paid a small sum weekly (I think three half-pence), and I remember that I used to receive these subscriptions in the evening in the schoolroom, for I acted as accountant and Brother Crickmay as treasurer. The society lasted for many years and more than paid its way, and when it came to an end nearly thirty years afterwards upon the death of the last of its members there was a balance of £37 (I think it was) to the good which no one could claim, and which therefore had to be handed over to the Court of Chancery. The palls remained in the hands of Mr. Crickmay for his disposal, and in 1891 he gave me two of them—one for children and unmarried people and the other for the married and aged—for use in the mission at Thlotse, Basutoland, of which I was in charge. Among the Basuto all the unmarried people except widows are young: there are no old maids; the Basuto cannot grow them. Every girl marries when she is grown up, and old bachelors are almost unknown. It is remarkable that palls which did more than twenty years' duty in a London parish should be still in use and likely to remain so for many years to come in a remote corner of Africa.

All Saints' Church, so dear to many, was consecrated in the later 'fifties (I think 1859), when Tait was Bishop of London. Services were first begun in the 'forties in Margaret Street Chapel, a hideous building afterwards demolished to give place to the beautiful structure designed by Butterfield; and during the erection of the new church the services were held in a large room in Margaret Street, at which there was a daily celebration of the Holy Communion, a privilege to be found in only some two or three other churches in the diocese. In these days things are very different, thank God.

While still very young I had become acquainted with the Rev. W. T. Bullock, the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, a man whom I loved and reverenced for his gentleness and transparent goodness. He once did me a great service ; he taught me reverence for the house of God. I had been guilty of some misbehaviour in church—laughing and talking, if I remember rightly—and after service he came and spoke to me in his gentle way about the need of reverence in God's house, and bade me when I went home look out the last verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk. I did so and found the words, " The Lord is in His holy Temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him." The prophet's words sank deeply into my mind and were the means, I think, of drawing me to the majestic and reverent worship of the Catholic Church. So does a single seed of the Word of God implanted in the youthful breast take root and bring forth its fruit in due season.

Speaking of Mr. Bullock, let me here say that when I grew up to manhood and had resolved to give myself to foreign mission work I met him again at the S.P.G. house (then in Pall Mall) and found him as of old, gentle, sweet and sympathetic, and it was under the auspices of the Society of which he was Secretary that I was sent out to the diocese of Cape Town. That great and venerable Society has always been and ever will be very near to my heart. Its field of work is nothing less than the world itself, and its methods are sane, sound and practical, while its loyalty to the Church and her teaching is beyond question. Its income, though gradually increasing, is still meagre and quite inadequate, and ought to be at least doubled. I do not forget that there are other Societies doing noble work in the mission field, but, after all, the S.P.G. is the backbone of the mission work of the English Church, and all churchmen ought to rally round its standard. There are in these days so many "open doors" and so many increasing and crying needs, not only in the British Empire but in the vast heathen world beyond it, that an income ten times as large would not more than suffice for the ever-widening and deepening work of this handmaid of the Church.

There was in the 'fifties a remarkable work carried on in what was virtually a mission church—St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, Soho. The church was a poor, mean-looking, oblong structure fallen from its original high estate; for it had been much more comely when erected, more than a century before, by the Greeks of the Orthodox Church for their worship. When they removed to better quarters it fell into the hands of a Nonconformist body, but as the neighbourhood decayed and became more and more "slummy" the chapel ceased to pay its expenses and had to be sold. A "Penny Gaff" company was said to be in treaty for it when Nugent Wade, the rector of St. Anne's, in which parish it stood, came to the rescue and with the help of a few friends saved it from such a fate by purchasing it as a chapel-of-ease to the parish church. It was repaired and its interior made a little more seemly and church-like, and was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield. When I knew it its vicar was John C. Chambers, a former provost of St. Ninian's, Perth, and it had become a "Peel" parish. A marvellous work was carried on in this slum parish by Father John, as he was commonly called, and his fellow-workers. There was next to nothing in the way of endowment, and the vicar was warden of the House of Charity, not very far off in Rose Street. Father John and all who took part in the work did so without fee or reward. The senior curate was Dr. Littledale, a brilliant and scholarly Irishman, gifted, like most of his fellow-countrymen, with a keen sense of humour. He made his mark upon the literature of the Church as the years went on, and is still remembered with affection. The junior curate was Malcolm MacColl, afterwards Canon of Ripon, also an able and well-read man, who often did battle for the Catholic cause by an ever-ready and persuasive pen.[1] The organist was Edmund Sedding, a talented architect and musician—a delightful personage whose career was cut short by consumption. The choirmaster was a business man of Piccadilly named Ponsonby, who devoted most of his spare time to the training of the choir—men and boys of the slums—and might be seen nightly at Evensong. The master of the boys' school was a Mr. Soward, a certificated teacher from Culham, who lived with the curates in the mean and comfortless clergy-house. The verger was a son of Erin, fished up from the gutter and reclaimed from vice and degradation. He became a real, downright Christian, and was always courteous and diligent in his duties. Last, but not least, the schools for girls and infants were carried on by a branch house of the community of St. Margaret, East Grinstead, some of these Sisters of Charity also acting as district visitors. It was altogether a beautiful example of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, and met with a rich reward in the number of souls converted and reclaimed from lives of sin and shame from among the thousands of virtual heathen around. Now and then I sang in the choir or attended the services, which were always hearty and reverent, and it was delightful to see the little church crowded with worshippers drawn from the purlieus of Newport Market and the Five and Seven Dials.

---

[1] Perhaps he was only helping there for a short time. At any rate I saw him there in the mid 'fifties.

Curiously enough, when I was on my way to British East Africa five years ago I met at Lourenço Marques (Delagoa Bay) the retired Superior of the East Grinstead Sisters working in Johannesburg, an aged lady named Mother Miriam in religion. She was a beautiful gentlewoman of over eighty with a face on which divine grace had stamped its impress. She told me that when a young Sister she had been one of the workers at St. Mary's fifty years before, and knew Mr. Chambers and Dr. Littledale and Mr. Sedding very well, and what she said of their single-hearted devotion to the outcast and the poor quite bore out the impressions of my youth. She spoke with enthusiasm of the hearty and soul-stirring services of the mean little slum church, and it was a refreshment to me to meet one who had toiled in early years amid scenes I remembered so well.

One of the saddest spectacles in the south of London at that time was the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. It made one's heart ache to see it. Outside and inside it was equally saddening. Becoming more and more dilapidated day by day, the windows of its Lady Chapel broken and at one time patched with what looked like brown paper, its interior hideous in the extreme, and only a part of the once glorious building used for divine worship, it was a sight to make angels weep. Good Bishop Andrewes rests within its walls, and surely his prayers in Paradise have been heard, for when neglect and ill use and degradation had reached their lowest point there arose a worthy prelate (Thorold) who diligently set to work to effect its restoration. And under him and his successors the good work has been carried on and brought to a conclusion ; so that to-day St. Saviour's—no longer a parish church but a cathedral —is once more the glory of South London. And, like St. Paul's on the other side of the river, it is the home and centre of Church life to its diocese, while its services are an inspiration and an example to the parish churches around. And yet men assure us that miracles have ceased !

In the northern part of the metropolis stands the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square. It was built by Edward Stuart, a devoted priest who gave himself and all that he had to the founding of this new parish. Stuart was the first to revive the use of incense in divine worship. It was in the later 'fifties, not long after Dr. Tait became Bishop of London. Stuart wrote him a public letter, stating his intention to introduce incense unless the Bishop prohibited him from doing so under the authority of some rubric or canon of the Church. This, I suppose, his lordship was unable to do, for at any rate no public prohibition was forthcoming. There has been a good deal of controversy since then concerning the use of this beautiful, symbolical and scriptural adjunct to divine service. It has been declared unlawful by the State Courts of the Establishment, and an " Opinion " issued by two eminent prelates condemned its liturgical use. For my own part, I never could understand the opposition to it. It is scriptural, and as to its use in the English Church the Ornaments' Rubric would seem to cover it equally with the use of the organ. There seems to be much the same authority for both. Organs were condemned as " popish " by the extreme Protestant faction of Edward the Sixth's time, and they destroyed them whenever they got the chance of doing so. But such violent action met with no approval from the Church (or indeed from the State, as far as I know), and the instruments were repaired and set up again in the house of God. And to-day immense sums are spent upon them, and we have, if anything, somewhat too much of them in divine service. But what a wonderful thing is prejudice! While the organ has been tolerated and approved, and indeed is now considered a necessary adjunct to worship in the most Protestant Churches, incense, which is equally covered by the Ornaments' Rubric and even more scriptural, is condemned and forbidden. Why cannot we "clear our minds of cant"? How can incense be "popish," when the Eastern Church uses it far more than the Roman? But the prejudice against it is becoming less and will probably die out in time.

It was not long before other parish priests followed the example of Mr. Stuart, as in many cases congregations were almost clamouring for its introduction. It was not in use at St. Barnabas' in my time, though I feel quite sure that nearly every worshipper would have rejoiced had our vicar seen his way to introduce it. Stuart's bold action created a sensation. A hubbub was made, and the question was brought before the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. A committee was appointed to enquire into the legality of its use, and their report, while condemning its "ceremonial" use, considered that a "still" use was not illegal. Thereupon a correspondence ensued in the *Guardian*, one writer advocating the use of a stationary censer to be placed on a small table in the chancel or hung from the ceiling. It will be remembered that the Court of Privy Council had not long before (in 1857), in the celebrated Westerton case, condemned the stone altar of St. Barnabas' on the ground that it was a solid structure and immovable; and ruled that it must be taken away and a "movable" table of wood be substituted for it. Now Edward Stuart was a great wit and used from time to time to illuminate the pages of the staid and decorous *Guardian* with flashes of charming humour, and when the report of the committee was published he was equal to the occasion. He amused the world by his caustic comments on movable altars and stationary thuribles. "Why not," said he, "place an immovable censer in the chancel, kindle the incense in it, and then solemnly carry the 'movable' altar in procession round it, singing a suitable hymn while doing so?" This original suggestion by its delightful irony effectually killed the stationary censer craze. At any rate, it was never heard of afterwards.

Stuart was assisted in his ministerial duties by two colleagues, who lived with him in the clergy-house, for they were all unmarried. One of these, a young priest named Dove Dove, sad to say, Romanised in the late 'fifties. He did so quite suddenly, leaving a letter stating that he had resigned his curacy, having just been received into the "Catholic Church." The event was altogether unlooked for, and, of course, caused the vicar and his other colleague much pain and sorrow of heart. Such a thing had never happened at St. Mary Magdalene's before; indeed Stuart used to say that people had come to him from the Roman Church, wishing to be received into the English while secessions to Rome were going on elsewhere. And he was particularly shocked and grieved at the suddenness of Dove Dove's desertion of his ministry, for the young man had been officiating up to the day of his departure. Stuart did not see him again until, some months afterwards, he met him accidentally in Oxford Street. The story went that the *quondam* curate was coming towards him in lay attire, and not only so but in the height of fashion, as was often the case with seceders, who wished to show the world that they had renounced their priesthood and considered themselves laymen. He was "got up" like a "young blood" of the period. He had on a gorgeous waistcoat and a sky-blue tie: a white hat was on his head, a silver-mounted cane in his hand and a cigar in his mouth. As he sauntered up Stuart, sick with disgust, simply passed him by, upon which the young gentleman turned round and accosted him thus:

"Is it possible, Stuart, that you can cut me dead like this, simply because I have become a Catholic?"

Whereupon this brief dialogue ensued:

Stuart. "Who are you, sir?"

D. D. "Why, you know perfectly well who I am. You know that I am Dove Dove."

Stuart. "You Dove Dove, sir! No, sir, you are not Dove Dove. You are a *cockatoo*."

Those were the days in which secessions to Rome were numerous. There have been but comparatively few since, and with increasing and fuller knowledge of the Roman Church and its baseless claims the leakage has become less and less, notwithstanding the temptations to faint-heartedness and despondency which still arise from time to time to test the faith and steadfastness of English Churchmen. What insignificant leakage there still is from the English Church to the Roman is covered, perhaps more than covered, by the number of those who leave the Roman communion for the Anglican.

There were several events which led to these secessions, which were most prevalent from 1845, when Newman, after years of pain and anguish, felt impelled to abandon the cause of the English Church as hopeless and to submit to what he had come to believe to be the rightful claims of the Papacy. They continued more or less fitfully until nearly 1860. Many of the seceders were men and women of high tone and considerable ability who made real sacrifices in following what they believed to be the leading of the Spirit of God ; others were very different and were little or no loss to the Church they left.

The Gorham Case of 1850, with the turmoil and heartburning that ensued, was one of the chief causes of these secessions. The Court of Privy Council had given judgment in favour of Mr. Gorham, a priest who denied the age-long teaching of the Church on Holy Baptism ; and at that time multitudes of Churchmen were under the delusion that the Court of Privy Council was the supreme Spiritual Court of the Church of England, a delusion which was strengthened by the fact that certain bishops sat with the lay judges as assessors. It was an extraordinary delusion, for the Court was a secular one set up by Act of Parliament in 1832 ; but Churchmen did not see then what they came to see clearly afterwards, that a secular tribunal, however eminent, could not possibly be a Spiritual Court, and that therefore its decisions, however valid in the eyes of the law, could not in any way bind the Church or the consciences of its members. Only a Spiritual Court, deriving its authority from the Synods of the Church, could do that. When the shock caused by the judgment was over Churchmen began to realize that our Lord Jesus Christ did not give the power of binding and loosing to the British Parliament, and that it was not to that distinguished and powerful assembly that the promise was given that the Holy Spirit of God should guide it " into all the truth " ; and therefore they ceased to believe that a Court set up by its sole authority (the Church not being in any way a party to its establishment) could bind their consciences or imperil the witness of the English Church to the truths of the Faith once delivered to the saints.

It took some little time for this fact to be realized, and in the panic which ensued upon the delivery of the judgment many men in the bitterness of their souls regarded the Church of England as committed to heresy on a cardinal doctrine of the Catholic Faith, and so felt constrained to leave her communion and submit to that of Rome, which seemed to be the only place of refuge for their storm-tossed and despairing souls. Then again, the Roman Church had become very active in England, largely through the advent of these new recruits, many of whom did their utmost to draw others after them, as indeed it was natural they should. And Rome had not then proclaimed the Infallibility of the Pope as an article of its creed necessary to salvation. That feat was not achieved until 1870.

CHAPTER III

INEPTITUDE AND FURY

The Puseyites—Dr. Pusey and the lamb—The Home Episcopate—A bishop on beards—*The Church Times*—*Hymns A. and M.*—A pathetic history—Another seceder—Trials of the 'Fifties—Father Lowder and St. George's Mission—The riots—The need of Spiritual Courts—Three men in green.

"As concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against."—*Acts* xxviii. 22.

"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."—*Acts* xvii. 6.

"Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it: lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."—*Acts* v. 38, 39.

THE position of the Puseyites grew more and more pitiable. Regarded as traitors by the great majority of their fellow-Churchmen, despised and detested by Nonconformists, hated by Erastians and worldlings and unbelievers, alternately rebuked and pitied for their blindness by their papal brethren, sneered at and maligned by the Press, "charged" against by bishop after bishop and gibed at by the man in the street, they were indeed in evil case. No one said a good word for them. Not a single newspaper, as far as I can remember, even asked for "fair play" for them. It was taken for granted that they were a set of traitors to be suppressed at any cost. The newspapers, whatever their political complexion, agreed to condemn them and constantly exhorted them to be honest and join the Church of Rome which, they were told, was their true home. But the moment any of them were weak enough to act on this advice these very organs of public opinion turned round and abused them for so doing ! They had filled up the cup of their iniquity by going over to Rome ! A few of the more violent Protestant organs commended them for their honesty, but by the Press generally they were held in more detestation than ever.

No story was too base or too absurd to be believed concerning these spiritual lepers. Here, for instance, is a droll and preposterous story of Dr. Pusey's doings, spread abroad and believed in by many. It is related in Henry Newland's *Lectures on Tractarianism*, a book long out of print of which I do not now possess a copy ; but I give it as I remember it, feeling sure that my repetition of it is substantially correct.

Pusey was travelling in the country in a railway carriage, of which the only other occupant was a lady of mature age and prim aspect. Observing that her fellow-traveller was a grave-looking clergyman and that he was perusing the pages of a newspaper, she ventured to open a conversation with him by remarking that the Puseyites were becoming a real danger to the country.

" Indeed, madam," he said, " what have they been doing ? "

" Is it possible that you do not know ? " she replied. " Do you know that they are turning our poor country upside down with their doings ? They are a set of Papists at heart—traitors—eating the bread of our Protestant Church and remaining in it only for the sake of the loaves and fishes."

" But what enormities have they been guilty of ? " asked the doctor. " Tell me, for I should like to know."

"Well," she said, "I know this: that their doings are most extraordinary, and that they cannot be true Protestants. Why, their leader, Dr. Pusey, actually kills a lamb and offers it in sacrifice every Friday."

"Really, madam," said her companion. "I know Dr. Pusey very well; and from what I know of him I feel sure that such cannot be the case."

"Indeed," exclaimed the dame, "I am quite sure that what I have said is correct, for I had it on excellent authority."

"My dear madam," the doctor replied, "I am Dr. Pusey, and I never killed a lamb in my life. I should not know how to do such a thing. It would be foreign to my nature to do anything of the kind. So you see you have been entirely misinformed. Pray do not believe such stories about me for the future."

Imagine the poor lady's discomfiture!

Think of the episcopate of those days! There were among the bishops of England and Wales good and holy men, faithful and true to the teaching of the Church, but the majority were either Erastians or partisans, more or less violent, of extreme Protestant principles. Men saw with alarm, not unmingled with disgust, a combination of Erastianism and Puritanism rampant in the highest places. Intolerance and repression were the order of the day, and faithful Churchmen groaned in spirit, waiting in faith and patience for the dawn of a better day and feeling sure that it would come. It has come, as we know. The change from the 'fifties is wonderful. Still, though few in number, there were those among the English bishops who bravely defended the Faith. There was the gifted and indefatigable Samuel Wilberforce of Oxford, afterwards of Winchester, a tower of strength to the Home Church and a resolute champion of the Colonial—a prelate to whom the Church of South Africa owes a debt of undying gratitude. There was the saintly Hamilton of Salisbury, standing wellnigh alone in his courageous defence of the Eucharistic teaching of the Church; and there was "Henry of Exeter," in his day a bold defender of so-called High Church principles, though now feeble and nearing his end. But ineptitude, narrowness or prejudice marked the episcopate of the great majority. Good men they were according to their lights, but their lights were those of a farthing rushlight. They did not see things as they really were: they had no vision. They owed their position to the Prime Ministers of the day and the Prime Ministers were thoroughly Protestant and Erastian.

I have said that they had no vision. I was wrong: certainly one of them had—his lordship of Rochester, Dr. Wigram. But his vision was after all a limited one: it was a vision of *Beards*. He was not a strong party man, and would doubtless have protested against being labelled a party man at all; but a portentous thing arose which moved him to indignation. Beards were coming into fashion, and some of his clergy had dared to grow them. They might cultivate a modest "mutton chop" whisker or they might be closely shaven, but a beard was a hideous monstrosity not to be tolerated. Moustaches had not then come into fashion. They marked the military man, especially the cavalry officer, and no clergyman would have dreamed of growing one, as I believe some do now. But *beards!* Ah, that was another matter! They portended danger—nothing less than danger to the Church! So the good bishop "charged" against them. He had evidently forgotten that in ancient times the clergy were commonly bearded, and that this natural hirsute appendage to the face of adult males had no necessary connection with heresy or schism. And he had not remembered that the clergy of the Eastern Church are all bearded, and that to the present day many monks and other religious of the Western are unshaven. And it is said that no shaven Pope of Rome has ever been canonized ; but this latter fact would not have moved him from his purpose. Beards were a distinct danger as well as an unseemly and shaggy excrescence and must be at once and at all costs condemned and shorn off ; and so his lordship in a grave allocution summarily condemned them. He had not long before been engaged in a small wrangle with some of his clergy in which many people thought he had not come off first best, and this episcopal charge brought him prominently before the world. A newspaper, the *Union*, had recently appeared and had astonished and scandalized those in high places by its audacity. It was a sixpenny weekly, badly printed but brilliantly written, and was the organ of the more bellicose party among the extreme right wing of the Puseyites. Of course it fell tooth and nail upon the luckless bishop, and in the most prominent page of the paper there was printed the following conundrum :

" Quaint name, composed of wig and ram !
Is it the wig which cannot tolerate the sin
Of real hair upon the chin ?
Or is't the ram, by shepherds sheard,
Which shaves in turn the shepherd's beard ? "

The paper was short-lived ; it only existed for three or four years. Its ability and brilliancy were marred by unscrupulousness and exaggeration and want of charity ; but its very truculence set men thinking, and it did good in rousing Churchmen from their torpor and pointing out undoubted blots upon the National Church.

Not long after its decease there sprang into being (in 1863) the *Church Times*—that marvellous pennyworth which from the first laid hold upon thousands of the younger " Ritualists," as the Puseyites were beginning to be called, and which is to-day the most influential paper of the Anglican Church. Edited with conspicuous ability, it circulates not only in England but all over the Empire and far beyond it, and I, for one, think it merits the high position and influence it has achieved. Ability as well as vigour marked its pages from the first, although it was contemptuously designated a " Penny Ritualistic Rag " by the great dignitaries of Church and State and the " Sunday Punch " by the city clerks and " Ritualistic shopboys," who were said by superior people to be its only readers. A different opinion is expressed now. Sometimes it has been wild and windy, but never dull. It is not perfect : nothing on earth is ; certainly not the Press. But take it all in all, it is the best pennyworth of religious literature to be found anywhere in the world. At least that is my deliberate opinion, and I have read it ever since its commencement. In olden days it often had amusing squibs and biting satires, things which seldom or never adorn its pages now. It has grown wiser and more sedate and larger minded as the years have rolled on. It realizes its sense of responsibility, and that has added to its influence and weight ; but it is as clever and sometimes as trenchant as ever. It has opened the eyes of thousands and made the blind to see.

I recollect that in one of its earlier numbers when Bishop Tait of London had been elevated to the primatial chair, an enthusiastic and loyal lady contributed to its columns some verses recalling the famous lives and doings of the more celebrated Archbishops of Canterbury, closing her composition with a panegyric upon the "ninety-third one," as she called the newly appointed Primate, and wishing him a long tenure of his exalted position. But the editor had the audacity to insert in a footnote the following additional verse to the poem :

"And we wish the ninety-third one would take his staff in hand
And pass away to Jericho, Peru or Newfoundland ;
And take with him his cousins, the children of his aunts,
Nor leave behind him Stanley or Parry or Penzance."

In his official capacity the last-named personage was especially distasteful to earnest Churchmen of that period, and they were not altogether enamoured of the new Archbishop. One must regret the want of good taste in the editor's addition, but there can be no doubt that it only too truly reflected the opinion of thousands of his readers.

Speaking of the Press, I think it had a powerful influence in promoting the Catholic Revival. In the early days of the movement stories and tales, notably those of Gresley and Paget and the delightful productions of Neale, did much to increase and spread abroad the knowledge of the Catholic Faith, and one cannot help wishing that another Neale would arise to give to the rising generation historical tales and soul-stirring verses like those of the past. But amid the influences for good which the last fifty years have witnessed one stands out above them all : Hymns Ancient and Modern. That book, it seems to me, has done more than anything else to popularize, in the best sense of the word, Catholic truth and devotion. Its hymns are sung and loved in every quarter of the world by all sorts and conditions of men. Many of its tunes as well as its hymns are engraven on the memory of thousands. They appeal to the heart and are the solace of many a lonely soul far away in the remote corners of the earth. The best hymns in the book (and they are far from few) have been translated into many of the languages of the foreign mission field. It is, for instance, a common experience to hear them sung in Sesuto in the recesses of the Maluti mountains by Basuto herd boys who have learnt them in the mission schools.

Just now I was speaking of secessions, and that reminds me of a dear friend of my youth who has within the last few years gone to his rest. He was an intelligent, devout, well-educated Churchman, a clerk in a great city firm, of about my own age. Like others, pained and saddened by the state of things in his mother Church, he was attracted by the glamour of Rome, and having come to believe it the only true and Catholic Church, submitted to its claims in 1857. His secession, while it did not sever our friendship, led to the ceasing of our intercourse and, upon my going to Africa, of our correspondence. I lost sight of him and heard nothing about him for nearly forty years. Then, one day, I noticed in the *Guardian* a statement to the effect that a priest of the Roman obedience, of the same name as my old friend, had made an application to one of our English bishops to be received into the communion of the English Church. And some little time afterwards it was stated that he had been received and that the bishop had given him a period of six months in which to study Anglo-Catholic theology, so that he might be thoroughly sure of his position, before licensing him to a curacy. After the six months had passed I read that he had been duly licensed and was acting as colleague to a well-known and venerable parish priest in one of our important towns. Thereupon I wrote to him, asking him if he was my old friend of wellnigh half a century ago. The mail brought me the reply that he was. Then I wrote, telling him what a joy it was to me to know that he had returned to the home of his mother; upon which he gave me, evidently out of the fullness of his heart, a record of his life and experiences in the Church of Rome. So pathetic was it that it brought tears to my eyes. After his reception he had gone to a celebrated university on the Continent of Europe, where he remained, immersed in studies, for several years. From thence he proceeded to a theological college, feeling persuaded that he had a vocation to the sacred ministry. He entered the Dominican order and became a friar as well as a priest. For thirty years he laboured in various parts of the world: in Spain, in South America and elsewhere "on the mission," as well as in Great Britain and Ireland. But as years went on and he saw more and more of the inner life of the Latin Church and the results of its teaching, he was haunted by doubts as to whether this could really be the Church of the Apostles and of Primitive times. The proclamation of the Infallibility of the Pope first shook him. He had not been taught it as a dogma necessary to salvation, but only as a pious tradition. Now it had to be believed on pain of eternal condemnation. This addition of a new article to the Faith staggered and bewildered him; the more he reflected upon it and the more he studied the history of the Church the more difficult it was to believe it. Still, he went on faithfully with his duties as a mission priest, living the life of a religious of his order, and believing that as time went on his doubts would be removed and he would feel doubly secure in his position.

But that hope was not realized. The more he studied, the more he reflected, the more he noted the results of distinctly Roman, that is to say Ultramontane, teaching, the more he became convinced that it could not be true. And then began a mental conflict which lasted for years and which at times became nothing less than spiritual agony. Truth had been his guiding star throughout his life—the truth of God. For that he had made sacrifices and entered the Roman fold, and now he began to see quite plainly that he had been wrong in the step he had taken and that God was opening his eyes to the real truth. Rome and its papacy were not what they claimed to be : the teaching of the Roman Church was not true. Holy Scripture was against it, ecclesiastical history was against it, reason was against it, and his own long and intimate acquaintance of the practical working of its system was against it. He had come to see and realize that the English Church was right after all, and that with all its defects it was in its teaching a truer exponent of Apostolic and Catholic principles than the Church of his adoption. Still, he could not bear the thought of breaking with his present position. He told me that he ought to have done so long before, but that he lacked the moral courage. He was not insensible to the good that was in the Latin Church, and all his dearest friends were, like himself, members of it. He could not bear the thought of parting from them and tearing up the friendships of so many years by the roots, and going forth into the world alone in his old age. And he knew that his name would be cast out as evil by his brethren : he would be regarded as an apostate. The discipline of his order was strong upon him and served to keep him for years from following the dictates of his conscience ; but the agonizing conflict could not go on for ever. He felt day by day that he was sinning against the light, and that at all risks he must abandon his position and return to the Anglican obedience. It was a terrible wrench which gave him untold pain, but when by the grace of God he had made the sacrifice his soul was once more at ease and his heart filled with peace and joy.

After serving in his curacy for some years he became the vicar of a small country parish, where he was much loved and in which he ended his eventful life. May eternal peace and blessedness be his.

I knew another man, a medical student, grave and reserved beyond his years, who " went over " about the same time. After he had left us I saw nothing of him; but a common friend met him quite accidentally some seven years after at Charing Cross. This common friend asked him how he liked the Holy Roman Church.

" The Roman Church ? " he replied. " Oh, I left it long ago."

" Left it ! What made you do that ? "

" Because I found it was not what it professed to be. It is not the Church of the Apostles and the Primitive Christians. It has become corrupt, and has departed from their standards of faith and discipline."

" And have you come back to your mother, the Church of England ? "

" I have found my true mother, the Orthodox and Catholic Church of the East."

" Indeed ! And where do you go to church now ? "

" I worship at the Greek Church in London Wall."

" But do you manage to understand the services ? I am told that they are all in ecclesiastical Greek."

" Oh, I don't follow all the services. But *I catch the Alleluias, and they nourish my soul.*"

Dear fellow! Peace be with him.

Sad as were the secessions of the 'fifties, they were not so numerous as represented and were after all only a fraction of the main body of Catholic Churchmen. Probably they served as nothing else could to rouse the Church of England from her spiritual torpor and Erastianism and to make her recognize her position as a branch of the true vine. Newman's defection roused her for the moment, but "she shook herself and went her way." The Gorham case and its immediate results were the means in the overruling Providence of God not only of spreading the Church's teaching concerning Holy Baptism but of proclaiming far and wide her independence of the State in spiritual things. "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's"[1] began to be realized as it had not been realized before, and Churchmen roused themselves to resist at all costs the intrusion of the State and its Courts into the spiritual domain of the Church. The main body of English Catholics stood firm to their faith and were not carried off their feet or swept away by the defection of a few of their more impatient or faint-hearted brethren. The secessions of the 'fifties were the "bad quarter of an hour" of the English Church. The time of sifting and trial had come. And it was necessary. Easy going and spiritual sloth and Erastianism, with narrow-minded and intolerant and unscriptural Puritanism were eating into its very life. England during the first experiences of the Anglo-Boer war needed a Black Week to bring her to her knees and rouse her to the magnitude of the task before her, and so it was with the Church in the days of which I have been speaking. Those days have passed away and left their abiding lesson. Rome was jubilant then and really thought that the "conversion" of England to her claims was nigh at hand, and that the Church of England would be shivered into fragments and perish, but she was doomed to disappointment. She did not see the signs of the times or realize the wonderful work that God the Holy Ghost was silently effecting in the Church which she despised and hated as a mere creature of the British Parliament. But whatever happens we may be sure of this: England will never again become Papal or Puritan. The lessons of the past have sunk too deeply into the national consciousness for that. They remain, and will remain for generations to come.

---

[1] St. Matthew xxii. 21.

The end of the decade was marked by the riots of St. George's-in-the-East, an immense London parish of 30,000 souls bordering upon the London and St. Katharine Docks, of which the Rev. Bryan King was rector. This vast population was for the most part sunk in degradation and vice. The slums of St. George's were probably the most extensive and the worst in the kingdom. The rector had only one curate to aid him in shepherding so enormous a multitude and could do but little to raise them to the level of decent human beings. The parish needed immediate division to begin with. So, with the consent of the bishop, he invited the Rev. C. F. Lowder, then, as the reader knows, one of the assistant clergy of St. Barnabas', Pimlico, to come and establish a mission in what was perhaps the worst corner of his parish—that nearest the Docks. Fr. Lowder responded to the call and in 1856 spent two or three days weekly at St. George's, in order to become acquainted with some of its people and make such plans as he could for the future. In these preliminary visits I was sometimes privileged to accompany him as a young lay volunteer and well remember how, on a certain Sunday afternoon, he gathered a small crowd of some fifty children in a room in Old Gravel Lane. They were little savages: street Arabs, and precocious beyond words. We could not get them to listen to us or to be quiet for a moment. Lowder tried all kinds of subjects with them, but to no purpose. At last a happy thought came into his mind: he would describe to them a balloon. They often saw balloons sailing overhead above them and wondered what they were made of and how they could get up so high in the sky. And when the good priest began to explain what a balloon was they one and all became interested and set up a shrill shout of Ah-bal-loon, Ah-bal-loon until their poor little lungs were exhausted. The lesson was entirely successful, and from that day forward the future superior of St. George's Mission never needed an appreciative audience, whether of "grown ups" or of children. From such small beginnings has the glorious work at St. Peter's, London Docks, sprung—a work carried on up to the present day with such self-sacrifice and devotion that any Church in the world might be proud of it.

Fr. Lowder was speedily joined by like-minded men who laboured with him and devoted their lives to the service of Christ in His poor. Fr. Mackonochie was one of these, and all the world knows that when St. Alban's, Holborn, was built in the early 'sixties he was chosen to be its first vicar; and his beautiful life and splendid patience and perseverance amid manifold and continuous worries and persecutions are written in golden letters upon the history of the Church.

By the aid of friends a temporary iron church was erected in Calvert Street, Old Gravel Lane, and soon afterwards the disused Danish Lutheran church in Well-close Square was rented for the mission. A sisterhood, that of the Holy Cross, which has been fruitful in good works, was also established. I often visited Lowder when I could find time, and noted his single-heartedness and self-sacrifice. Spiritually I owed much to him, for he had prepared me for my Confirmation and first Communion. And I recollect very well being with him one morning soon after the opening of the iron church (dedicated to the Good Shepherd), when he told me that he was in a great strait for want of money. The mission was purely a venture of faith. It was entirely supported by the contributions of the faithful in London and elsewhere; the clergy and lay workers lived in quasi-community in the mission house, receiving only their board and lodging and when necessary a small grant for clothing, and money had also to be found for building.

When I was with Lowder that morning he told me that the contractor who had erected the church of the Good Shepherd had agreed to wait six months for the balance due to him for his work, but that a week before my call he had asked Lowder to pay him, if at all possible, the amount still owing, as he was unexpectedly beset by financial difficulties. That amount was, if I remember rightly, about £100. "And," said the Father, "I have not that number of shillings to pay him with. All the week we have been praying our Lord to help us in this extremity and enable us to save the poor man from what may lead to bankruptcy, for he is only a man in a small way of business. And as there has been no answer to our prayers it would seem to be our Lord's will that we should act as well as pray. So I am just going into the city to see a friend there who is a well-wisher to the mission and has sometimes come to our aid before, though I shrink from going to him again on such an errand. But there seems to be no other choice." Taking up his hat, he asked me if I would like to walk into the city with him; but just at that moment his morning's letters were brought in, and among them was one from a city man unknown to him enclosing a cheque for a large amount—I do not remember the exact sum: at any rate it was much more than the amount required. This unknown benefactor said that he had heard from a friend of the work the mission was doing among the practically heathen population surrounding it, and also that financial help would be welcome; so he begged to send a cheque as a mark of sympathy. What a relief that money was to the good Father! "Ah, my son," he exclaimed, "you see how good God is and how He answers prayer; for I cannot help regarding this unlooked-for gift as an answer to our prayers of the past week." Assuredly I thought so too, and the incident was not, I hope, lost upon me. See how entirely the mission was a venture of faith!

But it was not long before this work for God stirred up the powers of evil to compass its destruction. The world, the flesh and the devil were being attacked in one of their greatest strongholds, and they combined together to resist the attack and to crush and bring to nought the good work that the rector and his little band of workers had so fearlessly begun. The churchwardens of the parish church (both of whom were, in accordance with local usage, elected by the ratepayers and one of whom was a publican) viewed with no favour the advent of the mission, and opposed and thwarted the rector in every way they could. The public-houses, which were incredibly numerous, were constantly crowded with the vicious of all nations, sailors for the most part from the ships in the docks, and drove a roaring trade. Crimps and pimps frequented them and lured visitors to houses of ill fame, which were attached to the gin shops or otherwise close at hand; while the narrow alleys and lanes on all sides were safe haunts of vice and crime.

The opposition of the churchwardens to the rector increased. How could it be otherwise, when the gin-shop influence was paramount and these parish officials were elected mainly by that influence? But a cry was needed if the opposition to the rector and his new fellow-workers was to have any chance of success. And what better cry could there be than that of "No Popery"? The clergy were known to favour "Puseyism," and that was enough. Soon a cry of "Popery in the parish church" was heard, and "Protestants"—save the mark!—united with the godless multitude to put down this "Popery." A "Protestant" Lecturer was elected under some peculiar statute to preach on Sunday afternoons in the parish church, and he, by his violent language, added fuel to the flame. The whole parish was speedily in an uproar, although there was very little in the way of ceremonial in either the parish church or the two mission chapels, and of "Popery" in any real sense the clergy were as innocent as new-born babes.

The mission was first attacked, but as their buildings were small and did not lend themselves favourably to mob violence the attack concentrated itself on the parish church, where Lowder and Mackonochie sometimes officiated as curates to the rector. For a time they went in danger of their lives; but I must refer the reader to the well-known Life of Charles Lowder [1] for details of what they were called upon to endure during that trying time.

---

[1] *Charles Lowder: a Biography.* Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

The parish church is a large building in which crowds could congregate; I think it is one of the "Queen Anne" churches; at any rate its style of architecture gave me that impression. It is in its way a stately and well-built structure, possessing two roomy galleries running along each side of the building besides one at the west end. Altogether it would seat some twelve hundred worshippers, and during the troubles that ensued there must have been nearly, if not quite, two thousand in the building, for often on Sunday evenings every inch of standing ground was occupied. The choir used to enter by a door in the north-east corner of the church, and seats of the simplest kind were arranged for them in front of the altar rails. There is (or was) no structural chancel.

There were riots at St. Barnabas' in 1851, but they were a mere trifle compared with those which took place at St. George's. The early celebration on Sunday and the forenoon Matins were not much disturbed, but it was unsafe to celebrate the Holy Communion after the latter service. Probably the poor creatures who were the tools of the fanatics outside the parish and the godless householders within it had not risen from their beds in time to attend, and hence it was the late Evensong at seven o'clock which witnessed most of the excesses. When this service began to be seriously interrupted and the clergy and choir were in danger, reports of these strange doings soon appeared in the newspapers and a band of young men, some fifty in number, volunteered to protect both choir and clergy and as far as possible to keep order during the service. They became known as "Bryan King's Bull Dogs," and I am proud to say that I had the honour of being enrolled among them. We were under the orders of Captain Hall, a soldier and an enthusiastic Churchman. Many of the Bull Dogs were by no means Puseyites—how I hate these names! —they had simply come to lend their aid to the cause of decency and order, their feelings being outraged by the brutal scenes that were being enacted Sunday by Sunday in the house of God. We used to arrive at the church in ones and twos an hour before Evensong and be let in by a side door which led to the vestry. We then proceeded to the choir stalls and sat down in them until the service commenced. The great west door of the church was opened half an hour before service and a rush for seats immediately ensued. The building filled almost at once and soon became over-crowded, and there were always hundreds outside who could not get in. If we had not occupied the stalls the mob would have done so, with the result that the choir would have been ousted from their places. When the choir entered we vacated our seats and the choir took possession of them, we finding standing room, often with difficulty, as near to them as possible.

The vast congregation was composed almost entirely of men. There was a sprinkling of hooligans and there were a few women, most of the latter belonging to a class which excited our compassion. As to the service, one could scarcely hear any of it, the catcalls and whistlings and general uproar often drowning not only the voices of the choir (a small one), but even the notes of the organ. One evening during the singing of the *Magnificat* a dog with a tin can tied to its tail was let loose in the north gallery and set up a series of dismal howls as it tried to wedge its way between the legs of the men around and divest itself of its encumbrance. The more the poor terrified creature howled the louder were the peals of laughter of the unthinking multitude. It was shocking.

So things went on week after week and month after month. The authorities in Church and State looked on and did nothing. The policy they displayed was not one of masterly inactivity, but rather of ineptitude or bigotry. The riots were felt to be a national disgrace, but still nothing was done to bring them to an end. The British Jupiter thundered and scourged the unfortunate rector and reprimanded the mob, and the lesser organs of public opinion followed suit. Now and then when a choirman had been assaulted or some outrageously disgusting act of irreverence had been brought home to the perpetrators of it they were brought before the magistrates, but they were let off with a caution or a very light fine, the court censuring the rector for continuing his "Popish" services against the wish of his parishioners. It was easy to read between the lines and see where the sympathies of the authorities lay. The mob was triumphant and did what it pleased without let or hindrance from either Church or State. Lord Brougham, to his honour be it said, lifted up his voice in the House of Lords and censured the inactivity of the authorities, but still for a long time nothing was done.

One Sunday evening an incident occurred which is indelibly imprinted upon my memory. The church was, if possible, more crowded than ever. Sometimes clergy would come from a distance and take part in the services in order to manifest their sympathy with Mr. King. On the Sunday I am thinking of the Rev. R. M. Benson, vicar of Cowley, was one of these. This venerable and revered priest so well known as the founder and first superior of the S.S.J.E., commonly called the Cowley Fathers, is with us still and has lived to see the marvellous changes for the better that have taken place since he entered the sacred ministry. In those days he possessed a remarkably powerful and penetrating voice, and that evening he read the first lesson in the service. You could see his lips moving, but could hear no sound proceeding from them. He was reading the fifth chapter of Isaiah. Suddenly a mysterious pause occurred in the uproar that had been going on. It was like one of those pauses which, for no apparent reason, sometimes take place in the midst of an animated discussion in some public assembly. There was a deep silence. You might almost have heard the proverbial pin drop. And amid the hush there rang out in trumpet tones, "And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? *Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?*"

An electric thrill seemed to vibrate through the vast concourse as these last words sounded forth in appealing tones which penetrated to every corner of the building. They must have gone straight home and cut to the quick, for the moment they were uttered a babel of sounds which beggars description rent the air. Yells, books, shrieks, imprecations ascended from every quarter. I have heard the war song of ten thousand African savages, but piercing and gruesome and blood-curdling as it was it did not exceed in force or intensity the deafening yells of wrath and fury which then assailed my ears. I have listened in Equatorial Africa to the roaring of lions, the growls of leopards and the howls of hyænas intermingled with the homely bray of the ass, but I do believe that the deafening uproar which sounded in my ears on that eventful night was equal to all these added together and rolled into one and multiplied over and over again. It was a hurricane of howls, a pandemonium. I have heard nothing like it either before or since. These two thousand human beings seemed to be transformed into furies ; their eyes blazing with wrath, their faces distorted by frenzy. They were burning with fanaticism ; and there is no fanaticism so unreasoning, no hatred so deadly as that engendered by perverted religious instincts. The highest and holiest feelings of our nature are trampled underfoot by it : the man who gives way to it becomes a devil.

The uproar gradually lessened as the physical powers of the multitude became exhausted, but was still great enough to hinder any part of the service being heard, up to the very end. Then we wondered what the mob would do. It was still so excited that we feared the sacred building might be wrecked, but God in His mercy averted such a calamity. After remaining for some little time in what seemed to be indecision the ringleaders turned and left. Others followed them, and in a few minutes all was peaceful and still.

A detachment of police was drawn up outside the church with orders to prevent rioting in the streets, but the crowd gradually melted away, except a few of the more bellicose who lingered until the rector's Bull Dogs came forth. It was dark outside, and their favourite diversion was to kick our shins. We were under strict orders from Capt. Hall not to retaliate in any way unless our lives were in positive danger, and we had to bear these assaults as calmly as we could. Though the old Adam often rebelled, I am glad to say that our orders were not infringed. In no case, as far as I remember, was there any retaliation : we were simply passive throughout. I had my shins pretty well barked that night and limped home across London wondering and sick at heart at what I had heard and seen.

The riotings continued with but little intermission until the end of February, 1860. The Press thundered and lightened and called upon the Government to intervene and put an end to such a disgrace to England, and so at last the Home Secretary closed the church. It ought to have been done more than six months before, but tardy as was the action of the powers that be, it was welcome. The riots came to an end. Bryan King exchanged livings with a clergyman in the country not long afterwards, and his successor, a " moderate " man who was brave enough to go into such a hornets' nest, had no perils to encounter. Feeling had burnt itself out. But he did not remain very long, and I do not wonder at it.

But what about the mission ? It grew and prospered. The storm had cleared the air. The powers of darkness had done their worst but had not prevailed. The parish was divided and a handsome church erected, dedicated to St. Peter, its first vicar being, as was natural, Fr. Lowder ; and, as I have before remarked, the good work is still carried on under the care of his devoted successor, Fr. Wainwright.

The riots stirred England and made men think. The Englishman is naturally a fair-minded man with a sympathy for the " bottom dog." And one result of this long-continued tumult was that Englishmen began to demand for Puseyites, or as they were now beginning to be called Ritualists, fair play. Thus good came out of the evil, and reverent and Catholic worship gained a new lease of life, of which it was not slow to avail itself. It was not until fourteen years afterwards that Parliament, in a panic, passed the ill-conceived Public Worship Regulation Act, which speedily proved that putting men in prison for obeying what they believed to be the rule of the Prayer Book would not " put down

Ritualism." How strange it is that men do not see that only Spiritual Courts, the Courts of the Church herself, are competent to deal with such matters as the ceremonial of Divine Worship! State Courts and Acts of Parliament do wrong when they intrude into the spiritual domain, just as Church Courts or authorities would travel entirely out of their sphere and do grievous injury to the cause of truth and justice were they to intrude into the domain of the State. The Public Worship Regulation Act was as absurd as it was tyrannical. You might as well anathematize a pump out of order with bell, book and candle!

No; once more let it be said that the ceremonial of the Church cannot be regulated except through validly constituted spiritual Courts. Such Courts would speedily control the vagaries and "fads" of disloyal and lawless parish priests, if such really exist. They would possess an authority which every Churchman, layman and cleric would recognize and obey. Such Courts exist in South Africa and in other provinces of the Anglican communion. But, so I am told, the case of the mother Church is different. The Church is established in England, and Parliament would never allow it to have a free hand of its own and agree to the establishment of Spiritual Courts such as we have in South Africa. I answer, why not? It permits the existence of such Courts north of the Tweed in the case of the Established Church of Scotland; and why should it not grant the same liberty south of the Tweed to the Established Church of England? I know that the one is Presbyterian in its teaching and government and the other Episcopalian, but how can that affect the justice of the case? I have heard this question asked many times, but have never yet met with the answer.

The British Parliament is perhaps the grandest legislative assembly in the world, and in spite of its defects the whole Empire is proud of it; but it is not a synod or even an assembly of theologians, and when it pretends to be such it only succeeds in making itself ridiculous. It is then an example of the cobbler going beyond his last.

There used, long ago, to be a story current in London that on a certain Sunday after Trinity, soon after the consecration of St. Alban's, Holborn, Dean Stanley attended the High Celebration of the Holy Eucharist there, and that dining the same evening with his diocesan, he told the good prelate of his visit. "And what did you see there?" asked his lordship. "I saw three men in green," he replied; "and I think, my lord, that you will find it very difficult to put down those three men in green." He did, for they are there still.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTH AFRICA IN THE 'SIXTIES

Vast changes—Cape Town—Productions—Countries of South Africa—Travelling by Post Cart—Appearance of the country—George Town—South African Nomenclature—A stained glass window—Captain Rainier and Mr. Chapman—Archdeacon Welby—A liberated slave—Sir George Grey—The Knysna.

" Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere."—*Keble.*

" Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice."—*Keble.*

IF London has changed very much during the past half century, Cape Town has changed even more; and the whole of South Africa, from the Zambesi to Table Bay, is in many ways vastly different now from what it was when I first knew it.

I left England on the 20th March, 1860, and arrived at Cape Town on the 21st June, sailing in a beautiful clipper-built vessel of Glasgow, the *Princess Clotilde.* Three months was considered a good passage in a sailing ship in those days. The Union Line had not long been in existence and ran one steamer a month, which carried the mails. The ships were very small compared with those of the present time. The Castle Line was not yet in being. The mail steamer was allowed forty-two days and was, I believe, granted a bonus of £50 for every hour it arrived before the allotted time, but fined the same sum for every hour that it exceeded it; and one of the steamers, the *Dane*, was often late. The mails are carried now, or will be soon, in fourteen days! In those days the coming of the mail steamer was eagerly looked forward to. News was news indeed: all sorts of things might have happened within the month: even a great war might have broken out. The only railway was the short line opened from Cape Town to Worcester. There was no book post, and parcel post was a thing of the remote future. The rate of postage for letters was sixpence for the half ounce and there was a Colonial charge of fourpence in addition. The sixpence was soon afterwards raised to a shilling, so that every letter posted at home cost one shilling and fourpence, the shilling being paid in England and the fourpence in the Cape Colony on receipt of the letter. Letters to England cost the same amount, one shilling and fourpence, the whole of which had to be paid when posting the letter at the Cape. In the Orange Free State there was in addition a charge of sixpence, bringing the amount to one shilling and tenpence on every letter posted in Bloemfontein for England! And every letter from England was surcharged tenpence, the remainder having been paid on posting the letter in the mother country. So it may be imagined that correspondence was curtailed as much as possible. Our letters were written on thin note-paper, and one of them often did duty for half a dozen, being handed on to relations and friends.

Cape Town in those days was a quaint and already venerable city, Dutch in its architecture and cosmopolitan in its social life. It was a picturesque place with its old-world houses, which were roomy and for the most

THE VELDT. ORANGE FREE STATE.

SUNSET ON THE KNYSNA RIVER.

part well built, with a broad stoep or raised terrace in front of each of them. These stoeps were usually ascended by steps which sometimes blocked the whole of the side walk or pavement. Adderley Street was the principal thoroughfare, as it is still. It is named after Mr. Adderley (the late Lord Norton), who was Colonial Secretary in the early Victorian era. It is now a handsome street running from the Docks up to the Government Gardens, and boasts of many splendid buildings. Altogether, I do not think there is any street in South Africa to compare with it in grandeur or situation, and it would take no mean place in any of the large cities of Europe or America. As everyone knows, Cape Town lies under the shadow of Table Mountain, and its suburbs, extending for several miles along the slopes of the mountain, are delightfully situated and very attractive.

In 1860 living was cheap at the Cape. Mutton was twopence-halfpenny a pound and beef threepence, and fish very cheap indeed. In country villages almost everyone had a garden and grew his own vegetables. Clothing and other imported goods were dear, but not much more so than now, the customs duties on them having been raised of late years. Wine was extremely cheap and brandy but little dearer. A bottle of really good pontac, a red wine by no means to be despised, might be had for sixpence, and a bottle of brandy cost ninepence. The latter was a villainous compound commonly known as "Cape Smoke"—rank, pungent, and with an odour which was vile. There was a good deal of drunkenness, especially among the Hottentots and other coloured people, but not perhaps so much as might have been expected with fire-water at ninepence a bottle; but then wages were low and money not too plentiful. The same bottle costs double that now round about the Cape and more than treble up-country, and it would be a good thing if it cost ten times as much, for then very few of the coloured races would be able to buy it. It is not a liquor which finds favour with English colonists. They have followed the home fashion and drink whisky. Really good and pure Cape brandy is to be had, though of course at a much higher price, but as a rule only Dutchmen drink it. The Cape Smoke or common " Dop " is almost entirely consumed by the coloured classes, and it would be a mercy if they could be deprived of it altogether.

The Cape districts are celebrated for their fruit. Vineyards are many in number and large in size, and the grapes grown in them are equal in flavour to any in the world. Peaches grow almost everywhere and are as cheap as they are abundant. They are not a wall fruit as in England, but grow in orchards. Some of the varieties are excellent, luscious and of delicate flavour, but the majority are inferior to the peaches of England or California, little care being taken in the cultivation of them. Oranges are good, and abound in many parts of the Cape Colony as well as in Natal and the Transvaal, not to speak of Rhodesia ; indeed nearly every European fruit flourishes, and the more tropical fruits, such as the pineapple and banana, are largely cultivated in the northern coast districts. But I must not attempt a description of the products of South Africa. That is not my object in writing these " Memories," and it has been done again and again by far abler pens than mine. I will only say that when I first saw it the Cape Colony was much smaller and much less important than it is now. It was then bounded on the north by the Orange River and on the east by British Kaffraria. This latter territory had been annexed after the Kaffir wars and was independent of the Cape, but both it and the huge Transkei have since been added to Cape Colony. And on the north-west the dependencies of Griqualand West and British Bechuanaland have also been annexed to the Cape, making the Cape the largest of the four South African colonies.

The Orange Free State and the Transvaal were independent republics formed by Dutch Boers, who had in previous years quitted the Cape Colony after the abolition of slavery and the liberation of the slaves in the 'thirties. These republics were then poor, sparsely peopled and unimportant. They had had a chequered career with many " ups and downs " in it, and continued to do so almost up to the time that they were annexed to the Empire during the late war. Beyond these colonies and republics were the large native territories of Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland and Amatongaland, and also the vast tracts of land now known as Rhodesia, all inhabited by various Bantu tribes governed by their own chiefs. But to-day the whole of the sub-continent from the Zambesi to the Indian Ocean is British, with the exception of Great Namaqualand and Damaraland, which were annexed by Germany in the 'eighties.

After a pleasant stay of a week at Protea with Dr. Gray, the Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa, his lordship sent me on to George Town, an up-country village three hundred miles distant. I travelled by post cart, a vehicle which looked like a square water tank on two wheels, with an iron rail running round it. Inside this tank the mails were stowed, and when the mail was heavy and the tank full, which was often the case, the remaining bags were piled up on the top of it. The cart had no " tent " or other covering, and was supposed to carry three passengers in addition to the mails: one in front who sat with the driver and two behind, who sat with their back to the driver and their feet resting on a tail-board. It did the journey from Cape Town to George in forty-eight hours, which meant travelling for two days and two nights without cessation and with nothing that could be called rest, except that of sitting down for a quarter of an hour at a farm or wayside inn morning, noon and evening for a hasty meal. It was dangerous to tie oneself to the rail, however sleepy one might feel, for the vehicle might easily upset (which it not unfrequently did), in which case there was a very good chance of being crushed to death. The roads were for the most part vile, the horses often untrained, and driving required much skill; but the drivers (Malays or other coloured men) were accomplished whips, and it was wonderful how well they managed to edge along dangerous places even on the darkest night and get over the road in the specified time. The cart was fined if it was late. It kept up an average speed of over seven miles an hour, not allowing for stoppages, and there was a fresh team of horses about every twenty miles. The drivers of course often changed too, but the same cart went on as a rule for a couple of days. These vehicles were strongly built of the toughest colonial woods and with extra strong springs, and could stand an immense amount of wear and tear. They have long since disappeared and have given place to a comparatively comfortable Cape cart, larger, and with a crinoline hood attached to it which may be easily put up in case of rain.

The country we travelled through looked parched up with drought, and the tank on wheels often ploughed its way through clouds of dust. I was told that a severe drought had set in: there had been hardly any rain for nearly a year and almost the whole of the Colony was suffering from want of it. Often when I looked round I could see nothing but an unending series of dust heaps. It was the end of June—midwinter—and there were no flowers to be seen, and what little grass there was was dried up, drab and dingy. Altogether it was a mighty contrast to England, and a downright disappointment after having read so much of the beauty of South Africa. But better things were in store.

On the second morning we crossed the Guaritz, usually a broad and fairly deep stream, but now almost dry. Close to the river was a small wayside store where I procured a cup of very indifferent coffee without milk, but with sugar enough to make up for the absence of it. There was no pasturage for the cows which, poor things, looked like living frame-works covered with skin. For food there was bread and dripping, things not to be despised by a hungry post-cart traveller. And indeed they were welcome, for I had had little to eat the day before.

"Have you come from England, sir?" asked Mr. Downing, the proprietor of the place, quick to recognize a young man from home.

"Yes," was my answer.

"Well then," said he, "I should like to tell you one thing: this country is either feast or famine, and at present it is famine. You will find out for yourself as time goes on that my words are true."

I did. South Africa is certainly a land of extremes in every way.

That same night I arrived at my destination, where I was fated to remain for ten years.

The village of George is one of the prettiest in South Africa, a charming old-world sort of place at the foot of the Langbergen. This coast range of mountains is known locally as the Outeniquas, its original Hottentot name, which signifies (I believe) the green hills of the Outeniqua. These mountains are covered with fresh, green grass, and the coast lands stretching in a broad belt between them and the Indian Ocean are extremely fertile. Even in that severe drought the village itself and the country round about it refreshed the eye with a grateful, vivid green. George was then a town of some two thousand souls. It had been laid out in 1812, six years after England took possession of the Cape, and was named after the reigning monarch. The year before last it kept its centenary, and King George V graciously presented its parish church (now the cathedral church of a new diocese) with a sumptuously bound Bible and Prayer Book in honour of the occasion.

Though when I first passed through it the country nearly all the way from Cape Town was parched and bare and looked like a series of dust heaps, it must not be supposed that that represented its usual appearance. It is on the whole a fertile tract, and in the spring and early summer, after the rains have fallen, often presents to the eye one of the most glorious pictures in the world; or rather a series of pictures extending for nearly two hundred miles. The whole veld is carpeted with flowers. Nothing could be more lovely. It is indeed a fascinating scene, bewildering in its variety of colour and bewitching in its beauty. As far as the eye can reach blooms of every kind greet the traveller and refresh his weary spirit. They are of all colours, and in the early morning while the dew lies fresh upon them they are radiant in their brilliancy, and shine and sparkle and scintillate like multitudinous gems grouped together and flashing in the sunlight. It is a floral pageant. The heaths alone ravish the eye; their daintiness and delicacy of colour are exquisite ; nowhere on earth can they be surpassed in grace and elegance. They call up to the mind Mozley's words, " While nature is working as a machine, she is sleeping as a picture."

The nomenclature of South Africa is remarkable. One of the villages the post-cart passed through was named Riversdale. I thought the name a pretty one, and imagined a small township situated in a pleasant valley embosomed in trees at the confluence of two or more flowing streamlets. I was doomed to disappointment ; the place was entirely unattractive. There was no trace of verdure, there were but few trees, and no river was to be seen. It had been named after a former official ; so I was informed.

I wonder who named the South African towns and villages. It must, I fancy, have been some African fairy endowed with a spice of sardonic humour, so many of the places being named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle ! You hear of Bloemfontein, and call up to your imagination a vision of a garden of flowers hard by a perennial fountain—a fresh, clear streamlet flowing forth from a picturesque group of weather-stained rocks covered with mosses and lichens ; and you find a town with hardly a decent garden in it, and learn that the place traces its name to old Jan Bloem, a trek Boer with a " dash of the tar brush " who built a hovel by the side of a small puddle, a tiny rill of muddy and impure water oozing only intermittently from the surface of the sun-baked earth.

You travel onwards to Koffy Fontein with the pleasant thought that a cup of welcome coffee is awaiting you, and you find a small diamond mine where that refreshing beverage is so scarce that you will be fortunate if you succeed in obtaining a mouthful of it.

You hasten onwards again and behold before your aching eyes in the glare of the sunlight a woebegone collection of a dozen of the ugliest raw brick or galvanized iron "shanties," and you are gravely informed that that is Edendale!

You pass through a most desolate-looking farm with a mean and squalid homestead and no tree or shrub anywhere around, and you learn that you are in Paradise!

And so one might go on. This was the case forty years ago, but time has brought with it improvement. There are flowers in Bloemfontein now, though the city is even yet hardly worthy of its name, and coffee galore in Koffy Fontein; and Edendale is an attractive village, and Paradise a pleasant homestead fringed with forest trees and ornamental shrubs.

But there are here and there places with names in keeping with their appearance or position. Avonduur—Evening Hour—is one; a Dutch name as soft sounding as it is appropriate, since a traveller riding up the Long Kloof will probably reach that pretty little spot about sunset. But as a rule the nomenclature, with the exception of a few native names which have been preserved, is neither euphonious nor in accord with reality.

In olden days the best thing in Riversdale from every point of view was its little English church, a well-built structure of stone in the Early English style of architecture. It possessed a painted glass window representing St. John the Baptist, in whose honour the church is dedicated. A painted window was a great rarity in South Africa sixty years ago, and many people from far and near came to see this wonderful "schilderij" of the Baptist. The resident magistrate, Captain Rainier, was a good Churchman as well as a good soldier. The population of the district was largely Dutch, and almost all the farmers were of that nationality. Many of these latter came to see the window and admired and praised it. Captain Rainier, who was much respected, was churchwarden, and was always pleased to take visitors to the church and show them this work of art and descant upon its merits. He was proud of it, as were all the church people of the place.

One day a well-known and well-to-do Dutch farmer came to him and asked to see it. He was a man of choleric temperament which sometimes found vent in abusing the Hottentots and other coloured folk in his employment, but his bark was worse than his bite. The Captain took him into the church and showed him the window with the figure of St. John depicted upon it. The simple-minded old man looked at it for a long time with great awe. I may mention that the artist had painted the saint's features in somewhat dark colours, so that he looked almost as swarthy as a Hottentot.

Turning to the Captain, the farmer asked if the saint was a coloured man. "He looks so in the picture," said he; "but surely it cannot be a true likeness. Tell me, was the Baptist really a coloured man?"

"Of course he was," replied the Captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What!" exclaimed his friend, "John the Baptist a man of colour! How wonderful! I never could have believed it, but now I see it is true. Oh, Captain, I have learnt a lesson to-day. You may be sure of this, that for the future I shall be careful how I speak against coloured people."

The churchwarden was after all more right than wrong in his answer, for the Jews are a Syrian people descended from a Chaldean Sheik, Abraham; and they were taught in their law to approach Almighty God in prayer with the words, "A Syrian was my father." And the Syrians can hardly be called purely white. They were a shade "off-coloured," as the inhabitants of Syria and Chaldea are to this day.

Speaking of Captain Rainier, I think I ought to relate the following story, which I know to be true. While in South Africa with his regiment he fell in love not only with the country but with one of its most charming daughters, whom he married. After some years' service he retired from the Army, and being a man of some fortune purchased an estate in the Caledon district. He went to England and brought out a number of farm labourers and dependents, some of whom he had known from boyhood, intending to introduce better methods of cultivating the soil than were then in vogue. Among these new arrivals was a man named Chapman, who became his personal attendant as well as his useful ally in farming operations, and who was in every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his master, as the sequel will show.

Captain Rainier expended considerable sums of money upon the improvement of his estate, and made costly experiments which brought no adequate return with them. Seasons of drought set in, and as years went on and his family increased, he began to realize that he was losing money and that he had better relinquish farming and take some post in the civil service. Retired military officers often did so in those days and were gladly accepted as magistrates or civil commissioners. The reader must bear in mind that South Africa was then under the direct government of the Crown, and that few colonists were competent to undertake such positions of trust and responsibility. Our friend was not only a highly educated man but one also of ability and integrity, and it is no wonder that his promotion in the service was rapid. When he died he was magistrate and civil commissioner of Worcester, then the most important district of the Cape Colony; so much so that it was regarded as the blue ribbon of the Government service. He died there full of years and honours, and a generation afterwards his son George attained to the same position and has but recently retired from the service on a well-earned pension after a long and honourable career.

When his master gave up farming, Chapman, who had always been a careful and thrifty man, purchased with his savings a portion of a farm not far distant in the same district. The experience he had gained, together with his industry and perseverance, enabled him to work his little holding to such profit that in a few years he was able to buy a much larger property and to add to it as time went on. I once stayed at his house in the late 'sixties, by which time he had become a wealthy man, the owner of a fine estate with large and well-planted vineyards and a considerable flock of sheep. He was, in fact, the most intelligent and industrious and well-to-do man in that part of the country.

I have always heard it said that adversity tries a man. Certainly it does; but in my experience prosperity tries him still more. Not everyone can attain to riches and honours without being spoiled in the process, and as we all know, there are people who become so puffed up by their success and their wealth as to be positively offensive. Such was not the case with the man of whom I am speaking; he remained as natural and unaffected as ever.

One day he went up to Cape Town with his annual wool clip, putting up at the Royal Hotel, then the principal hotel of the city. Unknown to him, his old master was staying there too. Many years had passed since they had last met, and the Captain was delighted to see his old friend and faithful servant enter the dining-room and take his seat at table, for it was the dinner-hour. He had observed the entrance of Chapman, but Chapman had not noticed him. The chair next to the Captain happened to be vacant, and he went to his friend and after a hearty greeting desired him to come and sit down and dine with him. " No, sir," said the good man in his simple way, " while I thank you much for your invitation and feel honoured by it, I cannot accept it. But if you will let me, I should like to go and wait upon you once more as I used to do in the days of old." It was in vain that the Captain expostulated and reminded him that they were now equals in wealth and position ; indeed, that Chapman was the wealthier of the two. His old servant replied, " I know that what you say is true, but I do not forget that I owe my prosperity largely to you, for it was you who brought me out to this country and enabled me to get my first start in life here. No, sir, please sit down and allow me to serve you. That will be a real pleasure to me." And there, before the large company assembled at the table, he took the place of the waiter and stood behind his master's chair and served him, though the Captain would fain have had it otherwise.

Chapman survived his master, and his dying request was that he might be buried at the foot of the friend he had served and for whom he had such deep affection. This was done ; his body was carried to Worcester and reposes there in the grave he had chosen. Thus master and servant rest together, waiting for the resurrection to eternal life. I have always felt this to be a beautiful story, and I know it to be true. And it is, I suppose, as rare as it is beautiful. There is something touching in the fidelity and modesty of this English-born peasant who, though he could barely read and write, was in the best and truest sense of the word, a gentleman. But I am forgetting George and my arrival there.

From the first this up-country village charmed me, and the charm abides still. In truth its charm is so potent that everyone who has lived there owns its sway. Its inhabitants led a peaceful, even-tenored life in harmony with their surroundings. To one coming fresh from London it seemed an arcadian existence; the stress and strain of the nineteenth century had not reached it. If there was little or nothing that could be called wealth, there was no pinching poverty. Dutch and English, white and black, lived together in harmony. There was no racial animosity, or at any rate none that came to the surface. The Afrikander Bond was not born, and trans-Orange methods of dealing with people of colour were unknown. The old animosity of a generation before between Dutch and English, or perhaps I ought to say between the slave-holders and the British Government, was dead: at least I saw and heard nothing of it. No burning questions connected with politics vexed the souls of those dwellers in the abode of peace. They were a warm-hearted, hospitable people overflowing with kindness, and I soon felt at home among them.

The rector of the parish was Archdeacon Welby, a man of courtly and dignified presence and manner and an excellent parish priest. His colleague, W. Moyle Rogers, was a young clergyman of a deeply spiritual tone of mind but of delicate health, who often worked beyond his strength. He is, I think, still alive, living in retirement in England, one of the very few of the South African clergy of those days still spared to us. Of the two thousand inhabitants of the village rather more than one-half of the whites were of Dutch descent, the remainder being English. There were very few other European nationalities represented, and there were no Jews. The total population was almost equally divided between white and coloured. About a third of the latter were negroes, liberated slaves and their descendants, the remainder being mixed races possessing a large infusion of white blood, and all the coloured people were Dutch-speaking —that is to say, South African Dutch.

There were three religious bodies: the Dutch Reformed Church, the English Church and the Roman Catholic. The Dutch Church was numerically the strongest as regards the white population, the English coming next with about four hundred whites and nearly the same number of coloured, while the Roman Catholics were but few, barely reaching the total of a hundred. Most of the coloured people were Christians, the remainder being still heathen except for two or three families of Malays, who were Mohammedan. We of the English Church had two places of worship: St. Mark's (the parish church), a well-built structure of stone in the Early English style, and St. Paul's, a brick building which might be described as carpenter's gothic. This latter was a mission church, and nearly all its services were in Dutch. The ministers of the three denominations were on friendly terms with each other and lived in peace and amity. Most of the English and some of the Dutch were educated, intelligent people, and a few really cultured, and there was a good deal of musical talent in the place.

After Archdeacon Welby had taken me round and introduced me to the European congregation we walked out together to Niepath's Dorp, a hamlet in which the main bulk of the mission congregation resided. These were the negroes of whom I have spoken. Among them were a few really good Christians—all of course converts; devout, sober, industrious and respectful in manner. But there were some who in their habits as well as their appearance were on a low scale of humanity, in fact only just emerging from barbarism.

As we were nearing the end of our visit we came upon a large pit which was sending forth a dense volume of smoke. We could see nothing at first but the smoke, but as we drew nearer we descried the outlines of an old negress, grimy, hideous of aspect and but scantily clothed, seated by a three-legged pot, in which doubtless something appetising—at least to her and hers—was being prepared for the evening meal. It was a truly African spectacle, for the old creature was as black as the pot at which she was seated, and the thick smoke made our eyes smart and water.

"The witch of Endor!" exclaimed the Archdeacon. "The witch of Endor! My young friend, let us be sorry for poor humanity. Yes, my young friend, let us always sympathize with poor humanity."

He was chivalrous and tender-hearted, as a priest should be, and I have never forgotten his words.

Among these negroes was a man whose Christian name was Saul, a tall, powerfully built man past middle life, who earned his livelihood as hammerman to the village blacksmith. He had been a slave in his youth, and gnashed at the iron chain which bound him. Some of his masters had been harsh and unfeeling, but cruel as their treatment had been they had failed to tame his eager, impetuous, reckless spirit. He and I became great friends, and one day he showed me the scars which remained on his back and which told the eloquent tale all too plainly of the many floggings he had received in youth and early manhood.

Once when talking of the old slave times I asked him how he would like it if England were to give up South Africa and the old days of slavery were to come back again. He said, " Master, do you know what I should do if I were once more a slave ? "

" What would you do ? " I asked.

" I would go," he replied, " to the nearest tree and hang myself."

" Why would you do that ? "

" Listen, sir," he said, " and I will tell you why. Listen to a tale of my early days. The Lord above knows that I am telling you the truth.

" When I had grown to manhood I took one of the young girls, a fellow slave, to live with me as my wife. We were both heathens and knew nothing about God as we know it now, and there was no such thing as a marriage service for slaves. That was only for white people, our masters and mistresses. My wife and I loved each other very much, and we have always lived happily together. When I took her, the master I had at that time was a very cruel man, the worst I ever had. He had a large farm and kept a great number of pigs. He was a man of violent temper and we all trembled before him, and he was strong and powerful.

" Amalie " (that was his wife's Christian name) " gave birth to a little son, who was very dear to us. We loved him fondly, but he was a weakly child. He was born so. Perhaps it was because the poor mother was often overworked and sometimes harshly treated before his birth. I do not know. Well, the little thing did not grow stronger; rather, it became weaker; and one day when it seemed to be really ill Amalie stayed for a short time to nurse it.

"There was a large pigsty not far from the house, and in it was a savage sow with a litter of young ones.

"Our mistress complained to the master that Amalie was not at her work, and the master came round to our hut to look for her. As soon as he saw her and what she was doing, he took our poor little babe from her and went to the pigsty and threw it to the sow. The cries of the mother drew me to the spot, for I was working close by. I rushed up, jumped into the sty, and succeeded in rescuing my child before it had been seriously torn and lacerated; but the poor little thing had been so injured (I suppose by the fall) that it died soon afterwards.

"My poor Amalie's heart froze with horror. The awful scene and the death of her child had such an effect upon her that from that day to this she has been as you see her now. My master, do you wonder any longer that I should go and hang myself were it possible that the days of slavery could return?"

I had noticed from the first that his wife was half-witted and imbecile, and now I knew the reason. I have no doubt that my old friend's story was true, though I would fain hope that his experience was as exceptional as it was terrible. But a system under which it was possible for such things as that to come to pass was inhuman and accursed, and the civilized world was bound to put an end to it at all risks at once and for ever.

Not long after I had settled in George, the Governor, Sir George Grey, came to pay us a visit. This was his second period of office as Governor and High Commissioner. Sir George Grey was not only a great proconsul but an eminent statesman, and South Africa has seldom seen his equal as a Governor. He was a wise, large-minded and far-seeing man, and it is safe to say that had he been listened to by the authorities at home many political troubles which have taken place since his time would never have happened ; indeed one may go further and say that, in all probability, there would have been no Boer War. There would have been nothing to lead up to it, and no cause for it. But during his first term of office, when he laid his suggestions before the home Government, his ideas were scouted, his plans set aside, and he himself snubbed and all but censured for his pains. The British statesmen of that time were mere opportunists and cared nothing for the Colonies. They were like the Palmerstonian bishops—they had no vision.

Sir George was universally liked in South Africa. All men recognized his ability, his uprightness, his impartiality, his grasp of the great problems which were even then opening out to view, and the masterly way in which he sought to solve them ; and they appreciated the earnest and broad-minded efforts he constantly made to promote the welfare of the various peoples committed to his care. Personally he was a delightful man : gracious and winsome, simple and unaffected, with no trace of red tape or officialism, much less of hauteur, about him. He came as the guest of Archdeacon Welby, an old friend of his youth, and spent over a week with us, much to our gratification. Then he paid a visit to the Knysna, the gem of South Africa, and on his return was full of enthusiasm for its beauties. He told me that he thought the scenery of the Knysna equal to anything in New Zealand, which he considered very high praise, for he was well acquainted with that colony, having been its Governor after his first term of office in South Africa had come to an end. Indeed he appreciated the magnificence of its scenery so greatly that when he left us and retired from public life he made New Zealand his home.

Certainly the Knysna is a lovely spot. You get there wood, water and mountain in conjunction, a combination not often seen. The magnificent Zitzikama forest clothes the southern slopes of the Langbergen and stretches down to the very boulders on the shores of the lagoon inside the harbour. Flowers of all colours are everywhere, and when the rich, red gladioli light up the fringes of the forest mile after mile the sight is gorgeous in the extreme. Dainty pelargoniums are crushed underfoot as you pick your way through by-paths, they are so numerous. Superb blooms of various kinds gladden the eye, and the perfume of the katjepiering (single gardenia) gratifies and refreshes. I was once shown a specimen of this latter shrub over fifteen feet in height. Elephants still roam at large in the forests, and birds of every size and colour are conspicuous everywhere around ; the sugar birds—exquisite little creatures glowing with every hue and flashing in the sunlight as they flit to and fro—are enchanting. Some of them are not much larger than the humming-birds of Brazil and are altogether a dream of beauty. You are in fairyland, and you know it. My first visit was made to this lovely district at midsummer, January, 1861, after a fourteen hours' ride mainly along a bridle track through the forest, for there was no road then worthy of the name, and oh, how I revelled in its beauty ! I remember standing at night at the open window of the parsonage, a modest cottage standing on a hill, and looking out over the lagoon towards the Heads. It was brilliant moonlight, the sky was cloudless and the sight before me entrancing. I could not go to bed, but stood riveted there until long after midnight, drinking in the beauty of the scene. Relics of Eden remain in many parts of the earth, but here was Eden itself!

Glorious is the Knysna, and you will have to go many a long mile and travel much and visit many countries before you can match it. But the hard-headed business men of the world denominate it "Sleepy Hollow," and perhaps from their point of view the appellation is not altogether undeserved. The idea of so naming it was, I suppose, derived from Washington Irving's humorous sketch, but the region depicted by him has little or nothing in common with this tract of country. As to natural beauties, Irving's Sleepy Hollow is commonplace in the extreme compared with the Knysna.

From a commercial point of view what is usually known as the Knysna (probably a Hottentot name said to mean a fern), consists of three small townships, Newhaven, Knysna proper (or Melville) and Belvidere, the latter separated from the two former by the Knysna river which here flows into the lagoon. As a seaport the Knysna is still insignificant compared with Cape Town or Port Elizabeth, or indeed any other port of the Cape Colony, the bar at the Heads often blocking the entrance of craft of any considerable size into the harbour; but of late the business and commerce of the place have much increased, owing principally to the enterprise and ability of the Thesens, a Norwegian firm which has established a large trade in timber between the little port and Cape Town. Hundreds of wood cutters are employed by them in the forest, and their steamers, small but strongly built, run weekly from Durban and

Port Elizabeth to Table Bay. I may here mention that a commendable vigilance is exercised by the Forest Department as to the felling of trees. No monarchs of the forest can be cut down except with official permission, and every tree taken out is replaced by a young one from the Government nursery. The Cape Colony is rightly proud of its forests and is now quite alive to the need of their conservation.

The climate of the Knysna is hot and humid, indeed almost tropical. It is not at all unhealthy, but it is not conducive to anything approaching hard and sustained manual labour. To work day after day in field or forest requires an effort. But Mother Nature is bountiful. You scratch the surface of the soil and she produces what you need ; and your wants are few. Wild berries abound (or used to) in the bush, among them the largest and most luscious blackberries in the world. During certain months of the year mushrooms are in multitudes. Various kinds of fish, many of them of good flavour, are abundant in the ocean and the lake. Vegetables of all kinds are cultivated with but little effort and are excellent, and of course cheap. That corner of South Africa is not a money-making district, and living is cheaper there than anywhere else. But there is very little energy among its inhabitants, and there is no market for their produce.

That the Knysna merits its name of Sleepy Hollow will be apparent from the following somewhat amusing incident.

Archdeacon Badnall (Welby's successor) had gone on visitation to the parish in order to arrange certain parochial affairs with its rector, John Eedes. They had had a busy time, ending up with hard Sunday work, three churches having to be served ; so that when

Sunday night came they were fairly tired out. But on Monday morning the Archdeacon, thoroughly refreshed by his night's rest, proposed a good long walk, to which the rector assented. " Where shall we go ? " asked the Archdeacon. " Oh," was the reply, " let us walk out into the forest."

Accordingly they started soon after breakfast, Mr. Eedes providing them with a bottle of tea and the inevitable sandwiches. They walked on, conversing as they went, and stopping now and then to admire the beauty of the scenery. At length, when it was past eleven o'clock, the Archdeacon proposed a short rest. " We have been walking," he said, " for quite an hour and a half and I think a little rest would be advisable." It was very hot, and the sun had been blazing upon them all the time. Eedes was not so good a pedestrian as the Archdeacon and gladly assented to the proposal. " I have been longing to sit down," said he, " for some time past, but did not like to suggest it." So they sat down on two large boulders close to the path, shaded by the trees of the forest. The tea and the sandwiches were produced, and conversation flowed pleasantly. They chatted and chatted until, beguiled by the cool, refreshing shade, they fell fast asleep, without in the least knowing or intending it.

After a few minutes, as it seemed to him, the Archdeacon sprang to his feet, exclaiming, " Why, Eedes, I do believe we have been asleep ! "

He took out his watch, looked at it, shook it, looked at it again, and remarked, " Dear me ! This is very extraordinary. My watch has gone wrong. I have never known it do so before. It always keeps excellent time, but now there is evidently something the matter with it. The hands are pointing to half-past five ! "

"No, Archdeacon," said the rector, as he reluctantly rose with a prodigious yawn, "there is nothing the matter with the watch. Just look up and see where the sun is: it is near its setting."

And it was. They had sat there on those stones, wrapped in slumber and undisturbed, for over six hours.

The Knysna may be recommended as a cure for insomnia. Let Englishmen who suffer from that distressing ailment take the first steamer to the Cape and go straight to George Town and from thence on to the Knysna. They can accomplish the journey in little more than a fortnight in these days of rapid locomotion. There is a train and steamer service from Waterloo station to George, and from thence an excellent post motor-car service to their objective, as soldiers say. Messrs. Cook will no doubt gladly and easily arrange it all!

Once there, they will not need to "woo the balmy": she will woo them. After a walk of an hour through the bush with perspiration oozing copiously through every pore, let them lie down in the grateful shade of some ancient and umbrageous monarch of the forest, and the spirit of slumber will softly and imperceptibly approach and subjugate them to her gentle sway. In a few moments the subdued hum of insects will be heard no more, and the soft pipings of the feathered tribes will have ceased. Lulled by the soothing presence of invisible fairies and insensibly yielding themselves to their seductive influence, they will sink into the profound and refreshing slumber they have elsewhere sought in vain. To sufferers from sleeplessness the Knysna is Nature's lullaby.

Entrancing, peerless spot! Fain would I linger in thy bosky dells and evergreen glades did time only allow. But I must pass on to other scenes.

Some fifteen miles from George, on the Knysna road, the traveller comes upon a lengthy avenue of eucalyptus trees leading to Oakhurst, the residence of Mr. W. D. Dumbleton, one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of the district. There is perhaps no more beautiful spot in the whole of South Africa, and the view from the homestead is grand and fascinating in the extreme. On the left one beholds a series of green hills rising tier above tier from the sea: on the right one's gaze sweeps over the lofty summits of the Outeniquas, stretching far away, league upon league, over the heights of Millwood and Gouna onwards to Knysna, and still onwards to the magnificent peak of Formosa, seventy miles distant, above the hills beyond Avonduur. And then, that nothing may be wanting to make the scene perfect and complete, as you turn your gaze from the mountains you behold before you the ocean! And not far off there are lakes hidden away which will well repay a visit, while close at hand is the forest. It is all beautiful. Wood and water and mountain: and in the spaces between them rolling downs, fields under tillage, prairie lands and groves of oaks, interspersed with modest farmsteads and the humble cottages of the coloured population.

It was amid such surroundings that Mr. Dumbleton elected to settle more than fifty years ago. The estate is large, and its charming homestead renowned for its never failing hospitality. But Mr. Dumbleton is not only a hospitable host, he is a devoted Churchman, and has been from the first a voluntary lay reader of the diocese. There is a neat little church at the end of the avenue, in which he holds services Sunday by Sunday

ENTRANCE TO KNYSNA.

KNYSNA: THE FOREST ROAD.

in the absence of the rector (of George), who is only able to pay a visit to Oakhurst about once in two months. And not far from the church is a mission school, in which the good daughters of this devoted Churchman have taught for many years the children of the labourers on the farm and in the immediate neighbourhood. Delightful Oakhurst! Happy the guests who have enjoyed its bountiful hospitality and the cultured converse of its warm-hearted inmates.

CHAPTER V

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE

Bishop Welby—Archdeacon Badnall—W. F. Taylor—Tristan d'Acunha—Two stories—Bishop Sidwell—Absent-mindedness—A night walk—Dean Nicholson and the ghost—Moral.

> " As mountain travellers in the night,
> When heaven by fits is dark and bright,
> Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear
> Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,
> Then bolder scale the rugged fell,
> Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen, yet ever near :
> So when the tones of rapture gay
> On the corn ear die quite away,
> The lonely world seems lifted nearer Heaven."—*Keble.*

IN 1862 Archdeacon Welby was consecrated Bishop of St. Helena. He was the last Letters Patent bishop of that see or of the Province of South Africa. He shepherded his little flock in that island for many years with fatherly, pastoral care and died in advanced old age from a carriage accident.

Our new archdeacon was the Rev. H. Badnall, D.D., who had come out in 1848 with Bishop Gray as his chaplain, and had been instrumental in erecting the handsome church of St. Saviour at Claremont, a suburb of Cape Town. After several years of good work there he returned home and accepted a living in Yorkshire, and now he had come out once more as our archdeacon. He was one of the foremost Churchmen of that time : a ripe scholar, a profound thinker, a good theologian, an indefatigable parish priest and an eloquent preacher; and he quickly made his influence felt not only in George but throughout the archdeaconry. Personally I owe much to him, and shall ever cherish his memory with reverence and affection. He taught me the need of going down to first principles in my theological studies, and treated me in every way as a younger brother. Among his other gifts he was a good logician, and when reading logic with him I well remember spending hours one evening in attempting an exhaustive definition of a cabbage, and how unsatisfactory was my attempt.

Soon after he had settled down in our midst a new senior curate came to the parish, W. F. Taylor, lately rector of Riversdale. He was unmarried, and for many years he and I lived together in a house in the High Street of the village, standing in its own grounds with the mission schools attached to it.

Mr. Taylor, or "dear old Father Taylor," as he was usually called, was a remarkable personality with a remarkable experience: he had spent five years in the remote and little-known island of Tristan d'Acunha. In 1850 the people of that island had appealed to the home Church through the Archbishop of Canterbury to send them a pastor, and Taylor volunteered to go. He had been preparing for Holy Orders and was accordingly ordained by Bishop Blomfield (of London), being priested a few days after his ordination to the diaconate in order that he might go out in a whaler which was on the point of sailing for the South Seas. I must not stop to attempt a description of the island or a history of its inhabitants, and indeed it is not necessary to do so as an interesting volume on Tristan has lately been published [1] and to it I refer the reader. The writer of the book is Mrs. Barrow, the wife of a clergyman who was Mr. Taylor's most recent successor, and I learn that both these good souls are hoping to go out again and resume their labour of love among these isolated people. The difficulty is to find a ship willing to take them, for the island is now very seldom visited.

---

[1] *Tristan d'Acunha*, by Mrs. Barrow.

Taylor told me that he used to receive a mail only once a year, and that he read his *Guardian* (a real treasure) backwards, beginning with the last number and ending with the first! Then he would read it over again in the usual way.

He found the islanders well disposed and teachable, and had to be not only their pastor but also their schoolmaster, doctor, "guide, philosopher and friend." He spent quite a happy time with them, remaining until 1856, when they had so increased in numbers that the island was unable to support them. A man-of-war was then sent from England to take them and their priest to the Cape, but only two-thirds of them were willing to go. The remainder loved their lonely home so much that they could not be prevailed upon to leave it.

The islanders had very few cows and sheep, but kept large numbers of poultry and pigs. Fish was, of course, abundant, but pig in some form was most frequently on the table—often sucking pig, an article of diet for which my friend had consequently imbibed a taste. Thus it came to pass that this dish figured not infrequently on our own table; not, I must own, to my satisfaction, for I could not appreciate it as it deserved. No doubt I was wanting in good taste, but though a devoted admirer of Charles Lamb (and who is not?), "baked baby," as I called it, had no charms for me, notwithstanding its succulent morsels and delicious crackling.

Taylor used to tell us many interesting stories of his life in Tristan, two of which I think deserve to be recounted, and I will try to give them as I heard them from his lips.

The elder lads were in the habit of going year by year to the other side of the island in search of berries and other desirable things which grew there, and one year they had to do so somewhat earlier than usual—I forget for what reason. They always started very early in the morning and returned home about sunset; but on that occasion sunset came and no traces of them were to be seen. Darkness set in and with it rain, and still there was no sign of their appearing. At length their parents became uneasy, fearing that some mishap had befallen them, and the men of the island set out with lanterns to ascend the mountain in quest of them. It was what sailors call a "dirty night," and they had to go slowly. For some time they shouted and shouted in vain, but at length the welcome sound of their boys' voices was heard in reply. As the lads drew nearer the cause of their delay became apparent. They were carrying three well-nigh lifeless forms—three shipwrecked sailors, who had succeeded in reaching the shore when their ship went down only to find that the strip of sand on which they stood was bare of all means of sustenance, and at the foot of a perpendicular hill towering immediately above them. All their shipmates had been lost, and very soon they began to realize that after all they were to be lost too. But it was not to be. After they had spent several days on the beach destitute of food or drink and gradually dying of starvation it so happened that the Tristan lads, looking down from the heights above, saw them and resolved to do their utmost to save them. I may mention that these boys were not usually in the habit of going right across to the other side of the island, but on this occasion they had done so, guided, surely, by that Divine Providence which watches over the affairs of men. For no one, I suppose, who has attained to old age will deny that

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

But how could these poor perishing castaways be saved? That was the question. At first it seemed impossible to rescue them, but the brave lads were not to be beaten. To think of descending the bare rock was out of the question; there was no foothold visible. And the men below were exhausted. Two of them seemed insensible, but by dint of shouting the attention of the third was attracted. A happy thought occurred to the boys. They would weave together and strongly fasten a number of the vegetable ropes and climbing plants growing around, and thus haul up the dying men. They at once set about doing so; let down the extemporized rope, and told the sailor who still retained consciousness to rouse his mates and loop one of them on to the end of it. He did so; the rope bore the strain, and the first of the three was drawn up safely. They examined the rope and strengthened it and let it down for the second. Then last of all for the third, who made himself fast, and, like his shipmates, was drawn up in safety.

The two who were first drawn up had recovered their consciousness, but all three were unable to walk except for a short distance. Nothing daunted, the lads determined to carry them, and this it was which had caused the delay. The rescue had taken a long time, and soon after they started on their homeward journey darkness came on, bringing with it, as has been said, a drizzling rain. It would have been weary work at any time carrying three helpless, dying men down the mountain, and was doubly so now. How welcome must have been the sound of their fathers' voices !

The men of the search party speedily relieved them of their burdens and carried the sailors home. Small draughts of hot coffee were poured down their throats, and they were fed with such light food as they were able to bear, and thus they were saved. They all recovered, and settled down in the island until the arrival of the man-of-war when, with the majority of the people, they went to the Cape.

The other story is very different : romantic, but with a spice of humour about it.

When Taylor had been at Tristan about three years some of the young men—I think seven—came to him one morning with a somewhat novel request : they asked him to provide them with wives ! They had come to man's estate and were tired of living on in single blessedness : they must have a wife : they could not live without one. And there were no grown-up girls on the island for them to marry. Hence they had come to their pastor in the full belief that he would be able to remove their difficulty, solve the problem, and in some way or other procure for them the partners they needed ! We can well imagine the amusement as well as astonishment depicted on their worthy pastor's face as he replied, "My dear young men, how am I to get you wives ? Do you expect me to fly up to the moon and bring down wives for you from thence ? If you have made up your minds to marry—and it is a good thing for you—I am very glad to hear it. The most sensible thing you can do is to go on board the next whaler and take a voyage to St. Helena or the Cape, or even to England itself. You will no doubt be able to find work and save a little money, and you will have the chance of falling in with some good girls who would be willing to accept you. That is the best advice I can give you."

But no, they would not hear of it! They loved their island home and would not leave it, no, not even to go in search of a wife! They insisted that Mr. Taylor should relieve them of their difficulty. They felt sure that he could, if he would only try!

A happy thought occurred to him, and he at once made it known to his importunate young friends. Said he, "If you are determined not to leave your homes, and if you are really in earnest about getting married, there is only one thing that can be done. You know Captain Smith" (we will call him Smith, for I have forgotten his real name); "well now, the next time his ship pays us a visit I will tell him of your wishes and commission him to go to St. Helena and select on your behalf seven good and respectable girls who would be willing to come here and be your wives. I do not, of course, know whether he would consent to undertake such a peculiar and responsible commission, nor, should he be willing to do so, whether he would be able to find and obtain the girls you need; but, if you like, I will ask him. Only, you must remember that you pledge yourselves to accept the maidens he brings. I will have no playing fast and loose in a serious matter of this kind; it is altogether too grave for that."

The young bachelors were much pleased with this way out of their difficulty. It commended itself to their minds, and they readily gave their word to accept the girls the captain might be able to bring them. At least, all but one did so, and he gave way at last. He had heard, he said, that a great many of the St. Helena people were coloured, and he would not promise to marry a coloured girl.

"As to that," said the priest, "you must take your chance with the rest. They know as well as you that numbers of the St. Helena girls are coloured, but they are prepared to take the risk. Unless you promise like the rest there will be no wife for you, you may be sure. I will ask the captain to select white girls if at all possible, but he may not be able to find as many as seven who will be willing to come to a lonely island like this and cast in their lot with men they have never seen and know nothing about. You must remember that you are asking a great thing of them, and 'beggars must not be choosers.'" So the unwilling swain was won over and gave his promise like the rest.

Captain Smith's vessel was a whaler, and in those days whaling vessels used to touch now and then at the island to barter clothing, groceries and other necessaries in exchange for pigs, poultry, vegetables and such other things as the island could furnish.

It was not very long before the captain's neat little craft paid its usual visit, and Smith, being an old sea-dog who loved a joke, was greatly amused when Taylor brought the marriage matter before him. He chuckled with glee, and called the young fellows to him. "Yes," he said, "I will do all I can to help you; but, mind you, I will have no nonsense. You must one and all be prepared to take the young ladies I bring; and if you do not I will never come near your island again."

"Oh, yes, they would certainly keep their word." And they did.

The captain went to St. Helena and after a little persuasion succeeded in inducing the needed number of maidens, with the consent of their parents, to sail with him to Tristan and become the brides of the waiting bachelors. These latter had meanwhile been impatiently on the look out for the appearance of the whaler, when, one morning, they actually saw her before them. They rushed down to the beach—all but one of them, and he the one who had objected to marry a girl of colour! He was some distance off, digging potatoes, and did not at once hear of the vessel's arrival. The seven damsels were landed. The whole island was there to greet them, and a right hearty welcome they received. Each of the six bachelors proceeded to pick out the lady he felt most attracted to and present her to his parents. It was a real mating instinct, a case of love at first sight! Only one damsel was left, and she, alas, was "off coloured"! And when the belated bachelor appeared from the potato field he had to take her! Evidently it was a case of Nemesis.

Taylor married them, and I remember he told me that the marriages turned out very well, and that the happiest of all was that of the man who had had to be contented with the young lady of colour.

As has been said, George Town is now the seat of a bishopric, and its modest church has become a cathedral. The see was constituted three years ago, and the Ven. Archdeacon Sidwell was elected as its first bishop and duly consecrated a few months afterwards. The election was a happy one, the Archdeacon being not only a man of ability, scholarship and sterling worth, but also a colonist. He is the first South African colonist to attain to the dignity of the episcopate, and great was the jubilation of the colonists at his election. Among his other gifts he is a Dutch scholar and an eloquent speaker of that language, and being an "approachable" man, large hearted and sympathetic, he is sure to become a *persona grata* with Dutch as well as English. He is emphatically the right man in the right place, and under his wise guidance the Church in his diocese may look forward to solid, all-round progress. It so happens that in the diocese of George the European Churchmen are outnumbered by the coloured, and as these latter are usually ministered to in Dutch, Bishop Sidwell will be entirely in touch with them—a matter of no small importance.

Fifty years ago it was Bishop Gray's intention once more to divide his enormous diocese and make George the centre and seat of a bishopric, but the financial troubles arising from the defection of the Bishop of Natal from the faith hindered him from raising the sum necessary for the endowment of the new see. He was compelled, instead, to devote his energies to the raising of an income for the support of the orthodox bishop in Natal, Dr. Macrorie. But he left instructions that the money collected by him for this purpose should be devoted to the See of George whenever the old endowments for the See of Natal should be restored to the Church, from which they had been alienated through the judgments of the State Courts. The result of these judgments was that the Church in Natal was deprived of all its property ; but four years ago the property was restored, and soon afterwards the See of George became an accomplished fact ! " Good things are worth waiting for."

The Anglican clergy of South Africa in the 'sixties were a very small body compared with what they are now. They were all doing excellent work and devoted to their Lord and Master, and among them were men conspicuous for their learning and ability. Their duties were so exacting that they left but little time for study ;

but there was one—a parish priest—among them who found time for the study of astronomy. He was a good mathematician and often spent his nights in observing the stars—a fascinating occupation in the wonderfully clear atmosphere of South Africa. He was naturally prone to absent-mindedness, and these studies tended to increase that unfortunate characteristic, so that it grew upon him as time went on. We will call him the Rev. "David Dreamer." There were many stories floating about with regard to his absent-mindedness. The most piquant of these was one which I heard not long after my arrival in the country and which even now I can hardly think of without indulging in a hearty laugh.

David Dreamer was the rector of a remote but not unimportant township in the Karoa. One summer afternoon when it was prodigiously hot and everyone was taking the usual siesta after the midday meal, David was in his study immersed in some abstruse calculations concerning the starry heavens. After spending a couple of hours in this congenial but mentally exacting occupation he began to feel exhausted, and the heat being excessive he thought he would seek refreshment in a bath. Thereupon he left the study and entered the bathroom, a small apartment not far off. After revelling in the coolness of the water for a few moments he thought it would be still more refreshing to soap himself well and then have a thoroughly good shower-bath. He had just completed the soaping process when he heard a knock at the front door of the house. It was then about four o'clock. He listened, but no one came to answer the knock, and the knocking was repeated. Thereupon, oblivious to his condition and where he was, he, poor man, in his absent-mindedness thought he had better interview the caller himself. He was by no means a handsome man, and his head and much of his body were covered with lather. His hair was tousled, and his face pitted with the marks of smallpox, so that altogether he was not an attractive object to look upon. All soapy as he was, and, of course, with no single scrap of clothing upon his massive form, he issued forth from his bath and was making for the front door when, to his dismay, he became conscious of the fact that the door was already open and the maid-servant inviting some callers to come into the drawing-room, telling them that Mrs. Dreamer was in the garden, but would be with them in a few minutes. Then he began to realize his situation, and in his agitation and bewilderment instead of rushing back to the bathroom he beat a retreat into the drawing-room, which was nearer! Horror seized him as he heard the voices of ladies approaching only a few yards behind him in the passage. What was he to do? The situation was desperate in the extreme! A happy thought occurred to him. There was in the room an extemporized sofa made up out of a long and narrow packing-case, one side of which (the front) was open, but covered with a valance. Such made-up articles of furniture were common in those days in remote villages, and indeed are not unknown even now. The unfortunate man thought that the best thing he could do would be to creep under the sofa and lie there until the visitors should have departed; and he proceeded to do so with the utmost alacrity. He was a large, bony man and could only by dint of squeezing fit himself, lying down, into the space the packing-case afforded. However, terror was upon him and he accomplished the feat. He had no sooner done so than three ladies entered the room, two of whom must, of course, proceed to sit on the sofa, for misfortunes never come singly !

Presently Mrs. Dreamer appeared and a general conversation ensued. The maid brought coffee—coffee was the afternoon drink in those days all over that part of South Africa. Mrs. Dreamer apologized for the absence of her husband. " She thought he was still in the study, but he must have gone out." And then, oh, horror ! more visitors began to appear. The moments fled rapidly —but not to him ! For the greater part of an hour the unfortunate lay there, cramped and imprisoned in that small space, his limbs aching and his face sticky with soap ! It was agonizing, and he could endure it no longer. It must come to an end, and that speedily, and he resolved, for he was no longer day-dreaming or absent-minded but thoroughly and cruelly awake, to free himself from his torture, cost what it would. Suddenly, while the ladies were sipping their coffee there was a pause in the conversation, and at that moment there was heard under the sofa a long-drawn sigh, startling and sad as of a crocodile in distress ! The two ladies sprang up from the couch, and everyone exclaimed, " Whatever was that ? " Then there came a groan as of one in pain, and to the amazement of all in the room there appeared emerging from under the sofa the dishevelled hair and soap-begrimed features of their unhappy parish priest ! The ladies uttered a scream and fled, leaving Mrs. Dreamer alone with her husband. There he stood : naked and speechless, in confusion and misery, every limb in his body aching with pain. The poor lady was overwhelmed. All that she could do was to cry out : " Oh, dear, dear ! Oh, David, dear, whatever will you do next ? *I'm sure you will be the death of me before I die !* "

I have heard of a gentleman who possessed two pets—a monkey and a parrot. These pets were much attached to each other and often played together in the study while their owner sat reading, watching with pleasure their amusing doings. One day while they were thus enjoying themselves their master was called away, and upon his return some little time afterwards the parrot was missing. Looking round, he saw a number of feathers upon the floor—undoubtedly the feathers of the unfortunate bird. The monkey had retired into a corner of the room with a distinctly guilty look upon its face.

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the master: "What have you done with Polly? I believe you have killed her and eaten her! What——"

But at that moment before the astonished eyes of the master there waddled forth from under an old-fashioned sofa a most deplorable and repulsive-looking object in the form of the parrot, "all bluggy," covered with wounds, and bereft of every feather. The monkey had completely plucked her. The forlorn creature waddled up to her master, shrieking out as in triumph, "Oh, what a lovely time we've had! Oh, what a lovely time we've had!"

David Dreamer did not crawl out of his hiding-place "all bluggy" and covered with wounds. He was only cramped and grimy and besmeared with soap. But assuredly he could not have had a "lovely time" during the three-quarters of an hour that he was "cribbed, cabined and confined" within that packing-case.

What a warning against absent-mindedness!

Travelling northwards towards Oudtshoorn the Langbergen have to be crossed. These mountains are pierced by the celebrated Montagu Pass, one of the finest mountain passes to be found anywhere, and a triumph of engineering skill. It enters the Langbergen about five miles from George at a point not far from the village of Blanco, and is nine miles long. With many serpentine windings it gradually wends its way upwards until it attains the summit at a height of almost four thousand feet, the gradient being at times considerably steep. The descent on the northern side is but short, for in crossing the Langbergen we find ourselves on the first elevated tableland of the Cape Colony. The pass was constructed some seventy years ago when John Montagu was Government Secretary. He was a great road maker and did much for the colony in that way, for before his day there were few roads worthy of the name, and anything like a properly constructed mountain pass was unknown. It was under his inspiration that this Outeniqua roadway was built, and it appropriately bears his name. It was made by prison labour, hundreds of convicts being brought up from Cape Town for the purpose.

The scenery all the way up the pass is grand and romantic in the extreme. The mountains tower up on the one side ; on the other a series of precipices, often deep and wellnigh perpendicular, fill the traveller with awe as he gazes down into their depths. Forest trees are everywhere ; evergreen shrubs and bushes grow in profusion, and in their season many kinds of flowers abound ; while on the summit the Langberg lily is conspicuous by its deep red hue, a superb, royal bloom.

There was a ghost story in connection with this far-famed mountain road. While it was being built one of the convicts at work killed a fellow-prisoner in a very brutal manner, and the spirit of the murdered man, a

Hottentot, was said to haunt the spot where the murder took place. It was at a certain angle about half-way up the pass, and the ghost appeared there every night, coming, of course, at the proper time, midnight, and remaining until some traveller passed by, when it would break out into imprecations against the murderer. The story was believed by many in the town. People often talked to me about it, probably because I was a newcomer, and were astonished and even angry when I protested that I could give no credence to it; that ghost stories of that kind were heathen superstitions unworthy of credit, and that no Christian ought to believe them. I found that they had little belief in angels, but a strong one in ghosts. I told them that they ought to believe firmly in the existence of angels and of angelic ministrations to man, but that I for my part could not believe that Almighty God would permit the disembodied spirit of a murdered Hottentot to wander about in the moonlight at midnight uttering foul imprecations against his murderer and gibbering at passers-by to their terror. It seemed to me unthinkable and an insult to the Creator. There was no moral basis for it, and I rejected it as pure heathenism.

One day some of my friends challenged me to put my unbelief to the test. They dared me to walk alone through the pass at any time between midnight and an hour after, and I accepted the challenge, feeling that I could not do otherwise, regarding as I did the whole story to be the outcome of ignorant and credulous superstition. What to me seemed strange was that some of those who entirely believed in this ghost story were very hazy as to their belief in the Articles of the Christian Faith, but I did not know human nature then as I know it now. It has been truly, if somewhat flippantly, observed that “many people will believe anything but the Catholic Faith and say anything but their prayers.”

I promised my friends to walk down the pass alone at midnight the next time I returned from Schoonberg, a celebrated farm in the Long Kloof, twenty-five miles from George. I used to go there once a year for a holiday when needing rest and change. There was a small but handsome stone church on the estate served by a resident priest in charge of a considerable congregation, mostly of farm labourers and their families, who were nearly all coloured people. The priest, Robert Brien, was my one close and intimate friend, a warm-hearted Irishman from the Vale of Avoca. He and I had been ordained together, and there was a mutual affection between us. We were like brothers, and when he was called away somewhat suddenly to his rest in the prime of manhood not many years afterwards I keenly felt his loss.

The time soon came when I could get away to Schoonberg, and a friend drove me there in his Cape cart. After a week’s pleasant intercourse with the inmates of the parsonage I made my return journey alone on foot, starting at eight o’clock in order that I might arrive at the haunted spot at midnight or soon after.

I made my way to the North Station, meeting very few foot passengers and almost as few vehicles. Then, a short distance further on, I entered the pass at its highest point. A strong parapet wall runs along the whole of the outer side of the road, a necessary precaution against danger where so many abrupt bends and turnings have to be traversed by carts and bullock waggons. The night was warm, the moon past its full, the sky cloudless. It was an ideal night for the appearance of a ghost.

As I descended the road was mostly in shadow from the dense masses of trees and shrubs, but now and then when it took a sharp bend the moonlight glinted in upon the scene, its rays lighting up the dark foliage with an effect which produced a " creepy " sensation. It was all very beautiful, but the utter solitude gave one a sensation of awe, and made one feel that the appearance of some supernatural being would be quite in keeping with the weird moonlight spectacle around. During the descent I did not meet a living soul. A foot passenger alone scarcely ever traversed the pass by night, but carts and waggons were not infrequently on trek especially on moonlight nights, but that night there were none.

I trudged along at a good pace, being used to long walks, and gradually neared the haunted spot. The solitude was so great, so real, so utter as to be almost oppressive, and I began to realize that I was alone with no human being near, no human aid at hand, whatever might happen. I saw no sign of animal life, though leopards were known to lurk in the recesses of the forest; but I did not fear them, as I had been told that they would not attack a human being unless molested. Snakes were a much more real danger. One often came upon them lying in the road coiled up in the dust, and it was well to be always on the look out for them. They were mostly cobras or puff adders, dangerous reptiles, whose bite was deadly. But I met with none. Occasionally a bat would flit across the path, and now and then the hooting of the owls in the crevices of the rocks above or the whir of other birds greeted the ear, enhancing the sense of loneliness which was gradually taking possession of me; but I walked on with the confidence of youth, convinced that ghosts and goblins were phantoms of the imagination—the imagination of the credulous and the ignorant.

Just as I was drawing near to the angle in the road where the ghost was supposed to be in waiting I looked at my watch. It was a quarter of an hour past midnight, and if there was any truth in the story of his appearance my eyes would behold him. At that moment there took place something which I shall never forget—something which even haunts me still. There rang out in the midnight stillness, close to where I stood, an awful cry, piercing and long sustained and thrilling in its intensity: a wail as of a lost soul in the agony of despair. I stood rooted to the ground in terror; horror took possession of me, and I shuddered; my feet tottered, and I felt a cold sweat upon my brow. My nerves, which had been at high tension before, seemed paralysed. I felt as if I should faint, but mercifully I did not. Then a new terror seized me. What if I had done wrong to undertake such a journey? Perhaps, after all, the story might be true. The murdered man's ghost might indeed be there, waiting to rebuke me for my boastfulness and incredulity. Had I not better give up this rash enterprise and turn back before it was too late?

But I felt that were I once to turn back I should flee as for life, and rush forward up the pass as if pursued by a thousand fiends. And, curiously, that thought brought me to my senses and helped to steady my nerves and restore me. I stood and waited for a repetition of that wail of horror, but all was silence. Then, presently, reason came to my aid and I felt convinced that the cry, piercing as it was, must have been the cry of some night bird disturbed by my appearance in the pass. I reproached myself for my faintness of heart and cowardice and resolved to go on whatever it might cost me. I felt ashamed of myself, and thankful indeed that I had not yielded to the impulse to turn back. And there came to my mind the closing words of Pringle's poem :

> " Man is absent, but God is near."

And with that thought I made an act of faith in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and sending up a prayer to Him for the protection of my guardian angel I went resolutely forward, and a few yards brought me to the haunted spot. Of course I saw nothing : nothing, that is, in the way of ghost or spook or apparition of any kind. There was nothing visible save the trees in front, whose branches seemed to fall into weird fantastic forms, distorted by the slanting rays of the waning moon shining athwart them. And there was nothing audible except the subdued gurgling of a tiny streamlet as it babbled over the stones of a ravine in the distance. After all, I had done right in keeping my word. I had proved, at least to myself, that the ghost story was a fable.

Restored in mind, I pressed forward with renewed vigour and pursued my way homeward. I traversed the second half of the pass without meeting a living soul, as I had done the first, and when I passed through the toll-gate and emerged into the open country there was still no one to be seen. Only the barking of dogs greeted me as I passed through the tiny village of Blanco. Thus I walked on alone in silence and arrived home soon after three o'clock and, tired with the long twenty-five miles' walk and the experiences I had gone through, went at once to bed, and in a few moments was fast asleep.[1]

As to ghosts, I have a prescription I always recommend to friends who live in dread of them : one which never fails to banish such undesirable visitors, should they dare to intrude into scenes where they are not wanted. I give this recipe in the form of a story which I heard when on a visit to England many years ago, though whether it be true or not I cannot say. It deserves to be, and I think the reader will agree with me.

---

[1] On revisiting the town after an absence of forty years I could find no one who had ever heard of the ghost story connected with the pass. It had completely died out.

In the days when the saintly Alexander Forbes was Bishop of Brechin there was a renowned parish priest named Nicholson residing in Dundee. He was dean of the diocese, and was said to be the greatest beggar in Scotland. Wherever he went he begged. Of course he did not beg for himself; that would hardly have been seemly for so eminent an ecclesiastic. He begged for his work. He was not only a devoted parish priest but a great builder. It was by his exertions that the handsome church of St. Salvador was erected, not to speak of other buildings in connection with it. He raised thousands of pounds by unwearied, persistent begging. He always carried a subscription list with him, and the names on it were constantly added to. You could not imagine him without his subscription list, and he was so much liked and respected that everyone he asked (and he asked nearly everyone he met) at once put down his name with the utmost cheerfulness upon the list.

Among his other gifts he possessed that of a grave, quiet, pawky humour, a delightful gift for which many of his fellow-countrymen are justly celebrated, and which obtains for them a welcome wherever they go.

Now one Christmastide a genial Scottish nobleman, Lord Forbes, who was also a devoted Churchman, had his house full of visitors, but Dean Nicholson was not among them, much to his lordship's regret. His ministerial duties prevented him from being a guest at Forbes castle at such a time. But perhaps he might be able to come a little later (so thought his lordship), and it was certain that everyone would be pleased to welcome the appearance of the "dear old Dean." Accordingly his lordship proposed to Lady Forbes to send him an invitation, begging him to come to them on New Year's Day, or as soon afterwards as possible, and to stay as many days as he could.

"Yes," said her ladyship, "it would be a great pleasure to have him with us, but, my dear, where are we to put him? The house is quite full, and there is really no room for him."

"Put him in the blue room," replied the old lord.

"No, dear, I should not like to do that. It would not be nice: he probably knows the story connected with it. And, besides, you know the room has not been used for a long time. It is out of order, and damp and cold."

"Oh, as to that," was the answer, "you need be under no misapprehension. He is a cool-headed man and not in the least superstitious. And the room is a nice one and can easily be got ready in time for him. Have it thoroughly cleaned and a good fire lighted in it so as to make it warm and comfortable, and I am sure that our old friend will be quite at home in it."

Her ladyship followed her lord's instructions; a pressing invitation was dispatched and the room prepared. The Dean arrived late one evening and was at once conducted to his chamber. He had never slept in it before, and on looking round came to the shrewd conclusion that the house was full of guests and that he had accordingly been relegated to the only vacant apartment, no doubt, from its general colouring, the renowned blue room. He chuckled at the thought, and was not in the least disturbed as he remembered the legend he had heard years before, but which had never been referred to in his presence by any of the family.

It soon got whispered about among the guests that the old gentleman was in the blue room, and they wondered how he would like it, and whether anything uncanny would appear to him. So next morning they were all down to breakfast in good time, for his reverence was known to be an early riser. And when their hostess came in and wished the new guest good morning and hoped he had had a good night and felt refreshed they listened intently at what the answer might be.

" I hope," said his lordship, " that we did not disturb you by our loud talking, for I fear it was very late when we went to bed, and some of us had to pass by your door."

" No, no ; nothing disturbed me," said the Dean. " But stay ; now I come to think of it, something unusual did take place after you had passed my room."

" What was that ? " cried everyone in chorus.

" Oh, well, you see, I did not go to bed early myself. I had some reading to go through which kept me rather late. But I finished it at last, and had retired to rest and put on my night-cap and was in the act of extinguishing the candle when my attention was arrested by a sound like a long-drawn sigh which came from the other side of my bed. I looked in that direction, and to my astonishment saw the shadowy figure of a man standing there, apparently absorbed in deep thought. I could not conceive how he had entered, for I heard no one open the door. As I looked at him he turned his eyes towards me and seemed to regard me with great interest. He was such a shadowy personage that the light was not strong enough on that side of the room for me to distinguish his features very clearly, but as far as I could judge he resembled the portrait of a celebrated ancestor of yours, my lord, which I have often observed and studied among the portraits in your gallery."

The interest of everyone at the table was now intense. All eyes were riveted upon the speaker.

"Indeed," said his lordship, "and what happened then?"

"Oh, I was indignant at the invasion of my apartment; and so, after looking at him in anger for a space, I opened my mouth and said, 'And pray, sir, who may you be? And what are you doing in my chamber unbidden?' No answer came from his lips, but his eyes were still fastened upon me.

"I began to expostulate with him. 'I consider it very unmannerly of you, sir, whoever you may be, to intrude into a private apartment like this, and I do not like unmannerly people. So the best thing you can do is to leave the room at once by the same way you came into it. Rude people are more than I can tolerate.' This seemed to rouse him, and he answered in grave and measured tones, 'I am the spirit of the ancestor of this noble house who was foully murdered in this very chamber more than five centuries ago.' 'Oh, are you?' I exclaimed. 'Then, my lord, I am right glad to see you and to make your acquaintance; and I crave your pardon for having accused you of bad manners, though you must allow that you gave me ample provocation to do so. But I repeat that I am delighted to welcome you, for I have always heard that the noble gentleman who came to such a cruel and unmerited end was a man of generous disposition and a true son of Holy Church, ever ready to aid her in her difficulties. So if you really are that nobleman you will easily prove your identity by putting down your name upon this paper for a handsome donation to the house of God we are now erecting.'

And pulling out my subscription list from under my pillow I rose up to present it to him, bidding him remember that our need was great, and exhorting him to bestow upon us a gift worthy of himself and his noble house; upon which he vanished in a moment and I saw him no more. Then I realized that he was, as I expected, an impostor. So I replaced my list under my pillow, extinguished the candle and in a very short time sank into an undisturbed and refreshing slumber."

In the whole course of my life I do not remember meeting with more than one person who had actually seen a ghost, and he was a man who, like Asa, the King of Judah, was "diseased in his feet"; and knowing him to be a person of peculiar ideas and untenable theories on many subjects, I regarded him as diseased in his head also. He told me that he had seen a ghost enter a house in broad daylight and that the ghost proceeded to sit down and play the piano, and that he played it very well! I did not question his truthfulness, but I found it hard, nevertheless, to believe that he had really had such an experience. Bishop Pearson, "the dust of whose writings is gold," taught us long ago that to be worthy of credibility a statement must rest upon two pillars—integrity and ability. Though I did not doubt my friend's integrity, knowing him to be a truthful man, I certainly did his "ability," i.e. his competency and soundness of judgment. So I took what he related with the proverbial grain of salt, and thought that in all probability the ghost he saw and heard playing upon that piano was a secretion of his own brain; subjective, not objective; the production of his own imagination.

I would cordially recommend any friend of mine in fear of ghosts or spectres to take a leaf—a financial leaf—out of Dean Nicholson's book. Let him take a subscription list with him wherever he goes. All people worth their salt have some good work near their heart and are doing what they can to set forward the Kingdom of God and help the poor, the destitute and the suffering among their fellow-creatures ; and you, courteous reader, though you stand in fear of uncanny midnight visitors, are doubtless of that exemplary company. Do not forget your subscription list. Put it, like the Dean, under your pillow at night. Believe me, ghosts and goblins hate it as the evil one does holy water, and at the first glimpse of it they will flee from you and never trouble you more.

CHAPTER VI

OUDTSHOORN AND MALMESBURY

Oudtshoorn—The ostrich—Churches—Jews and Scots—The Cango Caverns—Christians of George—A story—Malmesbury—The Marriage Service—The Bays—The Guano Islands—Sea fowl—The old watchman.

> " The years teach much which the days never know."
>
> " Life is a story in volumes three,
> The past, the present, the yet to be.
> The first is written and laid away,
> The second we're writing every day.
> The third and last of the volumes three
> Is locked from sight :
> God keepeth the key."

SOME forty miles north of George lies the chief town of the Sub-Karoo, Oudtshoorn. The district of which it is the centre is very different in climate and appearance from that of Outeniqualand ; its physical characteristics are different, and so also are its fauna and flora. When we have crossed the mountains and descended into the Sub-Karoo we have left the thick, humid atmosphere behind us and breathe an air fresh, dry, buoyant and exhilarating, to inhale which is a joy. You cannot find its superior in the world. We are now on the first great table-land, and have left the region of trees and flowering shrubs and indigenous fruits and flowers behind us. The northern slopes of the Langbergen are for the most part naked and forbidding and bare of vegetation ; while in front of us isolated koppies present themselves to view, with nothing to clothe their sides or adorn their heads save dry, stunted bushes, looking in the distance like peppercorns scattered all over them from summit to base. We have come to what was formerly the habitat of the ostrich, the zebra and the antelope; but antelopes are now preserved and rarely seen, the zebra is almost extinct and the ostrich has become domesticated and tamed for the sake of its plumage.

Oudtshoorn is now the centre, the very heart, of the ostrich feather industry, not only of South Africa, but of the world. When I first knew the place in the early 'sixties it consisted of nothing but a collection of mean-looking hovels of raw brick or sod, and was known by the derisive name of Veldschoen Dorp—Veld-shoe Village—and its inhabitants were few in number and extraordinarily primitive in their habits. Water was scarce, dust and dirt reigned supreme, and sanitation was unknown. To-day things are vastly different; the place is completely changed. It is by far the largest, most wealthy and most important up-country town in the Cape Colony. It is thriving, and its wealth goes on increasing year after year. Nearly all its houses are substantial structures of stone, for there is excellent building stone close at hand; a free stone which hardens by exposure to the atmosphere, grows mellow and rich in colour and will last for ages. Many of these houses are handsome and spacious, some indeed almost palatial for Africa, costing £25,000 or more. Some of the larger houses have the electric light installed in them, and the main streets of the town are lighted by electric lamps; there is an abundant supply of pure water, and the sanitary arrangements are admirable.

What has caused this enormous change? The ostrich.

He is everywhere. Ostrich farming is increasing daily, and ostrich farms now extend almost up to Graaf Reynet. Last year the value of the ostrich feathers exported from the district to London, Paris and New York exceeded £2,000,000. Think of two million sovereigns going into the pockets of the Oudtshoorn farmers in one year. Nearly all these farmers are Dutchmen, and will not part with their land for love or money, and small blame to them. The farms, or portions of them, when they are sold, fetch fabulous prices, and their value is still increasing. The wealthy Dutch Boer of Oudtshoorn now lives in a handsome, sometimes splendid, house designed by a professional architect and replete with every convenience, and sends his children "home" to be educated: his sons to Oxford or Cambridge, and his daughters to the best high schools; so immense is the transformation. And the ostrich has done it all.

Fifty years ago when riding from George to Oudtshoorn I often saw groups of wild ostriches in the distance and small herds of zebra grazing not far from them. Ostrich eggs were an article of food, and we frequently had them for breakfast. One of these eggs is equal to twenty-four average sized hen's eggs, and is very good eating, resembling a hen's egg in flavour, but perhaps somewhat richer. I remember when young Raubenheimer, farming on the way from George to Oudtshoorn, first tried the experiment of taming and plucking these birds in the early 'sixties. The wiseacres prophesied that he would not succeed, and that if he did the feathers would deteriorate in value until they became comparatively worthless; but, as we know, both these predictions have been falsified by the event, for the bird not only thrives in a paddock but its feathers increase in beauty and therefore in value. Of course the bird has to be carefully looked after and its wants properly attended to, and extensive crops of lucerne grown so as to provide it with suitable food during the dry, bare months of winter ; and, of course, like every other living creature, it has its own peculiar ailments; but nevertheless ostrich farming has proved to be a highly profitable occupation.

Oudtshoorn possesses a Dutch Reformed church, a large building in the Gothic style, not without meritorious features. It was designed by an English architect, and the fabric alone cost over £30,000. The Dutch Reformed Church is very influential both in the town and in the country round about ; indeed, as would be expected, it is the leading religious body of the place. The Anglican Church ranks perhaps next both in numbers and importance, the Wesleyan Church being almost equal to the Anglican, while the congregation of the Roman Church is smaller. These are the churches of the Europeans. In addition there is a very large mission church attended by an enormous congregation of coloured people. This mission was originally founded by the Congregationalists, but has long been independent and self-supporting. It was in existence many years before any other, and hence the great majority of the coloured races of mixed blood belong to it. The Anglican Church has also a mission, as indeed it has in almost every town in the colony. It is at present a small work and comparatively new, and is situated in a poor part of the town at some distance from the large mission I have mentioned. It is pleasant to think that notwithstanding these divisions the people dwell together in harmony and concord, often uniting in good works for the social well-being of the poorer classes and in relieving the sick and afflicted.

The ministers of these Christian bodies are earnest, devoted men, deeply respected in the town. The Dutch Reformed Church is very much alive ; much more so than it was in former years. Not only in Oudtshoorn but throughout Cape Colony there has been since the war a remarkable growth of missionary zeal, and that Church now raises over £20,000 per annum for its mission work in various parts of South Africa and in Nyasaland, where it has extensive missions well staffed and well equipped. The Dutch Reformed Church is by far the largest religious body in South Africa, as also the wealthiest, and one is rejoiced to note this growth of the missionary spirit among its members.

Attached to the Roman Church is a convent, the Sisters of which conduct a boarding-school for girls of European parentage. The Roman Church is wise in planting teaching orders of Sisters in the important centres of the country, for their schools attract a considerable number of non-Roman children and help to give her a prestige and influence which otherwise she would not possess. There is no lack of high schools for white girls anywhere within the Union of South Africa : those for natives are at present very few in number, but are gradually increasing. The Dutch Church boarding-schools for girls are numerous and well staffed, but, of course, are not found outside the districts where our Dutch brethren predominate.

The Anglican church is a handsome building which has been twice enlarged by the addition of side aisles. Attached to it is a comfortable and neatly built parsonage and also a parish hall. All these buildings are of stone, and with their quadrangle and well-kept shrubbery look as if they had been transplanted from some country village in England. The Anglican Church has in many parts of the province high schools for white girls as well as a few for natives. These schools are held in high reputation and are carried on by the Sisters of several religious communities, e.g. All Saints, St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, St. Michael and All Angels, Bloemfontein, St. Peter's, Grahamstown, and St. John's, Pieter Maritzburg. The schools have done much to refine and elevate the tone of their pupils, and have been a powerful influence for good in every South African colony. They are always full, are thoroughly well equipped and second to none in teaching power and ability. I wish I could say the same with regard to high schools and boarding-schools for the other sex, I mean as far as the Anglican Church is concerned. Those established by her are so few that they could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, but among them are four which take rank among the very best to be found anywhere: The Diocesan College, Claremont; St. Andrew's, Grahamstown; Michael House, Natal; and St. John's, Johannesburg. The last mentioned is a new venture, and is conducted by the fathers of the community of the Resurrection, and from what I know I feel sure it is already making its mark for good. A teaching order for boys is a crying want of the English Church, not only in South Africa but in India and all our colonies and dependencies. The Roman Church sets a splendid example in that way in South Africa as elsewhere, with her admirable institutions conducted by the Christian Brothers and the Marist Brothers at Kimberley, Uitenhague and other places. They are deservedly popular and always full, and with their exceedingly moderate fees are able to attract boys of all classes from among the European races.

The Anglican Church has made enormous progress in Oudtshoorn. It dates from 1861, when the first portion of the parish church was erected by the efforts of Alfred Morris, who left George in that year to take up work in what was then one of the most unattractive fields of labour in South Africa. He laboured there for thirty years, scarcely ever taking a holiday; plodding on patiently from day to day under often depressing circumstances, and never losing heart. I remember staying with him in 1862, I think, while the church was still in building, and one day he was so short of money, having had to advance every penny of his own towards the work, that he had not fourpence wherewith to buy a stamp for an important letter he had to post. He was not only a devoted parish priest but one of the most transparently simple and humble-minded men I have ever known. He lived to see great changes for the better in the town, and to minister to a large congregation, and entered into rest some ten years ago beloved and revered for his simple, unaffected goodness. His work has been carried on bravely and strenuously by his successor, Archdeacon Atkinson, under whom it has been more and more deepened and developed until it has become the largest and most important pastoral work in the new diocese of George.

Oudtshoorn is the Mecca of the Jews of Cape Colony. They are increasing everywhere, but are especially to the fore in that place. Needless to say it is the ostrich feather trade which attracts them thither. Most of it is in their hands, and there are also large general stores and other places of business conducted by them. They are a prosperous community, and are adding to their wealth daily. They come, nearly all of them, very poor, from Germany or Poland, and in a few years manage to improve their circumstances in a wonderful way. And they deserve to, for they are industrious, sober, law-abiding and well conducted. They have already attained to leading positions, some of them being town councillors, and they possess two large synagogues and efficient schools. I may add that they are thoroughly loyal to England, and grateful for the liberty they enjoy under her flag.

Since the war there has been a considerable increase in the Scottish element of South Africa. This seems to be the Scotsman's day. There has been an eruption of Scots, and the wind has blown them all over the Empire. It is amazing that so small a country as Scotland should be able to send forth so many of her best sons and daughters to far-off lands and yet go on increasing at home. The Scot is multiplying rapidly in our colonies and dependencies, and it looks as if in the next generation he will be "running" the Empire. But he is not only in evidence in the colonies; I am told that he is increasing in England itself, and more especially in London. Certainly it is a noteworthy fact that numbers of clever and intellectual young students go up from the Scottish universities to Oxford and carry off the highest prizes, and take high honours and become dons. And at this moment both of our Archbishops, the Primate of all England and the Primate of England, are Scotsmen. So, too, are many of our leading statesmen. All honour to the Scot! He is leading in the Empire, and deserves to lead. Our Israelitish fellow-subjects in South Africa are meeting with their match in the Scots who are daily arriving there, and very soon it will be a case of "diamond cut diamond." I have read that in the Levant there used to be a saying that

> It takes two Franks to cheat a Turk,
> Four Turks to cheat a Greek,
> Two Greeks to cheat a Jew, and
> Eight Jews to cheat an Armenian.

But when that saying was current the Scot was unknown, or if known was included in the Frank, and his day had not come; but had he been known for what he really is in the way of brains and perseverance and integrity and business ability he would never have been reckoned among ordinary Europeans; he would have been assigned a place of honour of his own. If we could have the Jew and the Scot rolled into one what a power he would be in the world! An Aberdonian, for instance, half Scottish and half Jewish, would be the shrewdest man of business the world has ever seen!

Did you ever see an ostrich dance? If you ever did you will agree with me that it was a very pretty sight. The bird is not only the largest in the world, but also probably the most ungraceful; yet when a number of these huge, ungainly feathered creatures are waltzing together they fascinate you. Fifteen or twenty of the hens grouped together dance with measured steps and in perfect time, and with such consummate grace that they seem to be transformed. They are no longer the unwieldy, clumsy creatures of everyday life, but light, dainty-stepping coquettes, and as they gently raise their wings and quiver them in keeping with the rhythmical motion of their bodies the effect is charming in the extreme. And the charm is enhanced by the "boom, boom, boom" of the cock birds standing around in lofty superiority as they watch the performance with evident signs of pleasure. It is a sight not to be forgotten. I suppose it takes place chiefly during the mating season.

Some fifteen miles from Oudtshoorn are the famous Cango caverns, huge grottos hollowed out under the Swartberg range of mountains. Far-famed as they are they are not even yet known so well as they deserve to be. It is said that they are even finer and more extensive than the great Kentucky caves. They have never been thoroughly explored, and as far as I can learn no one has yet penetrated to the end of them. In order to reach them one has to drive through the Cango valley, which is itself worthy of a visit. The population is entirely Dutch and the farmers prosperous. Groves of fig trees greet you as you pass by the numerous homesteads ; trees large and lofty, which in season are laden with the most luscious fruit to be found anywhere, for the figs of the Cango are noted for their size and flavour. A streamlet meanders through the valley, and you have to cross it nearly thirty times, and as your Cape cart bumps you along over the rough and rugged road you find yourself exclaiming with Tennyson's Brook :

> " I chatter over stony ways,
> I babble over pebbles."

When I visited the caves fifty years ago in company with a small party of a dozen friends, we had to enter them through what looked like an enormous hole on a hillside and then descend more than thirty feet by an almost perpendicular ladder into the inky darkness below. At the bottom of the ladder we proceeded to light our candles and pass along a slippery ledge of rock, each of us grasping a rope tied firmly round our guide, a young Dutchman from the neighbouring farm· Then we came out under a dome from which hung thousands of stalactites, dazzling in their absolute whiteness. It was indeed a matchless spectacle. There, in the bowels of the earth, we were actually in fairyland. And when we illuminated the scene with blue lights no words could describe its beauty. We visited several of the more celebrated chambers : the chapel, the bride chamber and others. Corridors were constantly opening out in various directions, and the whole place was a maze out of which we should never have found our way but that we were linked to our guide. After a four hours' exploration we returned to the dome and sang God save the Queen, and the effect of the National Anthem (dearer I think to colonists than even to the people of the motherland) was very fine. We sang it in parts, the music of our voices echoing and reverberating through the numberless vaults around. Then, after giving three hearty cheers for Her Majesty, we ascended into daylight, presenting an appearance which must have been grimy in the extreme. But we had been warned to put on old clothing, a warning which would not I suppose be needed in these days, when the ingress and egress to these stupendous subterranean creations have become safer and easier. I have lately been informed that a great many of the stalactites have been broken off and carried away by visitors—a deplorable act of vandalism; but I understand that precautions are now taken against such wanton destruction and disfigurement, and that the Divisional Council have at last taken the caves under their charge. We may therefore hope that the remaining stalactites and stalagmites will be left intact.

Every tourist ought to visit the Cango caverns, but very few do. The globe trotter who comes from England to "do" South Africa in a fortnight or even less sees but little of its varied beauties, as most of the main railway lines run through uninteresting country, and this is especially the case with the line from Cape Town to Johannesburg. After leaving Worcester there is but little to gladden the eye as the train proceeds northward. After a time the Karoo becomes monotonous: dust and stones and stunted shrubs; then more dust and stones, with fewer shrubs dotted about at greater intervals; then stones again, multitudes upon multitudes, and everyone of them turned wrong side upwards! You cannot see South Africa from two or three seaports and towns, with Johannesburg thrown in. No: to have any adequate idea of what it really is you must visit Natal and Basutoland, the Transkei and Kaffraria, the Knysna and George and Oudtshoorn and Cango, not to speak of the Transvaal and Rhodesia and the Victoria Falls. And that will take a long time.

In 1869 Archdeacon Badnall left George to become Archdeacon of the Cape, carrying with him the affection and respect of the whole community. He was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Glover, who had been Warden of Zonnebloem Training College; a scholarly man of saintly character, gentle and refined and somewhat shy, under whom I worked for another year, when I was sent by my diocesan to take charge of the large and important parish of Malmesbury.

While at George I had the privilege of baptizing a Mohammedan convert, Malay, the son of a Mohammedan mulla. He became a devout Christian, exemplary in his life and ever ready to help forward the work of the mission. I baptized also many negroes, liberated slaves who had settled in the town and become gardeners or domestic servants; but the majority of the congregation consisted of mixed races, mainly Hottentot, with a large strain of white blood in them. Among the latter was a woman who died of cancer. Poor soul, she suffered long and was often in great pain. Before she was mercifully released from the burden of the flesh her face became a terrible sight, largely eaten away by this appalling disease. Her lips and tongue were almost gone, and no one but her daughter and myself could understand the wellnigh inarticulate sounds she uttered when attempting to converse with us. I ministered to her, and always found her patient and resigned under her prolonged and manifold sufferings; and when I was leaving George and went to say good-bye she begged me with tears to leave her one of the sheets of my bed that it might be her burial shroud. She was very poor and lived in a miserable hut, but her neighbours, humble, coloured people like herself, showed her the utmost sympathy and helped her in every way possible; not that there was anything strange in that, for I have always observed that the poor are very good to one another. There was no hospital in the town in those days, and even now there are very few hospitals for coloured people outside those in the native territories. She was taken to her rest and reward soon after I left. The Lord grant her light, refreshment and peace in the abode of the blessed.

Before leaving these reminiscences of the early years of my ministry I think I ought to relate a somewhat remarkable experience I had bearing upon them, not in Africa but in England.

In 1891, when visiting the mother country, I was asked to take part in a series of sermons on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to be held in Canterbury and the country round about. I was the guest of Dr. Maclear, the venerable Warden of St. Augustine's College, and after taking part in a beautifully rendered celebration of the Holy Eucharist, he gave me at breakfast my instructions for the day. I was to start in a few minutes for a village about ten miles distant, preach for the Society and return at once, so as to be in time to get a hasty luncheon before taking the sermon at St. Martin's in the early afternoon. A fly was to take me, wait for me and bring me back.

In the carriage I found a brother missionary from Honolulu, and we had a pleasant conversation, comparing notes of each other's work as we drove on through delightful country lanes until we arrived at his destination, which was not so distant as my own. I have forgotten the name of the village to which I was sent, and also of its priest, not having preserved any record of them, but I recall distinctly every detail of the scene and the conversation which I am about to relate.

The church was one of those ancient village churches of which England is justly proud, and had been well preserved, and where needing it recently restored in the most careful manner, for the rector was a man of refinement and taste, with a great love for the sanctuary of God committed to his care. I arrived a few minutes before eleven, the hour of service, and went into the vestry, where I saw a venerable-looking clergyman in the act of putting on his surplice. This was the rector; and after mutual introductions we proceeded to the chancel and the service began. It was just a simple village service of Matins and Litany with a sermon. The congregation was large, the sacred edifice being well filled, and the singing hearty. I preached for the S.P.G., as requested. When the service was ended and we retired to the vestry, as I was packing my notes into my hand-bag the rector turned to me and said, "Of course you will stay to luncheon?" I replied that I was very sorry not to be able to accept his kind hospitality but it was out of my power to do so, as I was under orders to return at once to St. Augustine's. "Oh, dear!" said the old gentleman. "What shall I do? What shall I say to my wife?"

I looked at him and repeated that I could only say that I was really sorry that it would be impossible for me to stay.

"My wife," he rejoined, "is a great invalid. She suffers from a spinal affection which hinders her from coming to church. She cannot walk, and has to lie upon her couch for hours and hours together. And, do you know, she was out there in South Africa many years ago, and is still greatly interested in the work of the Church there. And she was *so* glad to hear that a missionary from South Africa was coming to preach for the Society. She was *so* looking forward to your coming; and now she will be disappointed, for she will not see you after all. Oh, dear! what shall I say to her? Oh, dear! dear! What a sad disappointment. Oh, please *do* stay if it be at all possible."

I felt like a criminal at having so to disappoint this invalid lady, but could only once more protest that I was not my own master, and that, grieved as I was, I could not stay for luncheon, for the fly was waiting for me outside. But a drowning man will catch at a straw, and the rector as a last resource begged me to come into the rectory and see his wife, if only for ten minutes. This I consented to do, thinking that the lost time might be made up on the road home, and that in any case I should be only a few minutes late. So we went through the neatly kept churchyard into the fine old parsonage, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, where, lying upon a couch, was a beautiful old lady with silvery white hair, and with the traces of suffering plainly visible upon her features.

"Ah," she said as she shook hands with me, "you do not know how eagerly I have been looking forward to this interview. I have long wished to meet with someone from South Africa, for that part of the world is very dear to me. And when I heard that you came from Bloemfontein my heart rejoiced. But perhaps after all you do not know *my* part of South Africa, for I was in the Cape Colony, and Bloemfontein is a long way from that."

I told her that though Bloemfontein was my diocese I had been living for many years in Basutoland, and that formerly I had been in the diocese of Cape Town and knew many parts of the Cape Colony very well.

"But," she replied, "I am afraid you do not know *my* part of it. Do you happen to know a little up-country village named George, about three hundred miles from Cape Town ?"

"George !" I exclaimed ; "why George was my first love. I was ordained there and worked there for ten years, and though it is twenty years and more since I last saw it I remember its people very well and still correspond with old friends there."

This broke the ice, and she plunged with manifest pleasure into conversation about George and the happy time she had spent in the dear old place.

"I was there for five years," said she, "living with my mother and my brother. My maiden name was Currey, and my brother was curate under Archdeacon Welby. They were five of the happiest years of my life. And the village—do you not think it beautiful ?"

"Oh, yes !" I replied. "It is one of the loveliest places in Africa, and only surpassed by the Knysna, which is, you know, the gem of the Cape Colony."

Then we discoursed on the people she had known and whom I had known too. Meanwhile the rector had left us, but presently reappeared, bringing with him a large and charming water-colour picture which he placed before me.

"Do you know that?" said he.

"That? To be sure I do. That is the high street of George—York Street."

"It is my wife's handiwork," said the old clergyman with evident pleasure.

"And it is wonderfully accurate," said I. And then, pointing to the buildings, I went on, "That is St. Mark's Church and that the Archdeaconry, and there, next to the church, is the old cottage with its pretty little garden."

"Ah!" said the lady, "that is the cottage we lived in, my mother and brother and I."

"Why," I rejoined, "*I* lived in that very house too; but it must have been after your time."

"We left George early in 1860 and went to Cape Town," said she.

"Yes, I remember that your brother was a priest-vicar of the cathedral when Mr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Bombay, was Dean. And I have met another brother of yours who was in after years Administrator of Griqualand West."

"Well," she continued, "we all lived in that cottage next the church; and that was my room," pointing to it.

"But, my dear lady," I exclaimed, "that was *my* room too! I arrived in George only a few months after you had left, and for sometime I lived in that cottage, and in that very room. Old Mr. Pook was the parish clerk and verger, and Mrs. Partridge" (a widow lady of mature age) "the superintendent of the Sunday School, and they both lived with me and my fellow curate."

"How remarkable," said she, "that you should have occupied my room in the house that I lived in all those years."

It was indeed remarkable. And that was not all. She was greatly interested in the Sunday scholars of her time, for she was the superintendent of the school, Mrs. Partridge being then one of the teachers under her. And she went on to ask me all kinds of questions about her old pupils, most of whom I knew well and with a few of whom I still corresponded. She was profoundly touched, and her eyes glowed with emotion as I related to her the histories of these old colonial friends so near her heart.

Then the true woman revealed itself: " And did old Mr. Pook marry old Mrs. Partridge ? " she asked.

" No," I said, " they never married."

" We always thought they would," said she.

" So did we," said I, " but they did not."

And so the minutes sped. I looked at my watch and saw to my horror that I had been in the drawing-room twenty minutes instead of ten, and had to tell these dear old people that I must really hurry away, although I own that I should have very much liked to stay longer, the conversation was so interesting. It was interesting to both of us, recalling to our minds, as it did, old times and scenes and people which neither of us could ever forget.

" Now," said she, " I can say my *Nunc dimittis*. I have been waiting for this. I can only write but little now, and my correspondence with African friends has ceased. But for years past I have been praying that someone would come and tell me about my dear old George children before I go hence. Since I left them in 1860 I have never seen them and have never met anyone who knew them or could tell me anything about them. And now the Lord has answered my prayers, for you have come to me and told me all that my heart was longing to know. It is very wonderful that you should have dwelt in the same cottage that I did and occupied my room in that far-away African town. Surely it is in answer to my prayers that you have been sent."

The tears were in her eyes as she spoke, and I found my own eyes growing moist. It was indeed wonderful, as she had said.

I tore myself away as best I could and meditated as the carriage hurried homewards upon the special providence of God so clearly seen in this remarkable meeting. For to all human seeming the chances were millions against it. I had no idea that I was going to meet one who was a former worker in my first sphere of labour, nor had those who sent me. And I was the only one in England who had lived in her very room after she left it.

She and her husband must long ago have gone to their rest, but if by any possibility a friend or relation of theirs should read these pages and have heard the story of our meeting from their own lips they will be able to bear testimony to the accuracy of what I have written.

In 1870 I went as parish priest to Malmesbury, a very different part of South Africa from that of George—different in almost every respect. There was only one thing which seemed common to both, and that was that the same sun was shining with the same power overhead. Africa is Africa after all, wherever you may be in that vast continent, and the sun is ever reminding you of it.

Malmesbury is a comparatively flat district, possessing nothing or at any rate very little that is even picturesque, much less beautiful. The town lies forty-five miles north-west of Cape Town, and is, or was, a good business centre, with a neat little English church and a much larger Dutch one. The country round about is for the most part flat and sandy, extending right away to St. Helena and Saldanha Bays. There was a small European congregation in the town and a large coloured one. In the parish were nine sub-stations, all served by the parish priest, whose headquarters were at Malmesbury. During recent years the stations have doubled in number and the work has so vastly increased that the huge parish has been divided, and now there is a rector of Malmesbury and one also of Abbotsdale, and both are very hard worked.

Though the European Church folk were but few in number and for the most part scattered about in twos and threes, the coloured Church population was even then very large, and is to-day enormous. Almost the whole of the coloured work is in our hands, and the rector has to be continually on the move. I had to travel quite two thousand miles a year, usually driving in a Cape cart with four horses, the roads being for the most part only sand tracts, very heavy and exhausting, especially in the summer season when the heat is great and the country parched and dry.

There is hardly any fruit worth mentioning, but cereals flourish, especially wheat and rye. The traveller may drive in the early summer for a hundred miles in a straight line and see corn and rye fields everywhere around, and the grain is of excellent quality. Fruits of various kinds, especially grapes, are imported from the neighbouring districts of Wellington, Stellenbosch, Paarl and Worcester. Horse-breeding is extensively carried on, and in my day Malmesbury supplied most of the remounts for the Indian cavalry. I think the Indian Government get their horses from Australia now, but Malmesbury horses are in great demand round the Cape, and are to that part of the country what the renowned Basuto ponies are to the territories of the north.

The coloured people are nearly all of Hottentot extraction with a large infusion of white blood coming down from the old days of slavery, and all of them are Dutch speaking ; that is to say, they speak more or less perfectly the form of Dutch known as the Landstaal, a language which makes a Hollander tear his hair in anguish, so different and debased is it from the highly developed grammatical Dutch of the Netherlands. There are no Bantu in these parts, and their languages are never heard.

Frequently when visiting out-stations I had not only to celebrate the Holy Eucharist and give Church members their communion, but also to examine and baptize adults who had been prepared in the catechumen classes which were continuously carried on by the lay catechists " in charge." Two days or more were usually spent at each station in hearing confessions, exercising spiritual discipline and solving various local difficulties, and there were nearly always marriages to be solemnized. Once at a station on the coast, Hoetje's Bay, I had a novel experience. I was marrying five couples, and the school-chapel was crowded to excess with the bridal parties and their friends, in addition to a large congregation. I did not personally know any of those who had come to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and the catechist had arranged them in the usual way in their places in front of the sanctuary steps, the bridesmaids and groomsmen being drawn up behind them. All went well until I asked one of the young ladies of colour before me whether she would take the man standing next to her on her right as her husband when, to my astonishment, she exclaimed, " Neen, mijnheer "—" No, sir."

Thinking that she had not properly understood the question, I repeated it. But the answer came, almost indignantly this time, " Neen, mijnheer, volstrek nie " —" No, sir, most certainly not." Then I saw that there must be something amiss, and asked her if she was not the man's bride. " No, sir," she said, " I am not." " Where then is the bride ? " I asked in a voice that all could hear. " Here she is, mijnheer," answered a man half-way down the chapel. And there indeed she was ! The damsel standing at the side of the bridegroom was a bridesmaid. The man was too bewildered or too sheepish to make known the fact to me, and when I asked him in the usual way whether he would have her as his wife, answered, " I will." It was only the bridesmaid's intelligence and courage and her downright answer in the negative which saved the situation. The bride was forthwith squeezed up through the crowd, trembling as if about to be executed, and put in her proper place. She had been too nervous and too stupid to go up and stand before the altar. It was a lesson to me to be very careful in marrying simple peasants such as these.

Some of the out-stations were along the shore of Saldanha Bay, which is perhaps the finest bay in South Africa ; but unfortunately there is very little fresh water anywhere near it. Water in those coast districts is, as a rule, scarce, and what there is of it is nearly all brackish. Were fresh water procurable Saldanha Bay would speedily become of enormous importance, but that not being the case it is very little known and but seldom frequented. In this bay there are three islets, which are the habitat of vast numbers of sea-fowl, and consequently these small islands are valuable for the sake of the guano they yield. They are some distance apart and are leased by the Government to a Cape firm, which makes a large profit out of them; at least that was the case in my time. The islands used to be scraped annually or perhaps once in two years, and the deposits packed into bags and taken away in lighters. These deposits when made up into guano are valuable and fetch a high price as rich and pungent manure. There is no vegetation on the islands; they are simply flat masses of rock covered with sea birds of various kinds.

A watchman was stationed on each island to guard the birds from being disturbed by fishermen and others, and no one was allowed to go near them except by a special permit not easily obtained. An exception was made, however, in the case of the parish priest, who was permitted to visit them and minister to the watchmen. These men were in my time foreigners. One was a Swede, another a Dane and a third, I think, Portuguese. They led an extraordinary life, living on in utter loneliness and having no human being to associate with from year to year. They were usually old sailors, who for some reason preferred living in solitude away from the society of their fellow-creatures. Their rations of meat, groceries and other food and drink were brought to them fortnightly, and, save for the few minutes' intercourse which the landing of these provisions gave, they saw no one except when the rector paid them a visit, which was usually once in three or four months. They were permitted a fortnight's leave once a year, when they went over to the mainland for a holiday, but I was told that they often voluntarily returned to their island home before the time expired, having grown tired of society and finding continual conversation very irksome. Each watchman occupied a small stone cottage of two rooms, one of which was his sleeping apartment and the other a general room and kitchen. They each possessed a small library, being intelligent men of some education, and seemed really to like their life and surroundings. In fact they seemed happy, although leading an existence even more lonely than that of a Trappist monk or a hermit of Mount Athos.

The islands were literally covered with sea-fowl of various kinds, chiefly penguins, boobies, dinkers and malgassies, which crowd almost every inch of space and present to the eye an extraordinary and attractive spectacle.

When at Hoetje's Bay on my periodical ministrations I used to pay a visit to these watchmen, and well recollect the first time the fishermen of the bay took me off to them in one of their small, strongly built boats. The watchman I went especially to see was a Swede, a quiet, intelligent, sober man who was respected by the fisherfolk and all on shore who knew him. I thought him looking somewhat sad, and asked him if he was ill. He said no, there was nothing the matter with him; his health was good.

"But," said one of the boatmen, "what makes you look so miserable to-day? You really look as if you were poorly."

"Well," said he, "the fact is I am feeling rather 'down in the mouth,' for my cat is dead. He was such a companion and we were so fond of each other that I feel his loss more than I care to say."

My heart went out to him at once. I knew how keenly I should feel it if my well-loved cat, my only companion on a remote and desolate island, were to be suddenly taken from me. Poor fellow! I am sure that all our kindliest feelings went out to him in sympathy. He bade me land and come and sit down with him in his solitary home, and was, I think, grateful for the visit and cheered by the few kind words I spoke.

We went outside, and I looked around. It was indeed a wonderful scene. There before us were thousands upon thousands of sea-fowl, many of them of rich, silvery plumage, especially the malgassies, larger birds than the others. Rows upon rows of penguins standing as if on guard like regiments of soldiers ; multitudes of boobies which would not move an inch to get out of our way as we tried to pick a path among them : there they all were, by far the most astonishing sight I had ever seen or ever should see of bird life. And the boobies looked so perfectly stupid that I did not wonder at their name being sometimes applied to certain classes of human beings. But of all the birds the penguins were the most interesting. They were so delightfully quaint that one was at once attracted by them, they looked so droll and humorous !

These sea-fowl are gifted with an extraordinarily powerful sight as well as a remarkable maternal instinct. When it wishes to feed its young you will see one of them fly off the island, ascend up high into the sky, hover for a short space over the waters of the bay, then suddenly dart down into the water, and then in a few moments reappear with a fish in its beak. Without delay it will make straight for the point of the island from which it started, and after poising itself for a second or two descend at once to the side of its offspring and give it its food—the fish it has caught. To human eyes these thousands of small birds seem all alike ; one cannot be distinguished from the other. But the parent bird never makes a mistake. At once and unerringly she recognizes her own young one, so perfect is her maternal instinct.

With all that vast multitude of living creatures around it was surprising what a silence reigned on the island. Now and then a soft murmur was heard, but that was all. The distant thunder of the surf striking upon the shore of the bay sounded distinctly if faintly in our ears, but all was still in the scene immediately before us. I asked the watchman whether the birds always kept silence, and his answer was that during the day they usually did, except for the soft sound we had heard; but that at nightfall and for hours afterwards they gave utterance to cries loud, shrill and continuous, as discordant and nerve-racking as the braying of a thousand donkeys.

"Could he sleep amid such an uproar, night after night?"

"Oh, yes," he said; he had grown quite used to it; so used to it indeed that when he went ashore for his holiday he missed it and could not sleep so well as here at home with his birds. He had in truth become so used to his feathered friends that he could hardly be happy without them, and that was one reason why he often cut short his fortnight on shore and returned home. Many of the birds knew him well and liked to be in his company, though, of course, they could not be companions to him like his dearly loved cat.

What an extraordinary life for a human being to live! But he lived it, and that by preference, though neither a "god nor a monster." Of one of these watchmen (the Portuguese) it was believed that he was a man of noble birth who had fought a duel in his own country and slain his enemy and fled. But my friend the Scandinavian was a quiet, inoffensive, God-fearing man who found solace in his books. Like most of his race he was a good linguist, speaking English remarkably well, and he had a neat little library of standard English works. They were his friends and companions, and whatever happened they would not change. “ Earthly friends may change and falter ; earthly hearts may vary ” ; but they changed not and were ever true. And most precious of all was the Book of Books, in which God spoke to his soul. I wonder whether, like gentle St. Francis, he ever preached to his birds. Perhaps he did : I should not be surprised. It would seem so natural.

The world had been too hard upon these men—too much for them ; and they welcomed the peaceful refuge which such remote islands afforded and the solitary life they offered. They loved their lonely home, and could not be induced to leave it. One of these men had been living on his island for more than twenty years ! Twenty years ! Think of it !

But such a life could not go on for ever. Like all things human it must come to an end.

There comes a day when the boatmen land with the fortnight’s supply of food only to find the old watchman no longer at his post. He is gone, and his place knows him no more. Only his lifeless form remains. There, alone, unaided and unattended, with no one to minister to him in his last hours ; no human hand to wipe the death dew from his brow ; no human voice to soothe him ; no minister of God at his bedside to give him the last all-comforting and strengthening Viaticum : there, solitary and removed from the haunts of men, when the messenger of death comes to him he yields up his spirit to the God who gave it. And the angel who all these weary years had kept his gentle watch over the guardian of the birds of the sea wings his flight into the unseen, bearing with him the soul of the faithful servant now summoned into the presence of the All-Righteous and the All-Merciful. There, at the foot of the Christ, the very God of very God, Whose arms were once extended for him upon the Cross—there, let us leave him. Earthly home he had none: now, by the Divine mercy, we may trust that he has found the home his poor heart yearned for while homeless here below.

And as we bid him good-bye let us send up for him the time-honoured prayer which is ever ascending from the Church on earth for her children beyond the veil, "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord; and may light perpetual shine upon him."

"Thou that hearest the prayer: unto Thee shall all flesh come."

CHAPTER VII

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Church and State in England—The Mother Church still without Spiritual Courts—Bishop Gray—Bishop Colenso—The Colenso Case—Loss of all Church property in Natal—Bishop Colenso's lapse—The Higher Critics and their writings—Dean Green—The strife in Natal—An American story—Robert Robertson—The effect of the Excommunication—Bishop Gray's toils and tribulations—Dr. Hook—Bishop Gray's death—His characteristics.

"Contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints."—*Jude* 3. (R.V.).

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break, never dreamed though right
were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."—
Browning.

ALL through the 'sixties there was going on in South Africa a great struggle, the outcome of which proved to be the freedom of the Church from State control in spiritual things. Looking at the way in which the State has step by step, especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, gradually encroached upon the spiritual sphere and endeavoured to deprive the Church of England of her inherent authority in spiritual matters, this struggle was bound to come. It might be in England or in the colonies, but sooner or later it was bound to come. In the providence of God it came not as many imagined in the mother country, at least not in its earlier stages, but in Southern Africa, a remote and little-known corner of the globe in which the English Church had but recently been planted and where it was still in its infancy. For ten weary years the infant Church had to bear the full brunt of the struggle—a struggle which, though it issued in the loss for a generation of all her property in the diocese of Natal, gained for her for all time freedom from the shackles of the State. The same struggle has been going on in various forms in England from time to time ever since, and is bound to continue until the mother Church is freed from the paralysing and unchristian domination of the State within the spiritual sphere.

Everyone knows that the State had in the early years of the reign of George I (1717), by an arbitrary act of power, extinguished the Convocations or Sacred Synods of the Provinces of Canterbury and York. The Government did not destroy them: it could not do that; but it arbitrarily prevented the session of either of these Synods, and it was not until 1852 that their liberty of action was restored.

Twenty years before the restoration of these Synods Parliament set up an Ecclesiastical Court of its own and constituted it the supreme Spiritual Tribunal of the Established Church of England, viz. the Court of Privy Council. And this was done with no reference to the Church or with any consultation of the Synods, for, as has been said, these Synods were in abeyance. The Church was thus no party to its creation. The old Court of Delegates, created in 1534 after the abolition of the Roman jurisdiction, was bad enough and had no proper spiritual authority, but this was far worse. For the Court of Delegates was a body of communicants, clerical and lay, but the members of the new Court need not be

Churchmen. It was composed of eminent judges, Churchmen or other, *ad hoc*, with two or three bishops sitting with them as assessors. This body was the supreme legal tribunal of the Established Church, the only Court which could hear appeals from the old diocesan and metropolitical Courts, and these latter were bound by its decisions. The old Court of Delegates had but seldom sat, and had never been called upon to adjudicate upon any case involving the doctrines of the Church, and hence most Churchmen were ignorant of its very existence.

Appeals in ecclesiastical matters involving the loss of temporalities, coming from the secular courts of the British colonies, are also heard by the Privy Council, but not by the same Court as that constituted by Parliament in 1832 for the hearing of appeals from the Courts of the Established Church. It has been maintained by some that it was by accident that this latter Court was empowered to deal with spiritual matters, but whether that be true or not does not alter the fact that what authority it possesses comes entirely from the secular power.

Up to the 'seventies, that is until after the Privy Council decisions in the "Long" and "Colenso" cases, the Crown had been in the habit of granting Letters Patent to Colonial bishops which gave them legal jurisdiction in their dioceses, and the Colonial Churches were regarded as simply branches or extensions of the Church of England as established by law. Accordingly when Robert Gray was consecrated to the newly created See of Cape Town in Westminster Abbey on St. Peter's day (29 June), 1847, he was armed with these formidable documents, which were supposed to add greatly to his prestige and to confer upon him legal coercive jurisdiction as a bishop.

After an experience of five years in his enormous diocese the bishop saw the absolute need of a division of it, and, having gone to England and taken counsel with the Archbishop of Canterbury and other eminent authorities in Church and State, he resigned his See and also his Letters Patent in order that the division might take place. Two new Sees were created in 1853, those of Grahamstown and Natal, Cape Town being constituted a metropolitical See and Bishop Gray its first Metropolitan. New Letters Patent were granted to the Bishop, conferring legal and coercive jurisdiction upon him as the Metropolitan of South Africa, and the ordinary Letters Patent were issued to his two suffragans of Grahamstown and Natal. Meanwhile a Legislative Assembly had been created by the Crown in Cape Colony, and Bishop Gray was doubtful whether in the face of that fact these new Letters Patent possessed any legal validity, but he was assured by the law officers of the Crown that they were necessary and were undoubtedly valid.

For a time all went well, but after a few years' residence in his diocese the Bishop of Natal, Dr. Colenso, became unsettled in his faith and put forth a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans which contained a good deal of unsound teaching and caused much anxiety not only to the Metropolitan and to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Natal but to the whole Church of South Africa, though it was little known or even heard of in England. Some of the faithful in Natal addressed the Metropolitan on the subject, but nothing was done, Dr. Gray being a long-suffering and patient man who had no wish to narrow the latitude allowed in theological speculations. Moreover, he had a deep personal affection for his suffragan of Natal.

Presently the missionary clergy were scandalized, and not they only but all Christian missionaries in Natal and elsewhere, by Dr. Colenso advocating the baptism of polygamists, and not only advocating it but actually baptizing them; but still the Metropolitan took no public action.

Matters went from bad to worse. It was rumoured that the bishop was spreading abroad radically unsound and untenable views as to the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture, more especially with regard to the Pentateuch. He was being influenced by German and Dutch writers of the then prevalent destructive critical school, and was rapidly imbibing and adopting their theories and conclusions. This was soon afterwards confirmed by the publication in London of his Commentary on the Pentateuch, a volume which raised a great storm and astonished and pained not only Churchmen but Christians of every denomination. They were, naturally enough, astonished that such a book could have been written by a bishop, and scandalized at its contents. If it had been the production of a layman or any other ordinary mortal no one would have taken much notice of it, for such books were not uncommon and the volume bore traces of hasty compilation and superficial thought. The agitation was caused by the fact that its author was a prelate of the Church—a missionary bishop too. It was somewhat flippantly observed that Bishop Colenso had been sent out to convert the Zulus, but that they had converted him!

Dr. Colenso was an able man in some departments of thought, notably that of mathematics, and had written an excellent book of arithmetic which was largely used in schools. He was a man of blameless life, and was personally winning and attractive, but he lacked judgment. He had an unbalanced mind—a mind ready to embrace and adopt without sufficient reflection any new idea which might lay hold of his imagination. I do not think he had ever attended a theological college, nor did it seem that he was grounded in the study of theology. Had he been so I can hardly imagine that, emotional though he was by temperament, he would have been swept so completely off his feet by the current of German criticism which was then setting in.

It is not my intention to go into the Colenso Case or the Long Case which preceded it. That has more than once been done, and done so ably that there is no need whatever for doing so again. I will only say that after many years of litigation and much trial to the sorely afflicted Church of South Africa the outcome of the struggle was the liberation of the Church from Privy Council control. As I have said, the battle for freedom had to be fought somewhere, and in the order of Providence South Africa was the chosen battlefield. But though the Church obtained her liberty in spiritual things she lost all her temporal possessions in the colony of Natal. She was turned out naked.

The Privy Council ruled that the Letters Patent (the second it will be remembered) granted to Bishop Gray as Metropolitan were *ultra vires* of the Crown and therefore of no legal force, having been issued after the Cape Colony had been granted legislative institutions; and this decision ultimately involved the loss of the whole of the property of the Church affected by its judgment. The Privy Council ruled that the Church in South Africa is not legally a portion of the Established Church of England: it is a voluntary body, holding in law the same position as any other voluntary religious body, e.g. the Wesleyans. As such it is at liberty to make its own laws and regulations, draw up its constitution and put forth its formulas of faith. Since 1870 the South African Church has become free from Privy Council judgments and bound only by the judgments of her own Spiritual Tribunals, though spiritually she is in the closest possible communion with the Church of England, whose Standards of Faith and Book of Common Prayer she receives and embodies in her Constitution—a Constitution drawn up by the Provincial Synod of that date and ratified by the same Synod in 1876.

The deposition of Bishop Colenso being invalid in law by reason of the worthlessness of the Letters Patent of the Metropolitan to grant legal jurisdiction, the law courts ultimately gave to Colenso the properties in Natal which had been held in trust by Bishop Gray before that colony was constituted a separate diocese, and he remained trustee of other properties which had been given to the Church during the early years of his episcopate. After his death the Supreme Court of Natal appointed a number of trustees who were to retain possession of and administer the whole of these properties and their revenues in perpetuity. Thus was the small, struggling Church in Natal deprived of all her endowments and of every fabric she possessed. These endowments and buildings had been raised and erected very largely, indeed almost entirely, by the faithful in Natal or their friends in England with little or no aid from Bishop Colenso and his followers ; and to Churchmen throughout South Africa it seemed a shocking thing that they should thus be alienated simply through the quibbles of lawyers and the invalidity of the Letters Patent which Bishop Gray had to obtain from the Crown in order that he might be in the eye of the law Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of the Province of South Africa. And it was shocking. No doubt it was law, but it certainly was not justice.

Nothing daunted, the little band of faithful Churchmen in Natal with their clergy at their head set to work at once to provide themselves with new houses of prayer, schools and parsonages, and ere long by dint of determined effort and splendid self-sacrifice new buildings replaced those of which they had been so cruelly deprived; and a new cathedral, St. Saviour's, took the place at Maritzburg of St. Peter's, which had now become the head-quarters of the Colensoite schism. The adherents of Colenso were at first considerable in number, but they were almost unshepherded. Dr. Colenso experienced great difficulty in obtaining clergy, and the very few he did from time to time procure from England or elsewhere were mostly men "under a cloud," whose services had soon to be dispensed with. Broadly speaking, he was popular with the colonists, who liked him personally, and who as loyal Englishmen naturally thought that, as the highest Court in the Empire had given judgment in his favour and secured to him his position as bishop, together with the income attached to it, he must be in the right in the great struggle which had taken place. The law had said that the Metropolitan had no power to hold any Court or to depose him from his office, and he was therefore legally the Bishop of Natal. The Metropolitan's Letters Patent were not worth the parchments they were written on. Such was the state of things in Natal. Colenso was the Privy Council Bishop, and therefore many acknowledged his authority and jurisdiction who by no means shared his heretical views.

And here let me say that the idea so prevalent in England that Colenso was deprived simply because of his views on Old Testament history is inaccurate. There were other and graver charges on which he was tried by the Metropolitan and his comprovincial bishops, charges involving the truth of some of the most vital doctrines of the Christian Faith. The bishop was condemned on all these charges by his brother bishops, charges which were proved up to the hilt from his published writings. Indeed he made no attempt to deny them or to defend himself. He simply ignored the Court and its authority.

In the luminous and eminently fair judgment of the Metropolitan room was deliberately left for sane, reverent and reasonable criticism of the Bible. There was no condemnation of the "Higher Criticism" as such, but only of the purely destructive utterances of the bishop.

It has always seemed a mystery to me, as indeed to Churchmen generally in South Africa, how so good a man could have consented to retain his position as a chief pastor of the Church when he found that his faith in her teaching was gone. The whole Episcopate of England advised him in the kindest way to resign, but he set their advice at nought and clung to his legal position and emoluments. That, to the Churchmen of South Africa, was where the sting lay. Had he resigned he would have carried with him the sympathies of thousands in the mother land as well as in the colonies. Churchmen would have said, "Here is a man who has taken up with what we believe to be very erroneous opinions and who cannot consistently perform his duties as a bishop of the Church, but he is an honest man. He has resigned his position, feeling that he can no longer honestly hold it, and we honour him for his decision."

I am persuaded that had he resigned, the public of

South Africa, not to speak of other countries, would have united to present him with a substantial testimonial to his honesty of purpose. They might not have been able to share his theological and critical aberrations, but they would certainly have appreciated his uprightness and integrity. But he did not resign. He retained his legal position and with it his stipend to the end of his life, and thought himself justified in doing so. Mistaken and morally indefensible as I believe his decision to have been, it is not for me to judge him, and I will say no more on the subject.

And now, just a few words concerning the Higher Criticism and the Higher Critics as they present themselves to the mind of an ordinary mortal, like myself, whose one desire has been to arrive at the truth.

Looking at what has been done in my own lifetime in the direction of Biblical criticism I cannot but think that our gratitude is due to those who have laboured so unweariedly and faithfully in this department of Christian science. That such labours must in the long run result in permanent good can hardly be doubted. That the true spiritual authority of Holy Scripture will be undermined I refuse to believe. As time goes on everything tends to prove the contrary.

During the Colenso troubles there was published in Cape Town a Dutch magazine named the *Onderzoeker* (*Investigator*), which was the organ of the advanced Biblical Critics of the day, for these German and Dutch critics had an influential following in Cape Town, and some of the younger ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church were numbered among their disciples. The *Onderzoeker* was a serial always worth reading. It was well edited, and many of its leading articles were attractively written in the purest high Dutch, while its arguments were often powerfully put. I subscribed to it all through its life, and thus as a young man had before me the views of Kuenen and the other leading Netherlandish and German critics of the time. Bishop Gray liked his clergy to be abreast of the thought of the days in which they lived, and wished us especially to make ourselves acquainted with the latest results of Biblical Criticism, and indeed it was necessary for us to do so. The times were stormy, and educated laymen were often desirous to hear what we had to say on the subject. I soon felt that criticism had shattered the idea of verbal inspiration, but that did not affect me, as I know the Church had never taught it. She had not defined the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and we may reverently believe that in abstaining from doing so she had been guided by God the Holy Ghost Himself. And as to other difficulties propounded by the critics I retained an open mind, feeling sure that as time went on such as were real and worthy of the name would be solved or removed, which has proved to be largely the case. While I honoured the critics for their patient industry and research I felt even as a young man that I could not subscribe to all their conclusions. And I cannot do so now. Indeed, who can? Do they not continually contradict themselves? Wave after wave of criticism, German and Dutch and English, sweeps onwards, each succeeding wave intent on sweeping away its predecessor and overwhelming it, with the result that the critics of to-day entertain vastly different views from those which were current in my youth.

What I felt and still feel is that many critics, more especially those of the German school, look at the Bible through Western, not to say Teutonic, spectacles, and do not seem sufficiently to realize that what they are criticizing is *a whole library of Oriental literature in its own natural setting.* Some of them seem to me to be mere literalists, and wooden literalists at that, and entirely lacking in perspective ; and hence their speculations are to be taken with many grains of salt, and some of them seem to read their own presuppositions into the sacred narrative. They are like King Solomon's fleet, which brought him not only gold and silver and ivory and precious stones, but also peacocks and apes.

I found much help in a learned and masterly treatise by Dr. Mill, a Cambridge Professor, on *The Application of Mythical Theories to the Gospels,* a work long ago out of print and which perhaps has had no need to be reprinted, since it dealt with and, I venture to think, completely shattered the theories of the Tübingen school—a school powerful in its time but which has long since been discredited. In the 'sixties it was already in its death throes, and the newer school of Dutch and German criticism of which the *Onderzoeker* was the spokesman and champion was taking its place. And there are now signs that that school has lived out its day. Schweitzer has badly damaged it : Harnack has shattered it.

Believers in the inspiration and divine teaching of the Bible may take heart of grace. Nothing can dethrone the Word of God from its rightful place, and that place will be made abundantly clear as time goes on. Already we find signs of reaction from the violent and crude hypotheses of the last generation of critics, and the most learned and competent men of the present day—including the ablest of all, Harnack—are becoming more cautious and modest and gradually working back to the traditional teaching of the Church as to the date and authenticity of the majority of the books of the New Testament. I believe that the Bible will in due time come out of the crucible of criticism victorious and triumphant, all the more golden because of the fiery ordeal through which it has been passing for the last hundred years.

No: let us have no fears as to the future. The Bible comes to us guaranteed by the Church of the Living God, the "pillar and ground of the truth." It is the child of the Apostolic Catholic Church founded by the Incarnate Son of God, who is the Light and Teacher of the world; and His Church has been guided into all the truth by the Holy Spirit according to His promise. After three centuries of patient sifting the Church selected the books of the New Testament as inspired writings and added them to the sacred books of the old dispensation. The New Testament is the production of Churchmen of the Apostolic age, and the Church is its perpetual keeper and witness, and the authorized interpreter of its teaching. As Bishop Westcott says, "the Bible is not a Revelation: it is the record of a Revelation." Jesus Christ is the revelation of God, and the Bible is the record of Jesus Christ. It was written by Churchmen and for Churchmen, and the Church still appeals to it to-day as the touchstone of her teaching. "The Church to teach: the Bible to prove." Whatever happens, the Bible will remain to us as the record of God's revelation to man through His Eternal Son, a record at once unique and precious. Criticism has not touched, cannot touch, the truth of God taught in it. Truth always conquers in the long run, and neither Church nor Bible need fear whatever criticism may be brought to bear upon either of them. It will in the end do good. The more light brought to bear upon the Bible the better. It will only cause the divine truths enshrined in its pages to shine out with greater lustre than ever.

The afflicted flock of Natal could not be left without a chief pastor, and the Metropolitan proceeded to consecrate the priest who had been elected to fill the vacant See. It was a brave, bold line to take in the face of embittered opposition from Erastians and the timid and divided counsels of many friends in England, but the event justified the wisdom of the action. Dr. Macrorie, the new bishop, proved to be exactly the man for this difficult and delicate position. Gentle, wise and, where possible, conciliatory, he soon won the respect of friend and foe, and in a short time welded together in one the little flock committed to his care. An income was, as we have seen, provided for him through the efforts of the Metropolitan and his friends.

All through the troubles there was one man in Natal who stood out undauntedly as the leader of the faithful, James Green, the Dean of Maritzburg. He had been in the colony before the arrival of Dr. Colenso and was one of the few colonial chaplains there. This gave him an important position in the eyes of colonists, and when in addition he was known to be a ripe scholar, a well-read theologian and a canonist, it was no wonder that he became a man of much influence in the cathedral town. And his zealous pastoral work as a parish priest had so endeared him to his congregation that when the house of God they so greatly loved was taken from them they rallied round their devoted pastor and speedily proceeded to raise the necessary funds for the erection of a new cathedral church. They were in deadly earnest, and made great sacrifices to do this.

We cannot at this distance of time realize the state of feeling prevalent in Natal during this supreme crisis of the Church's life in that colony. The reader will find a full description of it in Archdeacon Wirgman's *Life of*

Dean Green which has been recently published. English Churchmen were sharply divided into two separate camps. There was much bitterness of feeling, and it culminated in an open schism.

The faithful laity, the communicants, as a body supported the orthodox and canonical bishop, but a certain number of Churchmen, especially those with Erastian leanings, clung to Dr. Colenso as their legal bishop. As time went on these latter dwindled away until only two or three small groups were left, attached to churches in Maritzburg and Durban. Meanwhile the state of things was lamentable; the Church was rent in twain and her mission work almost paralysed. It took years to erect new buildings, and the not very numerous and certainly not wealthy band of faithful Churchmen found it beyond their power to do this and at the same time to find the necessary stipends for their clergy. But here the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the kindred Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge came to the rescue, and by means of their timely aid all difficulties and hindrances were overcome.

The Colensoite party called themselves the Church of England; the Orthodox, the Church of the Province of South Africa in union and full communion with the mother Church of England; and new arrivals from England found it difficult, unless well instructed in their faith, to know which was the true Church of their fathers—the schismatic so-called Church of England or the Church of the Province in communion with Bishop Macrorie. Of course well-instructed Churchmen could have no doubt as to their duty and as to the claims made upon their allegiance, but these were comparatively few. How is it that so many English Churchmen going out to the colonies and to America are so ill instructed in the very rudiments of their faith ? Many of them know a good deal about the kings of Israel and Judah but next to nothing about the ninth Article of the Apostles' Creed. Their Churchmanship is vague, and the chief idea they have of the Church of England is that it is the Established Church, the Church of the Government and the great people with the sovereign at their head; and, accordingly, when they come out to the colonies and find there no State Church or " Established Religion " they are bewildered. I remember that when I first went to Basutoland, in 1876, a recent arrival from the mother country told me one day that he thought the Queen had sent me there, and that the Government paid me £400 a year for preaching the gospel to the Basuto !

There was perpetual strife in Natal for many years over the name of the Anglo-Catholic communion there. People did not see that it is absurd to talk about a Church of *England* in *Natal*, for the simple reason that Natal is not England. The Church is in England the Church of England, in Ireland the Church of Ireland, in America the Church of America, in South Africa the Church of South Africa. It naturally takes the name of the country in which it exists ; and this is the rule of common sense and of the New Testament. St. Paul writes to the Church of God which is at Corinth, and in the Book of Revelation our Lord sends messages to the angel of the Church in Ephesus and to the angels of the other Churches of Asia Minor, and surely that rule should be followed now. But in modern times it has been largely departed from. The Church of Rome is no longer the Church of the imperial city but of all sorts of countries in many parts of the globe, and in popular parlance the same is largely the case with the Church of England. In Australia and Canada Churchmen call themselves the Church of England, though they are thousands of miles away from England, while in Scotland they call themselves Episcopalians—members of the Episcopal Church ; a not very felicitous designation one would think. Liddon with his incisive irony once said that " you might as well talk of a two-legged man as of an Episcopal Church." And in the United States of America the Anglican communion is also designated the Episcopal Church, and its members, instead of being known as American Catholics or American Churchmen, are called Episcopalians. This is bewildering to the half-educated members of the Church of England who emigrate to the States. They hear of Episcopalians probably for the first time in their lives and are puzzled ; and so too are many native-born Americans.

An American bishop of a western diocese tells a story which illustrates the truth of what I have been saying, and which is so racy that it will bear repetition.

Having reason to believe that there were members of his flock scattered far and wide in remote corners of his vast diocese, he appointed two or three earnest young clergymen to itinerate in these distant parts and seek out these isolated and unshepherded sheep. While engaged in this interesting and much-needed work one of these zealous clerics came upon a substantial log cabin in a clearing of the woods. It was in the early forenoon. He knocked at the door and a female voice responded, " Come in." He entered, and found an elderly dame engaged in washing the dishes of the breakfast which had just been finished.

" 'Morning, Mother," said he ; " I've just looked in to greet you and to have a little talk for a few minutes."

" 'Morning," said she ; " you are welcome. I reckon you are a minister."

" Yes," was the reply, " I am. But let me help you to wash your dishes."

So the young man took off his coat and proceeded to help the good dame, who seemed pleased at his attention. The room was large, and at one end of it was a strong ladder leading to the loft above. They chatted on, and presently when the dish-washing was nearing its end the visitor said, " Do you happen to know if there are any Episcopalians in these parts ? I am on the look out for them and want to find them, if there are any."

" Waal," was the reply, " I cannot say. I've never heard tell of any of them critters. I doubt whether there can be any of them in these parts. But there, I don't remember the names of all the critters I have heard tell of. But if you go up that ladder into the loft you will find our Jim up there a-skinning of varmints, *and perhaps among them you may find one of them 'Piscopalians you are looking for.*"

When Dr. Colenso was consecrated to the See of Natal the Letters Patent which he received did not include Zululand within his diocese or his episcopal jurisdiction. That country was then, and for many years after, independent territory ; but the Church was beginning to plant missions there, and a work was being established at Kwamagazwa through the efforts of a priest named Robertson. He was a man of great ability and force of character—a big, bony, hard-headed Scot, full of missionary zeal and devoted to the Zulus, among whom he laboured for many years and by whom he is still lovingly remembered. He was the pioneer of the Anglican missions in that country, and ere long was destined to come into contact with Colenso. Zululand had then no bishop of its own, and until the foundation of a See the missions in the country had been placed under the superintendence of the nearest bishop, the Bishop of Natal, Bishop Gray as Metropolitan having appointed him their superintendent, thus constituting him his Vicar Apostolic for that missionary region.

Ignoring the sentence of the Spiritual Court, Colenso continued to claim jurisdiction over Zululand as well as Natal, and wrote to Mr. Robertson, informing him that it was his intention to visit that country, and requesting him to prepare his candidates for confirmation and present them for the reception of that holy rite at a specified date. Robertson replied, reminding his lordship that he was no longer his bishop. It gave him great pain, he said, to be obliged to repudiate Dr. Colenso's authority, but his conscience would not permit him to obey one whom the Church had deprived of his episcopal office and cut off from her communion. Therefore, although there were a few baptized native converts whom he was preparing for confirmation he could not present them to him, and begged him not to come to his station. Colenso replied in a somewhat peremptory tone, reminding Robertson of his vow of obedience to his bishop, and reiterating his intention of visiting the station and confirming the newly baptized Zulu converts ; upon which Robertson had to remind him that he could no longer claim any jurisdiction over Zululand, that jurisdiction having been taken from him by the Metropolitan. The Church had granted it, and the Church had taken it away. It was a spiritual jurisdiction given by the Church alone : the State had nothing to do with it, and never had. Dr. Colenso was no doubt in law the Bishop of Natal, but he was in no sense Bishop of Zululand, and he (Robertson) no longer owed him any obedience. He was now under the jurisdiction of Bishop Gray, the Metropolitan of South Africa, and would remain so until the Church appointed a bishop with jurisdiction over the country. It will be observed that when this correspondence took place Dr. Macrorie had not yet been consecrated. This rejoinder seemed to make Colenso all the more determined to carry out his intention. He wrote once more, saying that he should certainly visit Kwamagazwa, and insisting on the mission priest presenting his confirmees. Upon the receipt of this communication Robertson fired his last shot, or rather discharged a bomb-shell. He regretted that his lordship would persist in attempting to visit officially a mission over which he no longer had jurisdiction and where he could not and would not be welcomed; but, said he, "if after the receipt of this you still persist in doing so, I can only say that I have in my possession the means of frustrating your efforts. I have built, largely by my own hands, a church, a school and a mission-house, and at the present moment I am about to enlarge the schoolroom and have several thousand bricks ready for the purpose. Now, as soon as I hear that you are on your way to this place I will take a halfpenny box of matches which I have in my coat pocket and with that box of matches *I will burn down the buildings I have erected, so that on your arrival here you will be greeted by nothing but smoking ruins.*"

This was no empty threat. He would have done it, for he was known to be a resolute and determined man with the courage of his convictions, and one who always kept his word.

Colenso did not go to Kwamagazwa, nor did he afterwards attempt to claim any jurisdiction over that mission. This correspondence was printed in the leading newspapers and made a striking impression upon the public opinion of South Africa. It was indeed a stirring episode; it seemed like a chapter taken out of the records of the great Arian struggle of the fourth century and projected into the nineteenth.

From the first, after the publication of the sad but righteous sentence of excommunication passed upon its leader, the Colensoite schism began to lose whatever spiritual life it at first possessed and to dwindle away. It seemed struck with a blight. In spite of a futile attempt at a "No Popery" cry (which, needless to say, was entirely baseless) and the absurd accusation that the Church of the Province had separated from the Church of England (which was, of course, equally baseless, but found more favour with superficial thinkers and those who did not know the facts), the Colensoite movement was doomed. Before many years had passed it became moribund. The good men among its followers (and at first there were many such) had their eyes gradually opened. They saw that the mother Church of England recognized Bishop Macrorie as the true bishop and was in full communion with him and with the Churchmen who acknowledged his jurisdiction, and accordingly they retraced their steps.

Some years afterwards war broke out with the Zulus and the unbalanced mind and want of judgment of the ex-bishop were again manifested. He became a violent political partisan, espousing the cause of the tyrant Ketchwayo and the Usutu party among the Zulu nation, thereby alienating from himself the sympathies of nearly all the colonists. He was looked upon as the enemy of the white man, and never afterwards regained his popularity.

Though I cannot regard his judgment in political matters as sane or trustworthy, I feel persuaded that he was perfectly honest in the line he took throughout the long protracted Zulu troubles. And it is to his credit that he braved the opposition not only of the colonists generally but of his own followers.

But he is gone, and although he wrought much havoc in the infant Church of Natal we must in charity pray that he " may find mercy of the Lord in that day."

Happier times have dawned, and the schism has come to an end. The Church in Natal is once more one. And more than this, the Parliament of the colony four years ago, immediately before the consummation of the Union of South Africa, passed an Act restoring the property of the Church to its rightful owners. Parliament felt the justice and the need of such a measure and was largely influenced in its decision by the conciliatory and masterly speech of Dr. Baines, the present bishop. That speech did more than anything else to convince the House that the time had come for the restoration of the property, and that the claims of the Church of the Province were just. And so, subject to certain vested interests which were generously dealt with, the properties were restored.

Upon Bishop Gray fell the brunt of the Colenso troubles, and there can, I suppose, be no doubt that they helped to shorten his life. He died on the first of September, 1872, and the last ten years of his episcopate were years of intense strain both mental and physical. He was stigmatized in the English press as tyrannical, overbearing, bigoted, wrong headed, reactionary, narrow minded, relentless, obscurantist, unsympathizing, uncharitable, arrogant, dangerous, intolerant, and I know not what. Those who knew him knew that such accusations were entirely baseless. They were as untrue as they were cruel. He was indeed one of the most tender-hearted men that ever lived; large hearted too, and broad and sympathetic in mind.

The trial of Dr. Colenso was to him inexpressibly painful. He shrank from it, and put off the evil day until it could be put off no longer; and it was only a stern sense of duty to the suffering Church of God committed to his charge which at length compelled him to summon his comprovincials and give judgment upon his erring brother. He had himself chosen Colenso to be Bishop of Natal, and that against the advice of friends in England who doubted whether he would make a good bishop, and, as I have before said, had a great personal affection for him; and when his suffragan's pernicious views became apparent he dealt with him in the kindest and most sympathetic way. The clergy of Natal petitioned him to try their bishop for heresy, but for a long time he refused to do so. It was only when he saw that the affairs of the Church in Natal were going from bad to worse and that the whole Christian world was scandalized by Colenso's attack upon the Bible that he consented to take action. He took counsel with the bishops of England and wished them to try the case, but they one and all refused to do so, declaring that they had not the power, Bishop Colenso being entirely outside their jurisdiction. There was only one man, they said, who could do so, and that was the Metropolitan of South Africa, to whom Bishop Colenso had taken the vow of canonical obedience. Hence the distressing duty was thrust upon Gray against his will.

Looking back we can plainly see that he was raised up by the Great Head of the Church to do the wonderful work he did. By his wise and resolute action the South

African Church was not only preserved from a lapse from the Faith and from the blighting influence of Erastianism, but provided with a Constitution based on primitive precedents—a Constitution broad and deep and strong enough to endure any strain that may be put upon it. The Constitution adopted and ratified by the Provincial Synods of South Africa, based as it is upon Apostolic and Catholic principles and precedents, is the charter of the South African Church. It was the final outcome of a great struggle for the integrity of the Christian Faith, and we owe it, under God, mainly to the steadfastness and farsightedness of Robert Gray. Rightly has he been called the Athanasius of the South. He was a great prince of the Church—strong as a lion, gentle as a lamb, and it will be long ere we shall see his like again.[1]

I recollect that after his Letters Patent had been declared invalid and worthless he told me that he had from the first doubted their validity, and had only based his action upon them because the highest legal authorities of England had advised him to do so. When he found that they were a broken reed to lean upon he wrote to the Lord Chancellor stating that as the Crown had compelled him to obtain legal powers of jurisdiction which were not worth the parchment they were written on and for which he had had to pay nearly £500, the Crown ought in common honesty to return the money to him. " I corresponded," said he, " with certain high and exalted personages for some time, and did at length succeed in prevailing upon them to return a portion of the fees I had paid. It was only a portion, and I thought myself fortunate in getting even that."

---

[1] His successor, the late Archbishop W. West Jones, nobly defended and consolidated the great work begun by Dr. Gray ; so much so indeed that the controversies with which I have been dealing are now entirely things of the past. Archbishop Jones completed what Bishop Gray had begun.

The bishop had a keen sense of humour and could relate many amusing anecdotes. I have forgotten most of them, but there is one I remember very well which is too good to be lost.

Everyone has heard of Dr. Hook, the celebrated vicar of Leeds in the early Victorian era. He did a great work in that town, the results of which are apparent even now, and died Dean of Chichester. He was immensely loved and esteemed, and was a commanding personage in every way. But he was not renowned for his beauty. He used to call himself the ugliest man in the world, and one day when his friends were protesting against what they called a libel upon his personal appearance he illustrated his assertion by the following story. I must premise that he was a somewhat shaggy-looking personage and that he was intensely fond of children.

He had been invited by a friend to a children's party, and when he entered the large and splendid drawing-room saw before him some twenty or thirty of the happiest and most charming little beings imaginable, all evidently enjoying themselves most heartily. One of these, a beautiful little girl of four or five, quite enchanted him. Going up to her he said in his blandest tones, " How do you do, my dear little one ? "

The child contemplated him for a moment and then said, looking up into his face, " I know you."

" Do you, my dear," said the Doctor, " I don't think you do. I don't think you have seen me before."

" Oh yes, I have," said she. " I saw you in the monkey house at the Zoo when mammy took me there last week. You were with the big monkeys in their cage, and mammy told me to give you a bit of my bun. So I broke off a piece and put it on a stick and poked the stick in between the bars and you took my bun and ate it. Oh yes ! I'm sure it was you."

During the Colenso troubles many of the English bishops showed but scant sympathy with the Metropolitan in his manifold difficulties, and some among the most exalted in position treated him meanly, but there was one whose sympathy and counsel never failed. Need I say that he was Samuel Wilberforce ? When nearly all others failed him Wilberforce clung to him, aided him, supported him all the more ; and South African Churchmen can never forget the service rendered to the Church of the Province by that large-hearted, generous prelate—perhaps the most high-souled man of his time. Bishop Gray had an immense affection for him, which was entirely reciprocated. On one occasion when Gray was somewhat suddenly called away to England during the Colenso and Privy Council struggles he hastened to call on Wilberforce at the latter's lodgings in Pall Mall. It was in the morning, just before ten o'clock, and Wilberforce had not heard of Gray's arrival in England. Usually Wilberforce breakfasted at that hour, but he had been kept at the House of Lords very late the night before and had been so busy afterwards that he had not gone to bed until almost daylight, with the consequence that when Gray called the bishop was not yet visible. But as soon as he knew of the Metropolitan's arrival he sprang out of bed, put on a dressing-gown and hurried downstairs, and seeing his friend standing in the hall flung his arms round him and kissed him. I had this from Bishop Gray himself. They were like brothers, and were worthy of each other's friendship.

The Metropolitan's visits to George were always eagerly looked forward to, he was such a true father in God. He knew everyone, and was as much at home in a Hottentot hut as in the drawing-rooms of the great. His clergy would have done anything for him, and the laity revered him. He would often talk to us about the future prospects of the Church, not only in South Africa, but in the whole vast continent. He loved Africa. He told me one day that he believed the time would come when there would be a chain of bishoprics from Cape Town to Cairo. But when he had mentioned such a thought to some of his friends " they regarded me," he said, " as almost a lunatic." He had himself forged the first link of that chain in 1861 when he consecrated and sent forth Bishop Mackenzie to be the first Bishop of Central Africa. It was a bold thing to do, since it was well known that the great ecclesiastical lawyers of England shook their heads when he proposed it and strongly doubted its legality. But time has amply justified his action. He broke the ice, and since then many bishops have been consecrated and sent forth to heathen countries outside the British Empire.

At the end of the 'sixties, when the great strain of the Colenso trouble was at an end, he visited the mother country in order to raise £10,000 for his diocese ; £5000 as an endowment fund for the clergy, and £5000 for buildings for the Sisters he had invited to come and work in Cape Town. He told me that it took him a year to raise the money. He succeeded, but the task was so herculean that it doubtless hastened his end. " Within 365 days," he said, " I had to sleep in 300 different beds." And this was done by a man already in the deadly grip of diabetes, the disease to which he succumbed some two years afterwards.

His body rests in Claremont churchyard by the side of his devoted wife, who had preceded him and had been the sharer of his toils and anxieties.

Robert Gray was one of the great men of the Church of God : an eminent prelate, a loving-hearted shepherd of souls, a sincere Christian. Dignified and commanding in presence and manner, courteous to all, there was no tinge of pride or hauteur about him. He humbled himself daily for his faults and failings (I had it from one of his bosom friends), and set God always before him. He made great personal sacrifices for Christ, and sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and his loyalty to the Church of his baptism was a part of his being, the very breath of his nostrils. He was, too, a statesman of the first order : intrepid, farseeing and eminently wise. To him it was given to lay the foundations of the Church in South Africa, and he laid them deep, broad, massive and enduring. Through long generations to come his name will be had in reverence and his memory be sweet and blessed throughout the Cape Colony and in regions far beyond it.

" Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER VIII

NORTH OF THE ORANGE

Bloemfontein—President Brand—Bishop Webb—Archdeacon Croghan—Canon Beckett—Charles Gutch—A story—Modder Poort—Father Douglas—A London experience—O.F.S. tourists—Miss Grimes—Post Cart adventures—Archdeacon Crisp—A recognition—Johannesburg—The Natives and " Civilization "—Chinese labour—Bishop Furse—Tobacco and oranges—A Greek Archimandrite—Reunion with the Greek Church.

" Surely there is no power in the world so unerring or so irrepressible as the power of personal holiness. . . . Nothing mars or misleads the influence that issues from a pure and humble and unselfish character."—*Bishop F. Paget.*

" Mountain, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."
Wordsworth.

AT the end of 1871 I went north to the diocese of Bloemfontein and for the next two years was engaged in European work in the cathedral town.

Bloemfontein was then a very small place compared with what it is now. Its buildings were unimportant, with the exception of the Dutch Reformed Church which, in the Netherlandish style of architecture, was the one ornament of the city. The presidency was a long, low, one-storied edifice, primitive in appearance and built of unburnt, plastered brick. The President was Johannes C. Brand, already a man of some renown, who had guided the Orange Free State with skill and success through a series of wars with the Basuto, and who was regarded as one of the ablest statesmen of South Africa. He resided in the presidency, living in simple patriarchal style and daily accessible to the citizens of the Republic. Every afternoon his stoep and the study opening out to it were crowded with callers, who were always welcomed in the courteous and fatherly manner for which the South African Dutchmen of that day were celebrated. Many a pleasant half-hour did I spend with him, smoking his excellent cigars and partaking of his refreshing coffee, and enjoying the pleasant conversation of the townsmen who were assembled round him. He was a highly educated man, and had been called to the Bar in England after finishing his university course in Holland. A British subject, born at the Cape, and the eldest son of Sir Christoffel Brand, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony, he was animated by the friendliest feelings towards England; and when compelled, as he sometimes was, in the interests of the Orange Free State, to protest against the policy of the British Government, he did so with dignity and effect.

The Bishop of Bloemfontein was Allan Becher Webb, who had been consecrated in 1870, and was the youngest bishop of the Province. But though young in years he was ripe in scholarship, having taken the highest honours at his university, Oxford. He was also for his years a deeply read theologian, with a mind remarkably metaphysical in tendency and rich in suggestive thought. Also he was a man of saintly life and full of the charity that thinketh no evil: "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile." Last but not least, he was a man of high ideals, and when the time came he could show that he meant to realize them; and he did realize them as far as was possible under his circumstances, and left a deep, permanent mark behind him both in Bloemfontein and Grahamstown.

His mind was dominated by two great truths of the gospel which are perhaps not insisted upon as often as they should be: Christ as the King of the redeemed children of God, and the Church as the Kingdom of God over which Christ reigns as King. While he held tenaciously to the fundamental truths of Christianity enshrined in the Creeds and to the sacramental teaching of the Church flowing from them these two doctrines of the King and His Kingdom had a paramount place in his teaching. He was never tired of proclaiming them, and insisted again and again upon their importance. His sermons were always thoughtful, often profound and constantly saturated with spiritual thought. His personal influence was great, and he soon attracted to his diocese noble-hearted men and women on fire with the love of Christ, whose one desire was to spend and be spent in the service of their Lord and Saviour. He was the founder of two religious communities for women; one, that of St. Michael and All Angels, in his first diocese; the other, the Sisterhood of St. Peter, in the diocese of Grahamstown, both of which have done magnificent work, especially as regards the education and training of girls, both white and coloured, and are doing so still.

The cathedral was a small and incomplete building of brick which became in after years the chancel of the present cathedral church. It would accommodate at the utmost some 250 people, and on Sundays was nearly always full and sometimes crowded.

The parish priest of Bloemfontein was Archdeacon Croghan, who was also provost of the cathedral, for the chapter was not yet fully constituted nor a dean appointed. Davis Croghan was an Irishman of the Irish, a fervent Celt with a powerful mind enshrined in a feeble frame. It was said of him that his mind was too big for his body. He was well read and a deep thinker, and was greatly attracted by the study of liturgiology. He had an ascetic look, and was so thin and frail that when he walked along the street you thought a puff of wind would blow him away. He was a tender-hearted pastor and most diligent in visiting his flock. As time went on he acquired an immense influence over them; they would do anything for him. He was, too, a preacher of no ordinary ability; eloquent and persuasive and gifted with such a flow of words that someone once described his sermons as *brilliant coruscations of fireworks*. A gifted man indeed. In his younger days he had been one of the curates of Grangegorman, Dublin, under the celebrated Dr. Maturin. One of his brother curates was Mr. Hogan, now Canon Hogan, who succeeded Dr. Maturin as vicar, and has ever been a true friend to the Bloemfontein diocese, he and his congregation helping forward its mission work to the utmost of their power. Archdeacon Croghan died when comparatively young, and humanly speaking it is a wonder that he attained the age he did.

But the veteran of the diocese was Canon Beckett, of Modder Poort, the founder and first superior of the order of St. Augustine, a missionary brotherhood settled on a large farm on the western side of the Caledon.[1] He had been a Canon of Cumbrae before going to South Africa, and was a disciple of the early Tractarians, though a Cambridge man. His first curacy was at

---

[1] The Canon and some of his community lived in a cave on the farm until their house was finished. Modder Poort is beautifully situated in a bay of the Platbergen.

St. Saviour's, Leeds, a church built, it is believed, by Dr. Pusey in one of the poorest quarters of that town and destined to have a chequered history for some years after its consecration. Some of its early vicars resigned, at least one seceded to the Latin obedience and one (Forbes) became Bishop of Brechin. There was a constant controversy going on between its clergy and their bishop, and on one occasion its three curates were inhibited. Henry Beckett was one of these and Charles Gutch another, but Beckett's inhibition was removed when the bishop was informed that he did not hear confessions, being only in deacon's orders. He and Gutch were fast friends to the end of their lives, though after Beckett left for the African mission field they never met again. After Beckett's departure Gutch established a mission in a back street near Dorset Square, London. I understand that this mission (St. Cyprian's) has become a parish with a handsome church since Charles Gutch's death, and that the charitable institutions he founded are still carried on with renewed vigour. Both these priests were shining examples of the Catholic movement; intensely real, severe to themselves while considerate and tender to others, giving themselves and all they possessed to the service of Christ, and spending themselves and being spent in doing good to their fellow-men. They were men of saintly life, as all who came in contact with them can testify. Canon Beckett I knew intimately and revered him for his holy life and unfeigned charity. Charles Gutch I only saw twice when on a visit to England. He was then beginning his work at St. Cyprian's and had a good deal of opposition and many difficulties to contend with. The temporary church in which the little flock he had gathered together first worshipped was mean in the extreme, being simply the ground-floor rooms of two houses, the inner walls of which had been removed so that they might form one. The clergy and other workers occupied the remaining rooms, and the whole place looked dingy and poverty-stricken. Yet Gutch was a scholar and a man of private means, who might if he had chosen have lived in a refined, not to say luxurious, environment, instead of living, as he did live, as a poor man among the poor and amid the dingiest surroundings.

In connection with these early days of Fr. Gutch's work an amusing story was told me by one of the young men who came under his influence and afterwards gave himself to mission work and died in Basutoland.

There was at St. Cyprian's an elderly, simple-minded man who was installed as caretaker—we can hardly dignify him by the name of verger. Of course the little temporary church was always open for prayer, and one day between the services a gentleman entered and accosted the caretaker with the words, " I hear that you practise confession in this church " ; whereupon the following dialogue ensued :

Caretaker : " Yes, we do."

Visitor : " Well, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves ! It is a degrading practice. How often do you do that sort of thing ? "

Caretaker : " Twice every day : morning and evening."

Visitor : " Twice every day ! Shocking ! And how do you practise it ? What sort of form or ceremony do you use ? "

Caretaker : " We kneel down and say, ' Almighty and most merciful Father ; we have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep . . .' "

Visitor : " Oh, stop ! I don't mean *that ;* I mean *confession.*"

Caretaker : " But that is confession. At least the Prayer Book calls it so."

Visitor : " No, no ; that is all very well, but I was not referring to that ; I was referring to *auricular* confession."

Caretaker : " Orikler confession ? I never heard tell of it. What sort of confession is that, Sir ? "

Visitor : " Why, confession to your priest ; and that is what I mean. It is a debasing custom. You actually go and confess your sins to a priest, a mere man, and for all you know a worse man than yourselves. That is what you Ritualists do. It is disgraceful, and it is flat Popery. Now can you deny it ? "

Caretaker : " Oh, I see, Sir ; you mean private confession. Well, there are many people who practise it and find it helps them to keep straight. And why shouldn't they do so if they wish ? The Prayer Book tells them to do so when they feel the need of it. And although the priest is only a man we believe him to be the minister of God. And you know the Apostle James tells us to confess our faults one to another."

Visitor : " Oh yes ; but he did not mean the sort of thing you do here. What you do is nothing but Popery. It's abominable ! And I should not wonder if your priest made you undergo penances and put you into some black hole or other. In fact I have been informed that you have a black hole in connection with the church."

Caretaker : " Yes, we have a black hole, and, if you like, I will show it you."

Visitor : " By all means do so. I should very much like to see it."

And he followed the caretaker, ejaculating as he went, " Worse and worse ; worse and worse ! What are we coming to ? And this in a Protestant church ! "

The old man led him out through a passage into the backyard of the premises and proceeded to open a door. Turning to the visitor he gravely said, " Here it is, Sir. You can go in and see it if you wish."

Visitor : " Why, good heavens ! What are you showing me ? Why, surely this is the *coal hole !* "

Caretaker : " Of course it is, Sir ; what else could it be ? You asked me if we had a black hole and I told you we had. This is the only black hole about the place, and as you wanted to see it I brought you to it. *And, if you like, I will lock you up in it as long as you wish.*"

The old man's answer was given with simple gravity. The visitor stood for a moment and glared at him, then turned on his heel and hurried back into the church and departed. He must have been one of those deluded mortals who believed the story current about that time that some Ritualistic rector rode a donkey up his church in the Palm Sunday procession ! What he thought of the caretaker I do not know. Perhaps he regarded him as a crazy old simpleton. But if he was crazy he was by no means the other thing. There was method in his madness. And for my own part I am inclined to think that he did not come off second best in the encounter.

Canon Beckett was at St. Saviour's, Leeds, during the cholera visitation of the late 'forties and endeared himself to the people, chiefly mill hands, by his indefatigable labours and ministrations all through that trying time. He came out to the diocese of Bloemfontein in 1867, bringing with him a number of enthusiastic young men who wished to join his community. They were only postulants or at the most novices, and nearly all of them discovered after a trial of the life that they had no vocation for it. Most of them settled down and did good work in the country, a few becoming able and devoted mission priests. The community hardly became an accomplished fact until the arrival of Fr. Douglas, who came from England at the call of Bishop Webb and the wish of Canon Beckett in order to take the reins and reorganize it; for the dear old superior was growing very infirm and was on the point of resigning his office. He suffered from rheumatism and neuralgia, and for the last ten years of his life was in constant pain, yet no one ever heard a murmur escape from his lips. He was a beautiful example of Christian endurance, and had long since learnt to endure hardness as the soldier of Christ. He did a great work in planting the Church in the towns and villages of the eastern part of the Orange Free State, constantly travelling about in all directions, sometimes as far as Harrismith on the border of Natal and even visiting Basutoland once or twice a year. Dutch and English revered him, as did also the natives. And he built the first church at Modder Poort.

Under the wise rule of Fr. Douglas the community of St. Augustine increased and flourished, and Modder Poort became a centre of light to the whole country around. But he, too, after ten years of strenuous service was stricken down, attacked by aneurism of the arteries, and was a constant sufferer until death released him from pain. He was a most lovable man, always bright and cheery notwithstanding his pains, and was in great request as a preacher and also as a giver of retreats. He was popular in the best sense of the word.

I have heard that when he was a tiny boy he once saw two of his elder brothers quarrelling and did his utmost to make peace between them; and when he found that his efforts failed and that he could not prevail upon one of them to shake hands and be friends he took out his pocket-knife and offered to give it him if he would only consent to make peace. This touched the offending brother so much that he at once yielded and the quarrel was made up; but, of course, he would not take the knife, knowing how dear it was to "little Jamie." Was it not sweet of Jamie, and did it not show a beautiful disposition of affection and self-sacrifice? We all know that a small boy's first knife is a great treasure.

Some few years before this servant of God went to his rest I was in England, having had to go home for reasons of health and being greatly in need of rest and change. On my recovery and before returning to South Africa I was one day "shopping" in the Strand and went into a well-known restaurant of the old-fashioned, homely type to get some luncheon. The room was crowded, but up towards the end of it I succeeded in finding a vacant seat at one of the small tables. The three other seats were vacant again shortly afterwards, but reoccupied while I was eating my luncheon. Two of them were taken by an elderly clergyman and his wife and the third soon afterwards by a young man who, from his appearance and dress, was probably a clerk from Somerset House, nearly opposite.

The clergyman after scrutinizing me for some minutes and enquiring whether I was a brother in the ministry proceeded to ask me a question concerning some school regulations which had just been put forth by the Education Department of the Government. I replied that I knew nothing about these regulations, having but recently come from South Africa, where I had spent the greater part of my life. This seemed to interest both him and the lady, and they exclaimed, "Oh, then, perhaps you may know a friend of ours out there named Douglas."

"Is he a priest or a layman?" I enquired. "Oh, a priest, and he lives somewhere in the Orange Free State." "Do you mean Father Douglas of Modder Poort?" I said. "Yes," was the answer, "that is his address." "Oh," I rejoined, "I know him well; in fact he is a dear friend of mine, and when I went to Kimberley to take the train to Cape Town on my way home a few months ago I met him there. He had gone there to take some services for Archdeacon Gaul, and they both came to the station to see me off."

"He is a very dear friend of ours, and we owe a great deal to him," said the lady. And her husband added, "Yes, indeed we do. And not only ourselves but all my parishioners. He once came to take an eight days' mission in my parish, and I shall never forget it, nor will my people. We all derived great spiritual benefit from his ministrations and owe him a debt of gratitude for them. And I have corresponded with him ever since. He is one of the most beautiful characters I have ever met; so lovable, so holy in his life and so spiritually minded. He quite won the hearts of everyone." And then he proceeded to tell me of the good father's method of conducting a parochial mission and of his eloquent, searching and fervently spiritual sermons and addresses.

I thought how remarkable it was that by chance I should have lighted upon these people who had just come up to town from a distant part of the country (for the clergyman was the vicar of a country parish) and how small the world is after all, when I looked at my watch and found that if I did not hasten away I should be too late for my train. So, exchanging cards with my clerical acquaintance and wishing him and his wife a hurried good-bye, I forthwith marched out of the room entirely forgetting to pay for my luncheon! I had gone some two hundred yards or more towards Charing Cross when I suddenly remembered what I had done—or rather what I had not done! All sorts of dreadful thoughts came into my mind as I rapidly retraced my steps in the direction of the refreshment room. At almost every step I imagined that a detective would pounce upon me and carry me off to Bow Street, where I should be locked up for the night and tried next morning on the charge of having defrauded the proprietor of the house or the waiter, for I had heard that in many refreshment rooms the waiters are held responsible for the food taken from the bar and served to customers. And next day it would be announced in the papers that a clergyman—a colonial Canon too—was fined and severely reprimanded for attempting to steal the hardly earned money of a poor waiter. The name of this dishonest cleric would be given, and the cool and barefaced way in which he had procured his meal without paying for it commented upon, and I should be held up as a horrible example to the whole world! There would be a sensational headline: "A clerical thief," or "A pious fraud," or something equally spicy. The thought spurred me onwards, and happily I found myself in a few minutes re-entering the room without having been accosted by any police officer, uniformed or otherwise.

I felt very small, and deserved to. There was nothing to be done but to go in boldly and make a clean breast of it. So, striding up the long room which was still crowded, I paused before the table at which I had been sitting and looked round for the waiter. He was nowhere to be seen. But the benevolent-looking old priest was there with a grave expression upon his face, and his lady, who had been all smiles before, was no longer smiling but looking sad. The young clerk was there too, and looked up at me with a smirk. The two elders looked solemnly down upon their plates. There had evidently been a scene! How I wished that waiter would appear! And to my relief he did in another moment or two, staggering as usual under a pile of plates. I could not mistake him, for he was fat and wheezy and reminded me of jolly, good-natured Joram, the asthmatic undertaker described by Dickens.

Going up to him I bowed profoundly, and humbly begged his pardon for my carelessness and forgetfulness. "It is all right, sir," said he. "I told this gentleman," indicating my clerical brother, "and the others that I felt sure it was only your forgetfulness, and that I could not believe a gentleman like you would try to take the money of a poor man like me."

To make amends I could do no other than give him an extra tip, at which he was evidently delighted, wishing no doubt that the same sort of experience might happen oftener than it did.

I can only plead two excuses in extenuation of such forgetfulness, and fear they will not suffice to absolve me: one, that I was engrossed in the conversation with my newly found friends concerning Father Douglas; the other, that in South Africa we of the clergy are seldom in the habit of frequenting hotels or eating-houses. As a rule, when travelling we always manage to arrive at the house of a friend in time for a meal, be it midday or evening. But England is not Africa, and I ought to have remembered the fact. However, I hope the reader will be merciful. He may depend upon it that this little adventure taught me to be careful for the future how I ventured to obtain a meal without paying for it.

THE REV. FATHER DOUGLAS, S.S.A.

Father Douglas died in 1894 and Canon Sanderson succeeded him, and under his superiorship the Society of St. Augustine carried on its good work quietly and steadily, but the community did not increase in numbers. Postulants were not forthcoming, for colonial life does not tend to foster vocations to what is technically called the religious life, and men were not to be expected from England. The small community became gradually smaller as the older members passed to their rest, until only three were left, and they men verging on old age. And so it came to pass that after the Great War and the advent of a new Bishop it was thought wise to offer Modder Poort and the work it carried on to the Society of the Sacred Mission, a well-known English community doing yeoman's service for the Church, and the society accepted the offer. Eight of their clergy and two lay brothers are now working in the diocese of Bloemfontein with Modder Poort as their mother house. That they are men of zeal and ability need not be said, and in addition to the work taken over from the old community they have opened up a new mission at Teyateyaneng in Basutoland, where many converts to the Saviour have already been baptized.

Fr. Sanderson, Fr. Carmichael and Brother Bernard, the three remaining members of the Society of St. Augustine, are still active in the mission field, notwithstanding their advancing years. Sanderson has charge of the missions in the eastern part of the Free State, a task great enough to tax the energies of three men, and it is to be hoped that the Society of the Sacred Mission may be able to come to his aid and relieve him of some of his responsibilities. Carmichael and Bernard are labouring together at Mohale's Hoek in South Basutoland, where there is a very large mission stretching away to Zuthing and beyond it. Without these communities it would have been impossible for the diocese to cope with the many difficulties before it, and to have ministered to the large scattered native Christian population in the eastern parts of the Orange Free State and beyond it. Even as it is the mission clergy are often overtaxed and need to be considerably increased in numbers if the work is to be conducted efficiently and the workers not hurried into a premature grave. It must not be forgotten that a large band of native catechists and teachers working under the direction of the clergy lends an effective aid to these missions.

When I first went to Bloemfontein living was very expensive, not only there but throughout the Republic. There was no railway within hundreds of miles, and all groceries and clothing and other necessaries imported from home had to be brought up from the coast in bullock waggons. The journey from Port Elizabeth, the nearest port, took from six weeks to two months, and the rates of carriage were high. There was a weekly post for letters and newspapers, and there was a good bookseller's shop, that of Messrs. Barlow, but the prices of books were of necessity very high. In fact everything in the shops was double the London price, often treble, so that one and all of us had to be economical and to learn to go without many things which in England would be regarded as necessaries. Coin was very scarce ; paper money was everywhere and was the ordinary medium of exchange. The Government blue backs—one pound notes—were barely worth fifteen shillings, and there were Government "good fors," tickets for ten shillings, five shillings and a half-crown. And in addition the local storekeepers issued their own tickets for five shillings, a half-crown, a shilling and even for sixpence. The humble tickie (3d.) was the coin most often seen, and copper coins were unknown. Small change usually took the form of matches or sweets. Long credits were the order of the day, especially to farmers, who were nearly all Dutch, and payment was usually made in the shape of wool, hides and skins, grain, or some other agricultural or pastoral product.

The Bloemfontein people were a kindly set, living together in harmony, and greatly given to hospitality. The chief European races were represented, a good half of the city being of Dutch extraction, and among the latter one found Netherlanders, chiefly Government officials.

The Diamond Fields had only just been annexed by England, and thousands of individual diggers were still at work, rapidly making their fortunes or, as was the case with the great majority, barely eking out a living. Some indeed lost what money they originally possessed in futile endeavours to find the coveted gems in claims which proved to be barren. Successful diggers often rode over to Bloemfontein for a holiday, and Bishop Webb, who was the soul of hospitality, constantly entertained them at Bishop's Lodge; indeed the bishop might have been said to keep open house, so many strangers were to be seen at his board. Tourists, too, from England were not seldom in evidence, most of them being people travelling for the sake of health, consumptives chiefly. The elevated plains of the Free State were even then becoming renowned in England for their dry, bracing climate, so helpful to sufferers from lung affections, and splendid travelling waggons drawn by sixteen powerfully built oxen and fitted up with many comforts and conveniences were often to be seen outspanned in the Market Square or on the outskirts of the city.

Now and then we had tourists of another kind; wealthy merchants or manufacturers from the old country who had been overwrought by the strain of business life and recommended by their medical men to take a six months' trek in South Africa, chiefly in the highland districts north of the Orange. Some of these travellers were what would be called high-class men—well educated, urbane, intelligent, clean living and winning the respect of everyone they came in contact with: in a word, gentlemen. Others were not so satisfactory, and brought no new lustre to the English name. These latter had usually plenty of cash, which they sometimes squandered profusely, but it was only by a stretch of courtesy that they could be called gentlemen. Still, they were as a rule good-natured and not greatly given to excess, and Bishop's Lodge was open to them as well as to others. All strangers whom he met the good Bishop was sure to invite to his house, and at supper on Sunday evenings after Evensong there was usually a varied and interesting group of globe trotters to be met at his table. The Sunday supper was a standing dish at the Lodge, and I was instructed to invite all strangers I noticed at Evensong to come in and partake of it. Needless to say they always accepted the invitation most cordially, and the supper was often "a feast of wisdom and a flow of wit." But our experiences were very varied.

I will give an example of the quaint sort of people his lordship sometimes entertained.

One Sunday evening I noticed three men in conspicuous attire going into Evensong at the cathedral, and saw at once that they were tourists and just the sort of fish for the Bishop's net. Accordingly after service I sought them out and gave them an invitation in the name of his lordship to supper. They were delighted, and followed me to the Lodge forthwith. There was a considerable assemblage there, consisting of the Bishop and his household, two visiting clergy and two or three laymen. The drawing-room was so tiny that we all went into the dining-room, waiting for the arrival of the Bishop, who was engaged in his study.

My three friends were clad in wondrous garments of various gaudy hues which only a certain class of tourists indulged in. One of them wore a flaring yellow jacket, a sort of "blazer," and had on a sky-blue tie, and he was the spokesman of the party.

Attaching himself to me, he remarked that it was very kind of the "reverend gentleman" (the Bishop) to invite them to supper, and that he had no idea he should find such a "tidy" house and such a kind "reverend" in such a barbarous country. "We went to church," he said, "for an acquaintance in the town had told us there would be service there at seven. You call it the cathedral, do you not?"

"Yes," I said, "it is the Bishop's church, and his throne is in it. And, you know, the church in which the Bishop's seat is placed is called the cathedral, whether it be large or small. The size makes no difference as long as the Bishop's seat or throne is there."

"Ah, yes. Is that it? I always thought a cathedral was so called because it is a very big building, like St. Paul's, you know. I was pleased with your singing, and we noticed that the singers had white gowns on like they have in proper cathedrals in the old country. But there seemed to be a lot of ceremony. However, I don't know much about that, as I generally go to chapel when I am at home. But what, now, do you call yourselves here? Do you call yourselves High Church or Low Church?"

"Well, really," I replied with befitting gravity, "I don't know what we call ourselves. I don't think we call ourselves anything in particular. I have never thought about it. The Prayer Book is what we try to follow. That is, you know, our manual of worship. But I suppose that if we called ourselves anything we should say that we are 'Middling Church.'"

"Ah, yes," said my friend, "Middling Church. Don't you think so, Tom?" turning to one of his companions.

"Yes," said that gentleman. "Middling Church is a very good name for them. It will do very well."

Just then the door opened and his lordship appeared at the end of the room. My friend saw him enter, and whispered to me, "Who is that fine, big man with the legs and the beard?"

"That," said I, "is the Bishop."

"The Bishop! You don't say so! Well, he is a fine sample of a man at all events."

Certainly his lordship was a very different man from the speaker, who was small and not distinguished looking, except for his costume.

The Bishop advanced towards us, and I introduced him to my three new acquisitions.

"Really," said my loquacious friend, "it is very kind of a reverend gentleman like you to invite three perfect strangers like ourselves to your house to supper. I must ask you to excuse our togs. If we had known, we would have put on something black."

"Oh, never mind that," said the Bishop, "you are travellers, and that makes all the difference. I am very glad to meet you and to welcome you here."

"Yes," remarked Tom, "I knew very well that a reverend gent like you would not mind the clothes we wear. And you are such a great man—a Bishop, they tell me. But then big men like you are never particular about small things like clothes. I'm sure we all thank you very much for your kindness, and you may depend upon it we shall not forget it in a hurry. It is more than we expected in a wilderness of a country like this."

His lordship smiled and we sat down to supper. My yellow-jacketed friend sat at Mrs. Webb's left hand, and I could not help hearing him at intervals protesting his surprise at the house, and its pictures, and the Bishop too.

"I've told Tom ever since we came in that he ought to think himself lucky to be invited to a 'ouse like this. And tidy pictures too! It really is wonderful. And in a place like this!"

And so he went on all through the meal. Two or three of us nearly choked in the attempt to suppress our laughter. However Mrs. Webb contrived to control herself I cannot imagine, for she had an extremely keen sense of humour. But ladies are gifted with remarkable tact and grace under such circumstances.

After all, these sort of people were very harmless. I suppose that only an old country like England could produce them. These men had plenty of money and travelled in comfort, not to say luxury. How they had acquired their wealth I do not know. I think they said they were business men from one of our great manufacturing centres. But for all I know they might have made a fortune out of tripe and pickled pork—quite an honest business, though perhaps not of the highest class.

Speaking of Bishop's Lodge and its Sunday suppers, I remember a ludicrous incident that occurred upon one occasion when a number of Church workers were gathered at the Bishop's table after a fatiguing day's work, for, of course, Sunday is always a hard day as well as a happy one for all engaged in the work of the Church.

Among these workers in Bloemfontein was one—an elderly (I must not say old) maiden lady whose name was Grimes—a lady held in honour by all. She was a gentlewoman of independent means and highly accomplished, and had given her time, talents and money to the poor of the town. She had been ordained deaconess by the Bishop, and was in every way worthy of the office. She was a good pianist, and could make charming water-colour sketches of the scenery around, and last but not least she was the soul of humour ; everyone who knew her considered her delightful.

One Sunday evening in the midst of our repast she looked towards the Bishop and cried out in tearful tones, " My lord, I am compelled to appeal to you. I am being persecuted beyond endurance."

I must explain that some of us at the table, myself among the number, suspected what was behind that tearful exclamation. There was a little man in the town well connected and still young, who was eccentric and almost half-witted. Indeed many people regarded him as insane, but he was not quite that. He was well meaning and quite harmless and in his poor way devout, and was a regular attendant at the cathedral. Now this simple-minded youth had unfortunately conceived a violent affection for the deaconess. In fact he was madly in love with her, although she was old enough to be his grandmother. He waylaid her whenever he could as she came out of church, and sent passionate letters to her, protesting his undying affection for her and urging her to consent to marry him. She tried in every way to avoid him, but often to no purpose. He became a terror to the dear old soul, and yet the whole thing was so ludicrous that she could not help laughing at the absurdity of it, and heartily joined in the laughter when her lady friends rallied her on the subject, since a matter of that kind could not long be hidden. I was one of those who had got to hear of it and was, of course, very sorry for the poor old lady, and would have gladly come to her rescue had it been possible, but nothing could be done. That Sunday evening matters culminated. The infatuated youth had bribed a chorister to deliver a letter to her, and the small boy had done so after Evensong. Hence her appeal to the Bishop.

His lordship heard her cry and answered, " What is the matter, Miss Grimes ? "

" Oh, my lord, I repeat I am being persecuted beyond endurance."

" What is it, and how are you being persecuted ? " asked the Bishop in amazement.

Of course everyone at the table was listening.

" Well," she said, " I hardly like to mention it, but mention it I must. Just now after coming out of church this letter was put into my hands. I will read it, and then you will see how greatly I am being persecuted. And she proceeded to read aloud the effusion which the susceptible swain had sent her. I cannot, of course, remember its exact wording or the whole of it, for it was lengthy, but I will give the pith of it, together with its concluding words, which are indelibly impressed upon my memory.

" ' My dearest Miss Grimes, my Angel,

" ' I write these few lines to tell you once more how deeply and dearly I love you. You are ever in my thoughts. I think of you all day and dream of you all night. You know how dear you are to me, and yet you treat my affection with cold indifference and I am afraid contempt, for of late you have taken care to avoid me and have never given me the least chance of speaking to you. Hence I am compelled to write once more and implore you to have pity upon me and give me a favourable hearing. Surely the heart of so dear and loving a lady as yourself, so good to everyone, cannot be made of stone. Then why are you so hard to me ?

" ' Oh, *do* relent, and tell me that my love for you has conquered, and give me some faint hope that some day I may be able to call you mine.

" ' But if you will not listen to my prayer : if you continue to remain unmoved and refuse to give me the least spark of hope, oh ! what will become of me ? I shall gradually *pine away—wasted by unrequited affection, until I am reduced to the dimensions of the enclosed morsel of soap.*' "

And she displayed to our gaze the small piece of that article enclosed in the letter.

All the time the old lady had been reading this affecting epistle in her high-pitched, tremulous voice we had with the utmost difficulty restrained ourselves from laughter, but now our laughter burst forth into one great continuous roar, in which our dear old friend joined as heartily as any at the table. Even the grave and stately Bishop was overcome and had to stuff his handkerchief in his mouth to control himself. It was excruciatingly amusing !

I am glad to add that the young man gradually overcame his preposterous infatuation and diverted his defective brains into a more legitimate channel.

One day when on a holiday Miss Grimes climbed up to the top of the Platberg, at the back of Modder Poort, to do some sketching. From below a young Dutch farmer saw her and thought she was a *white Kafir* (her dress was dark), and wondered what she was doing, sitting up there alone. So he climbed up to see. To his amazement he found an English lady, and, more than that, an aged one! He thought she was not quite right in her mind and courteously offered to guide her down the mountain. He told her that it was dangerous for her to be up there alone. A storm might come on and she might die from exposure. But she waved him away, protesting that she was quite happy where she was and wished to be left undisturbed: she could quite take care of herself. And indeed she could. So the chivalrous Boer had to descend without her. He went home and told his folk of his fruitless endeavour. And they comforted him by remarking that everyone knew English people to be mad, and that English women were the maddest of all.

The deaconess had many adventures, but they never disturbed her equanimity of mind or temper. She was on one occasion travelling by post cart to Harrismith, in those days a long, tiresome and even dangerous journey, the roads were so bad. The cart was not the old square water-tank-like vehicle of twenty years before; it was covered and much more comfortable. A dearly loved colleague of mine, the Rev. R. K. Champernowne, long since gone to his rest, happened to be travelling with her, together with several other passengers. The old lady's dog Punch, a nondescript kind of poodle and her inseparable companion, was there too. Night came on, cloudy and very dark, so dark that the post boy had to stop the cart and strike matches every few yards to see where he was, the road being so dangerous in many places. He had to drive not only over rough stones and deep ruts, but even between holes and pitfalls on each side of the track. As they went on the road got worse and worse, but they nevertheless contrived to crawl along in the inky darkness for a short distance until suddenly the cart turned over. Fortunately the horses stood still. The post boy, springing to his feet, clutched the reins and stood at his horses' heads, wondering who among the passengers were killed or injured. My friend was precipitated into the veld, uninjured but somewhat dazed with the shock. Gathering his wits together he cried out, " Miss Grimes, where are you ? Are you hurt ? " And there came a voice from under the mail bags near the upturned vehicle, " Oh, I am quite safe, thank you. And Punch is all right too. Please don't trouble about me. I am used to this sort of thing. The post cart *always* upsets when I travel by it."

Mercifully, no one was injured. The horses were outspanned, but nothing further could be done until daylight, when the vehicle was righted, the mails re-packed and the journey resumed.

Miss Grimes continued her labours of love among the poor until long after she had attained the age of three score years and ten and then returned to England. She came to see me in Bournemouth in 1891, and was then over eighty and becoming feeble.

We spoke of the old times and scenes she loved so well, for her heart was still in Africa. Our parting was not without sadness. We realized that we should not meet again this side of the grave, and our farewells were made in the hope that by the mercy of God we should meet in the life of the world to come. Dear old deaconess.

She was "a succourer of many." And she has gone to her reward.

In 1871 there were only nine clergy in the whole of the vast diocese of Bloemfontein. Among them was a young deacon named William Crisp, whose acquaintance I made soon after my arrival in the diocese. He was attached to the Barolong mission at Thaba 'Nchu, where he worked with much zeal and devotion for several years, having as his brother missionaries Mr. (now Canon) Bevan, the founder and director of our Church's missions in Bechuanaland, and Mr. George Mitchell, our venerable mission priest now at the Kimberley Compounds. He had been introduced to me at Bloemfontein, and not long afterwards, while we were riding together one day from Thaba 'Nchu to the cathedral town we off-saddled at the Modder river, not very far from Sannan's Post, the scene, as my readers know, of one of the "regrettable incidents" of the South African war. While we were sitting on the grass watching our horses grazing and conversing about the Church life of London, he suddenly asked me if I had ever been at St. George's-in-the-East during the riots there in 1859. I said yes, I had often been there, especially on Sunday evenings. In fact, I was one of Bryan King's "Bull Dogs," who had volunteered to protect the clergy and choir from the fury of the mob.

"Did you ever lose a hat there ?" he queried.

"Yes," I replied. "Coming out of the church one Sunday night my hat was knocked off in the crush and, I suppose, trodden underfoot, for I never saw it again."

"I thought so !" said he. "When I first saw you in Bloemfontein a month ago I felt sure I had met you before, your face seemed so familiar to me. Now I know where it was. I saw you as you came out of the church that night. The great crowd had melted away and only a few people besides myself were standing outside the door when you came out. I saw your features quite distinctly in the light of the gas lamp in front of the building. You were without a hat, and asked me if I had seen anything of a stray one. Yours had been knocked off your head, and you could not find it. I have never forgotten the occurrence and have often told my friends of the hatless youth looking in vain for his lost *chapeau*. I am sure it was you. You have not altered in the least, except that you are looking older. I went to St. George's impelled by curiosity, like many others, to see the actual goings-on there, and if they were as black as they were painted. I found them to be even more so. I had been brought up as a Wesleyan and had only just found my way into the Church when the riots were at their height. Did you ever see anything like them ? "

" Never," I replied, " and I hope and believe that such scenes could not be enacted now."

" And here we are together," said he, " in the mission field in Africa ! How strange that we should meet again twelve years afterwards and fraternise on the banks of the Modder."

Certainly it was remarkable. I still remember that Sunday night at St. George's very well, since it entailed upon me a walk across London, hatless, to my distant home, and that, too, in cold, wintry weather.

William Crisp came out in 1867 with Canon Beckett's party and became as time went on one of the leading clergy of the diocese. He was a well-read man and the best Sechuana scholar of his time, and has left his mark upon the Sechuana literature of the Church. He succeeded Archdeacon Croghan as Archdeacon of Bloemfontein, and after years of strenuous labour in the north accepted the post of Diocesan Secretary of the diocese of Cape Town, and became a canon of St. George's Cathedral, the mother church of the Province of South Africa. He founded and edited with much ability the *Church Chronicle*, the leading Anglican newspaper of the Province. He entered into rest in December, 1910, dying of internal cancer after prolonged suffering borne with much patience and resignation. R. I. P.

In the 'seventies the Transvaal, or as it was officially designated the South African Republic, was a very poor country, poorer even than the Orange Free State, though much larger in size and richer in natural resources. Its inhabitants were almost entirely engaged in stock-raising or agriculture. Tobacco was even then largely grown and, although raised from inferior seed and badly cured and manufactured, was already acquiring a good name. There were a few Englishmen digging for alluvial gold in the Barberton district, but Johannesburg did not exist even in dreams. Constant wars with the numerous native tribes were taking place, the Boer regime being severe and in many respects different from that of Cape Colony. Everyone knows of the annexation of the country by England, in 1877, when it had become bankrupt, and of its restoration to the Boers after Majuba, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to say anything about these two events, fraught though they were with importance to South Africa generally.

What has affected the Sub-Continent more than anything else during my lifetime has been the discovery of the gold reefs on Witwater's Rand and the consequent foundation of Johannesburg. Though barely thirty years old, that town is now the virtual capital of South Africa. It dominates everything. It was an old saying that all roads lead to Rome, and we in South Africa may say with perfect truth that all roads lead to Johannesburg. It is the great central market of the whole country. Fish from the ocean, fruit from Natal and the Cape, vegetables, poultry, dairy produce, beef, mutton and meal from everywhere around, even from places hundreds of miles distant, all find their way there. The fish arrives from Cape Town, a thousand miles distant, quite fresh in refrigerating vans, and the general railway traffic to the place is enormous. Everything has to give way to Johannesburg. Its gold mines are sixty miles in length, and employ over 150,000 men, the vast majority natives. All the nations of the world are to be found there, and some of the sharpest and shrewdest men of business. One-third of the population is Jewish, coming mainly from Poland and Russia. Vast fortunes have been made and much money lost, and the place goes on increasing, but how long it will last no one seems to know. Of course it will prosper as long as gold is still to be found in payable quantities, but no one can tell how long that will be. Johannesburg lives simply upon its mines. It is not too much to say that it has changed South Africa.

If it has greatly affected the white races, it has affected the natives even more. For good or for evil hundreds of thousands of the Bantu races have gone there to work, many thousands of them remaining permanently. And these workers have been drawn from the flower of the manhood of the native tribes. There are always over twenty thousand Basuto alone there, and the number increases.

How has Johannesburg affected these black men? It is proverbially rash to generalize. I can only speak of what I know; and I do know something of its effect

S. AUGUSTINE'S, MODDER POORT. FRONT ENTRANCE.

S. AUGUSTINE'S, MODDER POORT. BACK ENTRANCE.

upon the Basuto, having lived among that people in their own country for nearly forty years. And what is true of them is, from all that can be gathered, true of others—Kafirs, Zulus, Bechuana and the rest.

Speaking then of the Basuto, I fear I must say that the influence of Johannesburg upon them has been far more for evil than for good. They have seen there and learned to adopt and graft upon their own more natural and primitive vices the far more soul and body destroying vices of so-called civilization. They leave their homes strong and vigorous in body and for the most part simple and unaffected in mind and manners ; they return, large numbers of them, with their native simplicity gone, their minds poisoned by vice and their bodies enfeebled. Many of them are mere wrecks, who come home only to die, and nearly all of them have become puffed up and conceited and insolent, and filled with the idea of their own importance. This is especially the case with those who have been working in the town itself, in stores or hotels or other places of business or as "house boys." If a native can go through the Johannesburg mill and come out all the better for it there must be indeed real grit in him. A few do, with their natural virtues strengthened through having withstood the many evil influences brought to bear upon them, but in my experience they are few indeed.

Kimberley is a far better place than Johannesburg for the native. The native miners there live together in large compounds where everything is provided for their comfort in the way of board and lodging. Each compound is, in fact, a model village in which order is kept and intoxicating liquors are "conspicuous by their absence." The native is thus shielded from the manifold temptations which beset him in Johannesburg.

He remains in his compound until the period of his contract (usually six months) has expired, and when he leaves it it is to return home with the wages he has saved in his pocket. Hence the Kimberley mines and the diamond mine at Jager's Fontein in the Free State, where the same system is adopted, are more popular with natives generally than the gold mines of Johannesburg. There is never any difficulty in obtaining labour for them, though, of course, it must not be forgotten that they are much smaller in extent and employ much less labour. But in Johannesburg the native has much greater freedom, with the result that he is brought into contact with all that is vile and degrading. The vicious of both sexes lure him to his destruction, and illicit brandy smugglers (mostly whites) dog his footsteps. He is, in fact, surrounded by a set of human sharks, who prey upon him as long as a coin is left in his pocket.

Who does not remember the hubbub in England over Chinese labour in the mines ? The mother country was greatly agitated by reports of " Chinese slavery." The unfortunate Chinese coolies were decoyed from their distant homes and brought thousands of miles to work in dismal mines where they were treated with inhuman cruelty—so it was said. Friends sent me from England pictures of them hung up by their arms to beams, with their feet just touching the ground ! This was gravely reported to be one of the punishments meted out to those who shirked their work or displeased the overseers. It is needless to say that all these sensational reports were figments of the imagination ; not, one would hope, " calculated, frigid lies," but none the less entirely false. The Chinese were treated in every way with the utmost consideration. They had their own special food such as they were accustomed to in their homes, tea and rice of the kinds they preferred being specially imported for them. And in some mines there was even a theatre in which they acted their own native plays, of course in their own language. In fact, so great was the popularity of the Johannesburg mines among them that after Chinese labour was abolished and they were all sent home many of them petitioned the mine managers to be allowed to return and re-engage themselves. They were never so well off in their lives, and with their usual thrift had saved what for them were substantial sums of money.

England has doubtless long ago realized how untrue and unworthy the cry was of "Chinese cruelty." But while it was going on and the British public was waxing so indignant over these imaginary cruelties, who said a word on behalf of the black man? No one. At least, I never heard of anyone doing so. And yet all the time there were thousands of natives working in the mines under far harder conditions than the Chinese, and with far less comfort or consideration. Everything was done for the Chinaman: nothing for the African. No one troubled his head about *him*.

I am no advocate of Chinese labour and always deplored its introduction into South Africa, but the truth must be spoken as to the falsehoods that were put forth, I am afraid for purely party purposes, in order to lash the English people into fury. It was unworthy of any political party and certainly of that bearing the honoured name of Liberal.

We do not want Chinese in Africa. They are splendid workers, it is true; there are no more industrious people in the world, as everyone knows. But we have numerous discordant elements of our own to contend with and endeavour to bring into harmony, and these are quite sufficient to cause us grave anxiety without importing hundreds of thousands of heathen of an alien race to add to our difficulties.

It may be said, and is said, why not employ white labour ? Certainly: by all means let it be tried. But, apart from economical considerations, I am inclined to doubt whether it would succeed. The climate is against it. I doubt whether it would be possible to get 150,000 or 200,000 white miners to work in the Rand mines permanently. Nearly all the rough, hard manual labour of the country is performed by the much-abused coloured man, and I find it difficult to believe that in such a climate and under such conditions any large number of white men would be willing to remain in the bowels of the earth engaged in exacting manual work for very long. And then, too, there is the terrible danger of miner's phthisis which is scourging so many of the white overseers at the present moment. A man working for only a short period as the native does may escape it, but to be in the mines permanently is another matter. And regarded from a moral point of view it is questionable whether the presence of such an enormous number of white workers, most of them probably unmarried and with no restrictions as to spirituous liquors, would be a gain or an improvement on the present state of things. Human nature being what it is, it would mean in a very few years an enormous increase of the half-caste population.

Since the repatriation of the Chinese the condition of the native workers has greatly improved. The mining authorities have seen the need of considering the comfort and well-being of the tens of thousands of natives from all parts recruited by them month after month, and accordingly the conditions of life for these workers are much more humane and therefore much healthier than they were before the Anglo-Boer war. As a result of this the death-rate has become much lower. Not so very long ago it was appalling, but no one seemed to trouble about it. The natives died off like flies, but what did it matter ? They were only " Kafirs." Had they been white men or Chinese there would have been a tremendous outcry, but they had the misfortune to be Africans, and so little or nothing was said about it and no notice taken of it.

One is thankful also that during the last ten years evangelistic efforts worthy of the name have been carried on among this vast mass of heathenism, for the great majority of natives going up to work in the mines are, of course, heathen. And the Anglican Church is taking a large share in this glorious work, thanks to the zeal and devotion of the Community of the Resurrection, the clergy of which community conduct regular evangelistic services at the various mining centres where resident native catechists and teachers have been stationed through their efforts. The native has now the opportunity of hearing the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed to him in his own tongue, and of attending classes of instruction in the evening when his work is ended, and already large numbers have been influenced for good and preserved from the contaminations of vice which surround them. And to give the directors of the mines their due, it is but right to say that as a body they have cordially welcomed these efforts and have noted the success attending them. Looked at from a purely business point of view, they find it wise to sympathize with and even aid in the good work, since it helps more than anything else could to keep the native sober and peaceful and law-abiding. Other religious bodies have also Christian agencies in this field of labour, and altogether things look much more hopeful than they were, though much still remains to be done before the souls and bodies of this great army of toilers can be adequately cared for. But they have a friend in Dr. Furse, the Bishop of Pretoria, who is never afraid of speaking out plainly on their behalf. And he is a man who is listened to and recognized as a powerful moral force in the Transvaal—a man who stands out bravely and boldly for truth and justice as well as compassion and mercy, and who is ever doing his utmost to guide the public opinion of the colony into right channels; an intrepid Christian bishop who fears no man and has the courage of his convictions. On the whole we must be thankful that things have so much improved and that the outlook is so much brighter than it was.

During the June of 1912 I was staying in Rustenburg, one of the oldest and prettiest towns in the Transvaal, and the head-quarters of the orange and tobacco industries. Wherever one goes in the country round about one sees orange groves and tobacco plantations. Both soil and climate are admirably adapted to tobacco growing, and the planters are now importing seeds of the best varieties from America, so that the quality of the tobacco is yearly improving. There is a large tobacco manufactory in the town, and as it is in English hands the English population is larger than it otherwise would be, and there are several enterprising English farmers and planters in the district. I was told that the prices paid for tobacco by the manufacturers to the planters ranged from one shilling and ninepence per pound down to fivepence. Some of the best tobacco in the world will be grown in the Rustenburg district as time goes on.

The orange industry is also a large one. In June the fruit season is just commencing, and I saw thousands of boxes of the largest and finest kinds of this fruit being despatched by rail to the coast daily for shipment to Covent Garden. Nearly all the orange growers are Dutchmen and are making a very good living out of their orchards. An orange grove is a beautiful sight, refreshing to the eye and grateful to the smell. You get the blossom, the green fruit and the ripe on the tree all at one time. The orange season lasts for several months, usually from midwinter to the height of summer, that is to say from June until Christmas. The reader must not forget that we are in the southern hemisphere and that June there means midwinter.

While staying in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal and the seat of the Union Government, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Archimandrite of the Greek Orthodox Church, the Very Rev. Athanasius Nikopoulous, a grave and scholarly man with classical Grecian features and a good type of the higher Greek ecclesiastic—in a word a delightful personality, who has already won golden opinions from the Pretoria people. He is a graduate of the university of Athens, and large-hearted as well as large-minded. He had only arrived from Greece about six months before, and as his flock possessed no church of their own was grateful for the use of St. Mark's, a small Anglican church in the city, in which he held services for his people with the consent of Bishop Furse and the incumbent. He celebrates his Mass at nine o'clock, just after the conclusion of the English service. When I was there he was collecting money towards the building of a Greek church, and had received many substantial donations not only from the Greeks of the Transvaal but from Europeans generally. It was nice to see such Christian sympathy manifested towards our Hellenic brethren, but I was not surprised, for I have always found South Africans a kindly disposed and sympathetic people. There are two Greek priests of the Eastern Church in South Africa and they are both Archimandrites. An Archimandrite is a sort of blend of our Dean and Archdeacon, and is usually a celibate, and such is the case with these two dignitaries. In the Eastern Church the parochial clergy are nearly all secular and are bound to be married, the higher ranks of the priesthood and also the episcopate being celibates, drawn for the most part from the ranks of the regular clergy of the various monasteries.

The Greeks in South Africa have of late greatly increased, and are now found in nearly every important town or village. They are a new importation since the war, and are chiefly engaged in the fruit trade. They open small fruit and flower shops and tea-rooms, and soon learn to adapt themselves to the needs and circumstances of the country. They are prospering, and as a community are held in good repute. It is only of late years that one has been able to purchase fruit in the up-country villages. Even in Bloemfontein there was no shop where it could be procured in my time, but now these places are almost everywhere and are a great boon to the public. They are kept by Jews, Greeks or Indians, people who are not above selling a threepenny worth of bananas or oranges or any other fruit which may be in season, and who look to small profits and quick returns for a living. The Dutchman is not much of a shopkeeper: shop-keeping is not as a rule in his line of things; and the Englishman is too big a business man to trouble himself about selling small quantities of fruit or a little bunch of flowers; hence there is ample room for these new-comers.

MODDER RIVER. ORANGE FREE STATE.

FATHER BECKETT'S CAVE. MODDER POORT.

In places where our Greek brethren have no buildings in which to worship, the English Church is always at their disposal, and where they have no resident clergy, as is the case at present everywhere except in Cape Town and Pretoria, they go to the Anglican clergy for the baptism of their children and for marriage, and it is the English priest who says the last offices over their dead. It is pleasant to think of this interchange of Christian charity between the two Churches, or rather between these two branches of the one Catholic Church of Christ.

I found the Archimandrite Athanasius much interested in the question of reunion between the Eastern and Anglican communions, and we had several long and interesting conversations on the subject. As his congregation consisted almost entirely of unlettered people he was grateful for the friendship of the Rev. J. R. Godfrey, the incumbent of St. Mark's, and his family, and when I was staying in their hospitable mission-house he spent most of his evenings with them. Hence there was abundant opportunity for theological discussions, and these naturally led on to the great question of reunion. He told me more than once that he ardently longed for the day when the two Churches might become visibly one and full communion be established between them. We agreed that there was really no vital dogmatic difference to keep them apart. The only really important question was that of the Filioque in the Nicene Creed, and that was by no means an insuperable difficulty. The Bonn Conference in the 'seventies had demonstrated that an explanation of the doctrinal teaching of the clause acceptable to the theologians of the Eastern Church was not only possible, but that one had actually been propounded by the Westerns present when the subject was under discussion.[1] And there was nothing else to hinder unity. Each Church would naturally retain its own languages and ceremonial usages, but their faith would be one, as it is now in reality.

It is needless to say that I entirely reciprocated the good Archimandrite's wishes, though in view of the negative and Erastian elements still existing in the mother Church in England and elsewhere I could not be sanguine as to a speedy fulfilment of our hopes. But time is in favour of reunion: hindrances will be removed, stumbling-blocks cleared away, and prejudices overcome in God's own time and way. Many in both Churches are daily praying for union, and we may be sure that their prayers do not go up to the throne of grace in vain. May God hasten the dawn of that joyful day.

---

[1] It must be remembered that the English Church, equally with the Eastern, repudiates all idea of there being more than one ’Αρχή or fountain of Deity in the Godhead.

CHAPTER IX

WANDERINGS

Leaving Basutoland—Retirement from active work—Bishop Smyth—Three ancient ladies—The Portuguese and Mission Work—Zanzibar—Nairobi—Life in British East Africa—A Jesuit Father—Mount Kenia—Lions—Other wild animals—Jiggers—Nearly burnt out—A dinner—Farming—Fever—Return to South Africa—Indian finger prints—Malmesbury Parish—Hopefield—Thlotse—Bishop Hicks—The spirit of Missions.

> " The night is dark and long,
> Mosquito's shrilling song
> And petty stings
> Persistent, break my rest,
> And sleep forsakes my brow."
> *The late Mikado of Japan.*

> " With half-closed eye a lion there
> Lies basking in his noontide lair,
> Or prowls in twilight gloom."—*Keble.*

TOWARDS the end of 1906 I left Thlotse, the Basutoland mission of which I had been in charge for over thirty years. Impaired health, bodily infirmities and increasing years impelled me to take this step, though to do so would be a terrible wrench. It seemed almost like tearing one's heart out. But I saw the work of the mission daily increasing and extending and my strength and power to cope with it on the decrease. There was no hope of being able to obtain the help of a colleague; the scanty resources of the mission and also of the diocese would not permit it, and I therefore thought it my duty to resign and to give place to a younger and more vigorous man at whatever cost of feeling to myself.

I have elsewhere tried to tell the story of the Thlotse mission and of my experiences in Basutoland,[1] and to that record I would refer the reader, should he wish to learn something of what mission work was like in earlier years in the Switzerland of South Africa. I will only say here that wherever my lot may be cast Thlotse will be to me the dearest spot upon earth.

After a short sojourn in Cape Colony for rest and retirement I determined to go up to British East Africa in order to join some friends from Basutoland who had recently settled there with the intention of farming in the highlands beyond Nairobi. East Africa was a new world to me, very different in many respects from the sub-continent, and well worthy of a visit. But though in many ways it was dissimilar it was Africa still. There was the same bright sun overhead, only that here it was more than ever overhead, in fact entirely so; and it was more burning than ever, for we were at a spot only some forty miles south of the Equator.

I went up in order to be domestic chaplain to my friends and also with an idea that possibly I might be able to do something, however little, towards laying the foundation of a mission to the natives of that part of the country, who at that time were entirely heathen and untouched by any Christian agency, and some of whom it was hoped would settle down as labourers and herdsmen on the two farms my friends were occupying. These natives were Akikuyu, a very large tribe inhabiting the belt of country between Nairobi and Mount Kenia.

---

[1] *Vide.* In the Leuto, S.P.C.K.

I sailed in a fine German liner, which touched at many ports *en route* and tarried a day or two, often more, at each.

At Lourenço Marques (Delagoa Bay) I was fortunate enough to find the Bishop (Dr. Smyth) at home, the greater part of his time being spent in long journeys on foot through various parts of his diocese. This diocese, Lebombo, is in Portuguese territory and is the poorest and most unhealthy in the ecclesiastical Province of South Africa. Indeed it is the only really unhealthy one, for the remainder of South Africa is one of the healthiest regions of the globe.

I found the Bishop living in the simplest and plainest way in what would be called a " shanty " elsewhere. His " palace " was far inferior to the stable of many a country gentleman in England. It was simply a raw brick and galvanized iron structure, with the addition of a wooden framework in front carefully covered with mosquito curtains, a necessity in that climate, where this irritating insect is so much in evidence. There was a neat little house of God hard by with a comely altar and other necessary furniture—a veritable lodge in the wilderness. Living with the Bishop were the Archdeacon (Gillett), the chaplain (Robins) and two lay evangelists. They were a happy family, and it was a pleasure to spend a few hours with them and a great privilege to make my Easter communion in the little church next morning, for I had landed on Easter Eve. Had I visited the Bishop at any other time I should probably have seen only one or two of the party, as they are constantly moving about in various parts of the diocese visiting the numerous evangelistic centres at which the Church is being built up, and the Bishop himself is but seldom at head-quarters.

Near the episcopal dwelling, within what by courtesy must be called the cathedral precincts, was a modest cottage, the residence of three ancient ladies who had spent themselves and been spent in the service of Christ and His poor, and had found here a place of refuge and rest in their old age where they might say their prayers and prepare for their *Nunc Dimittis*. One of them was a Miss Browne, a sister of the late Bishop of Bristol; another the Mother Miriam of whom I have already spoken. Though they were past active work they were still busy with their needles on behalf of the mission, but most of their time was, I have reason to believe, spent in prayer. Their sitting-room opened into a small oratory, at the altar of which the Bishop or his chaplain celebrated the Divine Mysteries day by day and gave them their communion. I was glad to get a glimpse of these devout ladies in their peaceful home, more especially as I had never heard of their existence before.

Bishop Smyth's work is perhaps the most arduous and certainly the most depressing of that of any bishop in South Africa. Besides the unhealthy climate and the poverty and absence of resources he is confronted with the opposition of the Portuguese Government. Fortunately he is a medical man and therefore able to combat and overcome many of the difficulties connected with the climate, but difficulties with the ruling power are a different matter.

I do not wish to speak harshly of the Portuguese. There are good men among them, and such have not been wanting in their African colonies, but they have not been as numerous as could be wished. Considering that Portugal has had vast territories under its sway on the east of Africa as well as the west for four hundred years the state of things in these possessions is nothing less than a reproach to the mother country. The town of Lourenço Marques has been greatly improved of late, but that improvement has been effected mainly through the influence of the British merchants of the port, who, by an arrangement with the Government, have virtually the management of the place in their hands.

But effete as the Government is, what are we to say about the Portuguese Church? What has that Church done to Christianize the natives in these huge dependencies? For four centuries it has had one of the greatest opportunities for the evangelization of the heathen that has ever presented itself to any portion of the Church of Christ, and how have these opportunities been used? I fear the answer must be a sad one. Church and State combined in the early years of the sixteenth century to plant missions in the newly acquired territories, but they were not placed upon a substantial basis or vigorously followed up, with the result that when war and persecution came they withered away. There have been, and still are, some religious communities in the seaports, but these, as a rule, minister only to their own fellow-countrymen or to the half-caste population related to them. No Christian work worthy of the name has been done for centuries among the multitudes of heathen under the rule of Portugal, and hence when the diocese of Lebombo was established twenty years ago and Bishop Smyth was sent to Lourenço Marques he found a great door open for the evangelization of the many native tribes around. He was soon able to overtake and arrange for the first and most pressing duty laid upon him, that of ministering to and shepherding the Europeans, but he has encountered many and continuous difficulties in building up the Kingdom of God among the heathen.

At first the Portuguese authorities looked on and said nothing and did nothing, but after some years had passed and the Bishop's mission began to make its mark upon the heathen things became different. Moreover, a large and well-appointed and equipped Swiss Protestant mission had been established not far from the port and was achieving the success it merited. Then presently, with the home Government at its back, the Portuguese Church began to stir itself and endeavour to do something for the native population. And following upon this belated effort there were put forth by the Government certain regulations which had the effect of virtually crippling the work of any other missions than that of the Portuguese Church. And ere long these regulations were added to and made so stringent and vexatious that it became almost impossible to carry on the mission. It looked as if these measures were intended to throttle the work of the Anglican Church. This happened shortly before the revolution and while the King of Portugal was still on his throne. He was, of course, responsible for them, and they were promulgated in his name, but he was young and was probably in the hands of advisers who were Ultramontane Latins, and who left him but little freedom of action of his own. The Portuguese Government granted liberty of conscience and freedom of worship in theory, but knew well how to make that theory a dead letter. They were annoyed at the success of the mission and exerted their energies to crush out such daring intruders as the Anglican bishop and his little band of fellow-workers.

When matters had become so grave that it was impossible to go on any longer without a change the Bishop went to England with the intention of proceeding to Portugal in order to interview the Government and if

THE RIGHT REV. DR. WEBB, LORD BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

possible obtain some *modus vivendi* by means of which the mission could be carried on; but he had no sooner arrived when the Portuguese Revolution broke out, overturning the Ultramontane and reactionary party and setting up the present Republic. The young King, as we know, escaped to England.

I know nothing of the merits of this new regime as regards its general policy, but from a religious point of view it seems to be nearly as bad as its predecessor, notwithstanding its loud professions of liberty of conscience and absolute freedom of worship. The Bishop waited patiently until the fermentation consequent upon the Revolution had subsided, and then proceeded to Lisbon and interviewed the ministers of the Republic in order to obtain from them some definite guarantee of real freedom of worship in their colonies, so that he might be able to resume his work with some hope of its being carried on without perpetual friction with the powers that be, and I have been glad to read in the Church papers that he has been to some extent successful. If such be indeed the case it is matter for deep thankfulness. But there does not seem to be much certainty of the permanency of the Republic, or that the Government will not presently endeavour to crush out all mission work carried on in the Portuguese colonies. It looks very much like a case of King Log and King Stork. The royalist regime was intolerant: the republican is anti-Christian. One displayed the tyranny of the Turk and the other——. It is fairer to wait and see what its policy will be.

When I was on my voyage to England in 1890 I met on board the steamer an able and accomplished Jesuit priest, a man of considerable scholarship and, I have no doubt, of holy life. As we passed the coast of Portugal he pointed towards it and said, " Over there is Portugal, the worst country in Christendom and the most debased part of the Church." And on my observing that after all the Portuguese were not perhaps as black as they were painted and that there must be good men among their clergy, he exclaimed, " Good men ! I should like to know where they are to be found ! They are utterly corrupt. Great numbers of them keep concubines, and most of them are secretly Freemasons. They are a thoroughly bad lot and a disgrace to the Church."

I called to mind the fact that it was Pombal, the Portuguese Premier, who precipitated the downfall of the Society of Jesus by expelling them from Portugal and its dominions, and hence the vehemence with which this good man spoke and the unmitigatedly bad character he gave the Portuguese clergy, who do not to this day favour the Society. As to their being Freemasons, we all know that the Roman Church condemns Freemasonry and does not permit her members to belong to that fraternity. And on the Continent Freemasonry is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to connote infidelity, anarchy and everything that is reprehensible. But that this Jesuit father should use the language he did—language which is usually heard only from the lips of extreme and prejudiced Protestants, was certainly remarkable, for he was a thoroughly well-informed man and one who habitually measured his words. Still, one would hope that what he said must be considerably discounted, and that in spite of much corruption there are many good men and true among the Portuguese, both clergy and laity. " You cannot indict a whole nation."

I had many interesting conversations with this accomplished priest and found that what he said was always worth listening to, and that he had the history of his order at his fingers' ends. He told me, among other things, that out west in the Atlantic there is an island (I forget its name) in which at the end of the sixteenth century several members of the Society of Jesus were cruelly put to death by Netherlanders.

"The Dutch were at war with Spain," said he, "and they captured a Spanish ship, on board of which were some of our fathers voyaging to South America to join the mission there. The Dutchmen made for that island, took our fathers ashore and barbarously murdered them."

"Why did they do that?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "because they were Calvinistic heretics and hated the Catholic Church, and our Society most of all."

"Why should they hate your Society? There must surely be some reason for that. Men do not, as a rule, hate each other for nothing."

"Oh, they were heretics and had been brought up to hate us."

"Yes, but why were they brought up in that way? Do you not think there was some reason for it? Do you not remember the doings of Alva and the results of his 'March of Blood'? I think we must not forget that Philip II of Spain was then sovereign of the Netherlands; that he introduced the Inquisition into that country, and that, sad to say, the bishops, who were great temporal lords, aided and abetted him. Do you not think that that was the root cause of their hatred to the Church and to your Society?"

"Oh," said he, "we were not to blame for that. We had nothing to do with the introduction of the Inquisition into Holland. It was the Dominicans who introduced it there."

"Oh, yes," I rejoined, "I know that you did not enter the country until afterwards, when the great mass of the people had already been lost to the Church. But surely it would be no consolation to a man thumbscrewed or stretched upon the rack that he was being tortured by a Dominican and not by a Jesuit? They regarded you both as agents of the Church they had begun to hate."

What my Jesuit friend said was perfectly true, and it redounds to the honour of the Jesuits that for a long time they were not persecutors and would have nothing to do with the Inquisition. St. Francis Borgia, the friend of their founder and the third general, I think, of their order, was in no way a friend or patron of that dread tribunal, and kept the Society free from participation in its doings, and it would have been well had his successors followed in his footsteps. Had they done so the Jesuits would not be hated and feared as they are to-day on the continent of Europe.

Melancholy indeed it is to think that the Catholic Faith was lost to the best part of Holland through the worldliness of its bishops and the alliance of the Church with the government of the cold, calculating, heartless Philip of Spain and his official representatives, both ecclesiastical and civil. In the eyes of the people the chief pastors of the Church were identified with the rack and the Inquisition, and the rack and the Inquisition were things that the bold and independent Netherlanders would never tolerate, and hence the old Church went down with a mighty crash.

When I first went to South Africa I was surprised and somewhat amused to find that the more ignorant among the Dutch farmers regarded a bishop as a haughty, tyrannical monster, ready to persecute them and put them to torture on the slightest provocation or for no reason at all. They detested the very name of "Bishop," and jeeringly called it Beestekop—Bullockhead! No doubt it was the old tradition of the doings of the bishops of Philip's time which had come down to them. Their idea of a bishop was horribly ludicrous, but we cannot wonder at it. Educated Dutchmen knew better, but they identified the episcopal office with worldly pomp and power, and as they did not believe that the Saviour of mankind had instituted an order of lordly prelates in His Church they would have nothing to do with them. Their ideas of bishops are very different to-day, and they have learnt to recognize them as chief shepherds of the flock, and a bishop is now treated with reverence and esteem throughout South Africa, and many a Dutch farmer is pleased to entertain him and show him the greatest hospitality. Personal contact has effected this.

By the way, how strange it is that the three orders of the ministry, bishops, priests and deacons, should be so diversely estimated, though all three are, it is to be feared, to numbers of people only scarecrows or caricatures! The popular idea of a deacon is that of an officious and possibly obnoxious personage connected with our Nonconformist brethren: a pillar of some Nonconformist Church. If he is a true and humble-minded Christian he is looked up to and respected, but if he makes himself objectionable and gives himself pious airs he is contemned and his very name of deacon pronounced with scorn. Still, with thousands deacon is in its way eminently respectable and connected with certain purse strings.

But *priest!* With too many the very word is enough! Instead of calling up to the mind what the priestly office really signifies—a man tender of heart who is at once a loving pastor, a spiritual guide and a real friend, he is pictured as a subtle, designing, perhaps arrogant, personality—a man with an iron hand in a silken glove, whose one idea is to lord it over his fellow-men until they can no longer call their souls their own! Hence we hear of sacerdotalism and priestcraft. And yet one of the most glorious, and to Christians most precious and tender, titles of our Lord and Saviour is that of our Great High *Priest*.

There is food for reflection here. Surely this popular idea is an entire delusion. If there be in the ranks of the priesthood of the Church such "sacerdotalists"—and, of course, it is possible, human nature being what it is—all I can say is that they are unworthy to bear the sacred name of priest.

And then bishop! The deacon may be a pious busybody connected with "Little Bethel," the priest a designing and domineering schemer, but the bishop! In England and in her colonies too a bishop is indeed a great personage: not a mere respectable personage, but a great one. In the eyes of some who are not members of his Church he may appear to reflect in his own person too much of the wealth and worldliness which a good Christian regards as a danger and a snare, but to the vast majority he is, and rightly, an eminent personage indeed. A deacon may be a weazel, a priest a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a bishop is beyond criticism. Even his note-paper is distinguished. Is not a mitre impressed upon it? He may not perhaps wear that episcopal ornament, but it must be painted upon the panels of his carriage and stamped upon his parchments. Strange, is it not, that to stamp it upon his paper or paint it on his coach is perfectly proper and right and not in the least unprotestant, but to place it on his head (the proper place for it) is regarded by many as reprehensible and nothing less than popish! Such is prejudice!

I am not speaking of the opinions of Churchmen. They reverence the threefold ministry, rightly or wrongly, as coming down from apostolic times, and naturally the bishop is to them a chief pastor, and as such they address him by his age-long title of my lord, whether he sits in the House of Lords and dwells in a palace, or whether he lives in a log hut in North America or a round one of native fashion in Basutoland.

But I have been digressing, and crave the reader's pardon. Let us return to Lebombo.

Dr. Smyth, worn out with his toils of twenty years in that unhealthy climate and laid low by repeated attacks of malarial fever, has felt constrained to resign his bishopric, though intending, I believe, to remain in Africa and dedicate his declining years to such work as he may be still able to undertake in missions among the Bantu. His successor at Lebombo is Dr. Latimer Fuller, the devoted and energetic organiser of the missions on the Rand, and though the loss to Johannesburg will be great it will be compensated for by the gain of so able and vigorous a man in the south-east. Lebombo diocese is the Forlorn Hope of the South African Church, and needs and deserves all the help and sympathy that can be bestowed upon it.

From Delagoa Bay I went on to Zanzibar, where we stayed two days. Zanzibar is one of the most interesting places in the world and in every way well worth a visit. But what was nearest my heart there was the cathedral and the works of mercy connected with it. It did one's eyes good to look upon that splendid coral structure erected on the site of the old slave market, with its altar built on the exact spot where the whipping-post used to stand.

How wonderful! What hath God wrought! It is a beautiful building and in its way unique. On its walls are two brass plates on which are engraved the names of the workers who have laid down their lives for their Master in the mission—a long list comprising loved and honoured names of bishops, priests, deacons and lay workers, both men and women; and I think we may truly say that as long as the English Church can produce such heroes and foster such vocations she will live.

The diocese of Zanzibar is the oldest of the three dioceses which make up the Universities' Mission to Central Africa and owes much to the devoted labours of Bishop Steere, a man of profound intellect and many gifts, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter. It was he who designed and superintended the building of the cathedral and who in other ways left his impress upon Central Africa, not least in his literary work and in his Swahili books and translations. He died at his post, and his name will be venerated for generations to come by many and many an African, and held in honour all the world over by those who know the story of his life and labours.

I went ashore and had the pleasure of lunching with the Bishop, Dr. Hine, a medical man, who when at head-quarters devoted his forenoons to surgical cases in the hospital of the mission. His lordship kindly showed me over this admirably conducted institution, and also took me to the cathedral, giving me the history of the strikingly executed frescoes round the apse which encircles the Lord's Table. It was all deeply interesting, especially to an old African missionary like myself. The cathedral, the hospital, the bishop's house and other buildings are all grouped together and form one of the most notable features of Zanzibar island. There is a clove plantation outside the city at some little distance from it cultivated by liberated slaves and other Christian natives, boys of the mission, but I had not time to see it, though I feel sure it would have well repaid a visit.

Soon after my interview with him Bishop Hine, though worn down by long years of service in that exacting climate, accepted the charge of a new work in Northern Rhodesia, becoming its first bishop, but repeated attacks of fever have compelled him too to resign his See like his brother of Lebombo.

We touched at Daar-es-Salaam and Tanga, German possessions charmingly situated and lovely to look upon, but without much evidence of commercial importance. That may, however, come in time.

Mombasa, the chief port of British East Africa, is not far distant, and is an old and interesting place with a chequered history. It is still nominally in the possession of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but is leased to England and practically a British port. The heat there was stifling, and I was glad to get into the train for Nairobi. The scenery round the coast is rich in beauty, cocoanut palms being everywhere. The inhabitants are a medley of African races with an infusion of Arab and Portuguese blood. There is a cathedral at Mombasa, a spacious edifice erected as a memorial to the martyred Bishop Hannington. Its style of architecture is not very attractive, but is perhaps adapted to the climate and not out of harmony with its immediate surroundings. When I saw it its interior was bare even to baldness, and its Holy Table mean and undignified, and I wished that some of the good Christians at home who spend two or three thousand pounds upon an organ would give even a tenth of those sums for the adornment of this African temple of God.

British East Africa has been so often and so well described and so many books are being continually written about it that it would be superfluous for me to add to their number. I will only say that in common with all who have lived in or visited it I regard it as a valuable acquisition to the Crown of England, and that it has a brilliant future before it as far as its plantations are concerned. About its highlands I am not so sure, though many people believe that thousands of Englishmen and their families will be able to find a home in them. Everyone grants that the low-lying coast lands and the lowlands of the interior, especially Uganda, are unsuitable for Europeans as places of permanent residence. Officials will, of course, have to live in them for periods more or less lengthy, and white overseers of plantations also, but for Europeans to find homes in the lowlands and settle down in them and marry is, I think, out of the question. Missionaries will continue to labour on, but their vocation is a special one and they are, as a rule, unmarried.

When I saw it six years ago Nairobi, the capital of the protectorate, was a town of some six hundred whites, half of whom were Government officials and their families, and about thirteen thousand coloured—Swahili, Akikuyu, Somalis, Indians, Goanese and others. The houses were nearly all of galvanized iron, less than a dozen being of stone or brick. In fact the whole place was still in the first stage of development. The situation of the town is not striking, and I was told that a much better site for the capital could have been found at no great distance, but a good view of the country is to be had on a rising ground near the residence of the Governor.

There is a large Roman Catholic church, mainly attended by the Goanese, many thousands of whom are in the protectorate, and all of them, at least nominally, members of that communion. They are for the most part descendents of the converts of St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to the Indies in the sixteenth century.

The Anglican church was mainly of iron, but has since given place to a much better structure of stone. The chaplain, Mr. Falloon, is a devoted and faithful pastor, hard worked and full of missionary zeal. A mission to the natives, still in its infancy, was being carried on by Mr. Burns under the direction of the chaplain.

My new home was at a farm close to the junction of the Ndarugo with the Karamaine ; the former a tributary of the Athi, one of the largest rivers in the country ; the latter a mere brooklet often almost dry. The homestead was pleasantly situated, having in front of it to the south a small stretch of forest ; on the east a distant view of Donya Sabok, a mountain dominating the whole district ; and on the west a still more distant view of the Kikuyu escarpment. Mount Kenia was away some forty miles to the north-east.

Our residence and its out-buildings were all temporary structures, grass houses, as they are called by the settlers. They were constructed of poles, papyrus reeds and jungle grass, and roofed with the broad leaves of water-flags from the Ndarugo.

We soon found that we were living in the midst of a veritable zoological garden. Everyone knows that East Africa is celebrated for the multitude and variety of its wild animals, and we were in the midst of them and in the very heart of the lion country. Lions roared nightly close to the homestead, leopards growled and hyænas whined; zebras barked in the evening in the moonlight; herds of antelopes of various kinds roamed over the plains; troops of dog-faced baboons chattered in the bush; the rhinoceros and wild pig wandered at their leisure in the long grass of the jungle, and crocodiles skulked in the rivers. Snakes, chiefly cobras of several kinds, were often to be met with but were not over-abundant; pythons more rarely. Of bird life there was singularly little, the largest bird being a black toucan. The flora near us was very poor and not comparable to that of South Africa, but there was one glorious exception, a large and exquisitely beautiful blue and white water-lily which grew in the Karamaine. It had a delicious scent, and looked like a Victoria Regia. We used to have it on the altar of our little chapel on Sundays, and sometimes on our dining table, but it soon faded, lasting only about a day.

Our great pride was Mt. Kenia, only four hundred feet less in height than Kilimanyaro, the highest mountain of Africa. This latter is in German territory, and is, I think, larger as well as higher, but is not to be compared with Kenia for beauty. Kenia is, however, a shy mountain and very chary of displaying its perfection of form. It is not often that one gets a clear view of it. Though almost on the Equator its height is so great that it is always snow-capped, but clouds constantly hide its summit. I only had three really good views of it, the last being perfect. It was by far the grandest sight of its kind that I have ever seen, and no words of mine can describe its magnificence or its splendour. I saw it one morning just after sunrise, standing out clear-cut in a cloudless sky of ethereal blue in all its glory and grace of form. The sun lighted up its snow-crowned peak with a silver sheen dazzling to the eye, while the great mountain below stood out like a mass of purest silver, glowing and scintillating as molten metal in a furnace. It was worth going to East Africa only to see that sight. The spectacle lasted until gathering clouds hid it from view. We only beheld it for a quarter of an hour, but that quarter of an hour was one never to be forgotten. The Akikuyu told me that the word Kenia means a water-jar, and certainly as I saw the mountain on that occasion I thought I could easily trace its resemblance to the graceful water-jars with their shapely necks and covers made and used by the native tribes who live at its foot.

Anyone suffering from nervous disorders had better not attempt to live in the lion country of the Ndarugo. Friends who came from other parts to visit us could not bear the effect of the roaring and growling of lions and the whining of hyænas upon their nervous system, and very soon had to bid us good-bye. It certainly was sometimes the reverse of pleasant, and for the first six months of their residence the ladies of our party used to lie awake at night almost paralysed with fear, but in time one became callous and even indifferent to the noises of the wild creatures around. It was dangerous to go out after nightfall except with a hurricane lantern, and even with one it was not always safe to venture more than a few yards, for lions get used to its light and when hungry will let nothing come between them and their prey. A hurricane lantern had always to be kept burning at night outside the back door near the boma or cattle kraal, and very often one in the verandah also. It was one of the minor trials of life in those regions that one dared not take a walk in the moonlight when the air was cool, and a short stroll would have been refreshing after the sweltering heat of the day. Travellers at night always go in considerable caravans, the natives chanting their weird songs and brandishing their flaming torches while on the march. Any other form of night travel would have been highly dangerous, and was never attempted in the lion country.

Most people have read *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*, by Colonel Patterson. If they have not they should do so at once, and may rest assured that the incidents described in that book, thrilling as they are, are not in the least overdrawn.

The lion is not usually a man eater, his favourite food being donkey and next to that zebra, but he is by no means particular when really hungry. A man had been eaten by a lion at a farm not far from the Ndarugo just before I arrived there. He was a settler, an Englishman from home. One night he heard a noise in the boma and thought that a leopard might be trying to get at the cattle. He rose from his bed and went outside the house, unfortunately without a lantern. The moment he appeared a lion sprang upon him, killed him, and then dragged him away and devoured him. He was a married man, and his wife and child could hear his cries but were powerless to help him. The poor lady was so horror-struck at the awful end of her husband that for a time it was feared she would altogether lose her reason. I am glad to say that she eventually recovered and returned to England. But I heard of no other tragedy of that kind while I was in the country.

The lions sometimes attacked our donkeys. One was carried off in broad daylight (about eleven o'clock in the forenoon) in the presence of the native herdsman, who ran to the homestead and told his master what had happened. A party went out at once in pursuit and followed the spoor of the lion into the bush, where they came upon the donkey half devoured. The lion, seeing or hearing the approach of the hunters, retired into a dense part of the bush, where it was dangerous to follow him ; and the party not being strong enough in number to surround his retreat contented themselves with sprinkling strychnine upon the carcase. They went out again next morning and found that the carcase had not been touched, though they heard the growls of the depredator in the same corner of the jungle. He had evidently been suspicious and had abstained from having a second meal, preferring to leave the remains of his prey undisturbed. Next morning he had disappeared.

One afternoon a lion came out of our forest and stalked a baboon and seized it before our eyes just over the Ndarugo, only a quarter of a mile distant. There had been a troop of baboons chattering and barking all day, and their leader, a fine old fellow, had barely emerged from the shade of the trees and come out into the open when the lion appeared on the scene, intently watching his every movement. The luckless creature seemed fascinated, and instead of making for the trees which were close by, any one of which he could have climbed before his enemy reached him, ambled along and took refuge in a small shrub at a little distance ! With one huge bound his crafty foe was upon him, and carried him off as a cat does a mouse to a rising ground a hundred yards further on, where he despatched him. I should think he must have been an old lion whose teeth were no longer strong, since a lion usually disdains a a baboon as food.

The unfortunate companions of the victim howled in the most pathetic way when they saw their leader in the jaws of his deadly enemy, and kept up their cries and lamentations until long after nightfall.

A son of my host had a remarkable experience one day with the king of beasts, less than a mile from the homestead. He was a tall lad of over six feet, though only eighteen years of age. After breakfast his father had sent him out to look for a lost lamb, and the young fellow was ascending the rise at the rear of the homestead when suddenly he came upon a lion sitting in great dignity in the long grass some twenty yards in front of him. He stood for a moment as though petrified. He had no weapon but a stout stick, and there was nothing to be done but to turn and run. This he did as fast as his long legs would carry him, but, of course, it would have availed him nothing had the lion been bent on attacking him. But this his majesty had no intention of doing. He must have had a hearty repast not long before and was too indolent or too good-humoured to move, for whenever my young friend in his flight looked back, there sat the lion looking as dignified and contented as ever. That sort of thing does not often happen : it was a narrow escape.

There was a cave not far off, close to the Ndarugo, which was the resort of several lions at certain periods of the year, and one evening just after sunset three of our young men, one of whom was a born hunter, went down to the river and climbed a high tree near its bank, intending to try their fortune against some of these unwelcome visitors to our neighbourhood. A little before midnight they observed three lions frisking and gamboling about not far off in the moonlight. The animals came nearer, and the three men fired at them simultaneously. One was badly hit and limped off growling with rage, his two companions disappearing in a contrary direction. The hunters had to remain cramped up in the fork of the tree until dawn, as it is highly dangerous to attempt to follow up a lion at night. On descending they saw a bloodstained trail, which they followed for some distance, but as it led far away from the homestead and into jungle grass they thought it more prudent to return home and get their breakfast before tracking the wounded animal further. They did their best to get some of our natives to accompany them, but these one and all refused, declaring that it was too dangerous to follow up a wounded lion into the jungle, and there the matter ended.

On moonlight nights the lions used sometimes to serenade us for hours together, seldom roaring, but contenting themselves with emitting a rough raucous sound between a growl and a snarl as they sat up or promenaded in front of the forest; but they never came up quite close to our house. Sometimes they would growl in chorus; sometimes they answered one another like so many cocks crowing. Often did we lie awake listening to this leonine concert.

But what, I think, tried my nerves most was the howl of the hyænas. They constantly came in the middle of the night and whined and howled close to my head, which was only separated from them by a nine-inch partition of reed and grass and which they or any other beast of prey could easily have torn to pieces in a few moments had they possessed the sense to do so. The hyæna is a cowardly creature and seldom attacks a man, but he is a formidable enemy when on the defensive, for his fore quarters are extraordinarily powerful. His sneaking sing-song, whining howl is most trying to one's nervous system when continued for hours in the middle of the night close to one's bed. Sometimes there would be a whole family of these unwelcome brutes: father, mother and offspring were all there howling together.

I could easily distinguish their voices ; the shrill whine of the young ones, the still shriller of their mamma, and the deep, nerve-racking tones of papa. It almost seemed as if I understood their language, and that they were making an appeal to me to come out and lie down and die that they might pick my bones !

Speaking of picking bones, there were occasionally pitiful and gruesome sights to be seen on the main road between Nairobi and Fort Hall and also near the forest. The Akikuyu do not bury their dead. At least they bury none but chiefs or important personages. Dying people, or those who are thought to be so, are carried out into the bush and left there for the hyænas or other wild beasts to devour. Such is heathenism in darkest Africa.

The most beautiful creatures round about were the zebras. There were great numbers of them. Sometimes a whole herd would appear. Over the rise to the north we counted one day upwards of two hundred and thirty grazing. These graceful animals do not neigh like horses or bray like donkeys, they bark. But their bark is soft and low and musical, and when heard in the evening as they play and gambol together in the moonlight is very pleasant to listen to. It is not in the least irritating, like that of a dog, but, on the contrary, soothing to the nerves and grateful to the ear. Zebras often came close up to the homestead, and one afternoon we saw them at sunset actually fraternizing with our donkeys !

But of the multitude of animals around us those of the antelope tribe far outnumbered the rest, and among these the kongoni, as he is here called, or the hartebeest, to give him the name by which he is best known, is the largest and most conspicuous. When our pot was empty he was always at hand to fill it, and kongoni meat was so often on the table that it began ere long to pall upon the taste.

There were no elephants near us: they were away farther north; but rhinoceroses often appeared, one of which, a magnificent specimen, was shot during my stay. Crocodiles were in the Ndarugo, and it was dangerous to bathe there; hippopotami were numerous in the Athi, ten miles distant, and were killed for the sake of their fat, which when rendered out makes excellent lard. I have eaten stewed hippopotamus and found it appetising when well cooked, and many people think it very toothsome and eat it with relish. It is much like beef, but richer in flavour, so rich indeed as to be too indigestible to be often indulged in. But then, one did not get it too often!

Insect life is abundant, as might be expected, and mosquitoes of several kinds are often a terror; but of all the insects of the country the jigger is most in evidence and causes most pain. So diminutive that he cannot be seen, he, or rather she, is capable of inflicting much suffering and seems to be everywhere. An interesting and persistent little creature is the jigger, and nothing less, as far as I could learn, than a legacy from the slave trade! Its history is this. Its natural habitat centuries ago was South America, where it was supposed to be indigenous. From thence it was brought in slave ships to the west coast of Africa, and gradually spread right across the continent. The South American Indians called it the jeguar, or a name something like it, which British sailors anglicized into jigger; and I have often wondered whether the phrase, "Well, I'm jiggered!" which was probably of nautical origin, is not derived from the native name of this troublesome little creature. Certainly to be "jiggered" in the sense of being bitten by jiggers is no light matter. Jiggers are making their way south, though very gradually, and it is said that they are not unknown in the Delagoa Bay region. The natives informed me that they are comparatively new-comers in East Africa, and were not known there in the days of their great grandfathers. Now wherever you go you are liable to be attacked by them, so prevalent are they. You had better not cross your room barefooted, for if you do you are likely to suffer for it. I found that most people had suffered from these insects, and that it was the custom to have one's feet overhauled daily or nearly so. It is Mrs. Jigger who attacks you. She bores a hole in the ball of your great toe or in any other part of the body where the skin is hard, especially on your knees or hands or feet, and there makes herself at home in the tiny cavity she has formed, and proceeds to lay her eggs. A few hours will reveal her presence. Your toe will begin to itch at some distance from where she entered, and if you are wise you will immediately have the itching member examined, and that narrowly, since it is often almost impossible to observe any clear indication of the point at which she entered. She seldom leaves any visible trace of her doings. If you neglect it your toe will speedily become inflamed and begin to swell; the inflammation will rapidly increase, and you will be in considerable pain—pain, too, not unattended with danger. But if you at once take the necessary precautions nothing beyond a slight inconvenience will be experienced.

The natives are experts at extracting jiggers. Call your native attendant, and let him bring a candle and a stout sharp needle. Light your candle and place it on the table close by you. Then take off your sock and hold up the foot in which you suspect the presence of your interesting little friend. Tell your man to look well at all your pedal digits, especially the one that itches. His eyes are so sharp that sometimes he will at once detect the presence of the enemy; sometimes it will be more difficult and take several minutes before the discovery is made, and this is especially the case when the insect has not been in her new home for more than a few hours. The great thing is to extract her and her nest fully and completely without drawing blood, but this is rarely possible; indeed it is impossible where swelling and acute inflammation have set in. However, at whatever cost, the jigger must be extracted. I met people who had suffered tortures from jiggers, and a friend of mine was so pestered by them that over thirty had been extracted from his feet in one day.

Your native will go on probing the ball of your toe with his needle until he gets upon the trail; then he will skilfully follow it up and deftly extract jigger, nest and all. He will hold up the needle to you in triumph, and you will observe upon its point a small, round white ball about the size of a pin's head. This is the nest unbroken and complete, containing the lady and her multifarious offspring, the latter as yet undeveloped. You put it in the flame of the candle, and you hear a "pop" which tells you that your sufferings are at an end and that your diminutive but troublesome persecutor is no more. If blood has been drawn and there is pain it is advisable to wash the wound with warm water and then with a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

I was fortunate in not having had to suffer much from jiggers. Almost always I at once detected their presence, and they were extracted without pain, sometimes even without any letting of blood beyond a very few drops. I would say to anyone visiting British East Africa, don't be "jiggered" for long if you can help it, for if you do you will be sorry for it.

There are other scourges to be met with besides mosquitoes and jiggers. The guinea worm is not unknown, and nearly every settler has to suffer for some months from what are called "African sores," a severer form of the "veld sores" of Natal and the hotter parts of South Africa.

We were not greatly troubled by snakes, but they now and then made their appearance in or outside the house. One experience we had is worth recording. We were sitting one day at our noontide meal engaged in conversation when my host cried out, "Oh, Canon, for goodness' sake take care! There is a great big snake under your chair!"

I looked down, and sure enough there was a cobra wriggling about at my feet! How to extricate myself without touching it or causing the chair to touch it was the problem. It looked vicious, and if it had been touched would, I suppose, have certainly bitten me. However, I did in some way succeed in vacating my chair without disturbing the reptile, and meanwhile everyone in the room had rushed out to get some sort of weapon wherewith to despatch it. By the time I had got clear of the intruder my friends entered, my host armed with a spade, the hostess a rake, and the son of the house with a stout stick. The snake seemed to have conceived an affection for me, for no sooner had I got clear of him and left him undisturbed than he at once proceeded to ascend the reed partition (open at the top) which separated the dining-room from my own. My bed was on the other side of the reed wall, and it looked as if the creature intended to drop down quietly upon it and go to sleep! But if such was its intention that intention was speedily frustrated. It was all but at the top of the twelve-foot partition when my hostess raked it down and her husband promptly chopped its head off. This lady (Mrs. William Brumage) was one of the bravest women I have ever known, and had no fear of snakes or anything else, animal or reptile; indeed I have met very few of the opposite sex who were her equals in fearlessness.

The cobra was nearly five feet long, and was of the yellow variety, deadly in its bite. It is needless to say that we were greatly relieved when the scene was ended and we could resume our luncheon undisturbed.

Our grass houses and huts were fairly comfortable and cool, but there was one danger attending them, a danger ever present to our minds—that of fire. In that hot, and, for the greater part of the year, dry climate the grass and reeds of which our flimsy habitations were constructed became as dry as tinder, and we had to be constantly careful lest fire should invade us. It was hazardous to smoke a pipe anywhere in the verandah: a spark would have set everything in a blaze in a moment. We plastered the main dwelling outside with mud, which certainly did not add to its beauty, but did much to remove the haunting apprehension of danger, and we took every care as to our paraffin lamps; but, nevertheless, we were one day almost burnt out, not through any fault or carelessness of our own, but by what seemed to be a pure accident, or rather by a cause unknown at the time and which has remained so ever since. It was indeed inexplicable.

In the middle of an exceedingly hot day we suddenly smelt the unmistakable smell of fire, and on going outside saw that the veld was on fire not much more than a quarter of a mile eastwards. And the flames were coming in our direction, fanned by a gentle easterly breeze. To turn out was the work of a moment, and everyone worked his hardest to beat them back. How the conflagration originated was a mystery. There was no living being near the source of its origin. Everyone on the farm was resting in the noonday heat, which was intense, the day being, as I have said, extraordinarily hot. But whatever its origin there it was, and notwithstanding all our efforts it continued to spread, and was slowly but surely invading us. The grass near the homestead was high and thoroughly dried out, forming a ready prey for the advancing and devouring flames. We toiled and toiled, but in vain. The fire continued to gain upon us until it had actually laid hold of some of the dry thorn bushes piled outside the beams of the great cattle boma. It seemed as if we must perish. If the flames set the boma on fire it would be impossible to save our poor little homestead; in ten minutes all would be ablaze and we should be able to rescue nothing. There was no place of refuge, the fire being now everywhere around except on the west, and that would soon be enveloped too.

For myself, I could do no more. I plied the corn sack I held in my hand upon the ring of fire until I had to give in, being not only old and in feeble health but suffering from hernia and unequal to prolonged physical strain. So I put down my sack, took my walking stick and started off to warn our neighbours at the adjoining farm. That seemed the best and most helpful thing to do, since it could not be long before the devastating element reached their homestead. I strode along regardless of lions, leopards, rhinos, serpents or anything else, and often had to leap over the little circlets of fire which were already beginning to make their appearance in that direction. The homestead was not far from our own, each homestead being in that part of the country built near the boundary of the farm, so as to be as near as possible to that of the next neighbour.

I was just in time. Our friends had noticed the volumes of smoke in our direction and were apprehensive of what might be happening to us, but as the wind was in their favour they did not anticipate any real danger to themselves. However, on my report, all hands were mustered and a clear circle was burnt all round their buildings. It had not been completed ten minutes before the flames were observed to be rapidly advancing, but their further advance was checked by the bare, open space that had been secured, there being nothing within it for them to feed upon. Thus they were easily beaten down and extinguished and our friends placed beyond the reach of danger.

Meanwhile how had it fared with ourselves ? We had been saved only by the signal mercy of God. For just as I had started on my journey, and when our position was becoming hopeless, the wind suddenly changed ! That saved us : nothing else could have done so. Had that gentle breeze from the east continued everything must have been consumed—boma, house, huts and chapel, and we ourselves might have been burnt to death. There was literally no place of refuge from the all-embracing, all-devouring flames. And the heat ! It is impossible to describe its intensity. It was like that of a hot blast from a furnace. That is all that can be said.

Surely that sudden and unexpected veering of the wind (for the wind very seldom changes in East Africa when it sets in from one quarter) was a providential mercy ; nothing less indeed than the Hand of God stretched out for our preservation.

There was with us at the time a young clergyman, the Rev. Roland Stafford, who after a spell of hard parochial work at the Cape was on his way to England, travelling by the Eastern route. He had been with us for a week when the fire broke out, and did yeoman service in helping to combat the flames, belabouring them with all his might with the heavy stick he held in his hand. We owed much to his exertions, and it is no wonder that when the wind shifted and the fire was extinguished he was exhausted. And so, in truth, were all of us. Oh, the joy of that deliverance! And how welcome the rest in the comparative coolness of our own rooms. There was a roof still over our heads: our home was safe. I am sure that our kind friend will not soon forget that memorable day.

As I have said, the cause of the conflagration was a mystery to us. The only possible conjecture I can make as to its origin is this: On the spot where it burst forth there were large numbers of crystals, and the grass around them was intensely dry. On such a fiercely hot day it might perhaps have been possible for the rays of the sun acting upon these crystals to ignite the grass in which they were lying. If that solution be untenable the problem remains unsolved.

The water supply of Nairobi was not abundant in those days. In the dry season each householder had to send for his share of the precious fluid at a stated time daily, and apropos to this I was told an amusing incident that once occurred.

Four young men, Government and other clerks, lived and messed together in the town, one of their number being told off monthly to manage the household affairs and be responsible for meals. The cook was an Indian, capable and fairly versed in the mysteries of his profession. One day they gave a small dinner party, and the monthly housekeeper gave the necessary instructions to the cook as to the preparation of the repast. But, alas! the dinner proved to be a failure. The soup was tasteless and insipid—in fact, to speak plainly, rather nasty than nice. It is true the roast (poultry and beef) was excellent, but the vegetables tasted flabby and the pudding execrable. The housekeeper was good-humouredly "chaffed" and blamed, but protested that the fault was not his: the cook was the culprit. He must have neglected his duty. So the unfortunate man was called up and asked how it was that the dinner was not up to its usual standard of excellence. It ought to have been specially good on such an occasion, instead of which it was the worst dinner they had ever eaten. The Indian protested his innocence until the housekeeper threatened to punish him if he did not confess his fault. Then the limbs of the unhappy creature began to tremble, and with eyeballs starting out of their sockets he acknowledged that he thought the dinner would not be good.

"But," said he, "it was not all my fault. The master knows that I can only draw the water before ten o'clock. Well, master, one of the other masters sent me out after master had told me about the dinner and I was kept a long time waiting; and when I came home I found it was past the time for the water. And then"—in his pidgin English—"what to do? Me cannot make dinner. Dere was no water. I am afraid. I tink: master and all de masters and all de other masters come home to dinner and dey find none, because dere was no water. And den master he be angry and he beat me with stick, and I afraid. I afraid of stick. But what to do? I must make dinner, and dere no water. I tink by myself; I say, dere is water dere in de master's bath:

plenty water in two bath. So I take the water from de two bath and make soup and pudding and boil de cabbage and other tings in dat water. I afraid of stick ; so I make dinner in dat water."

No wonder the dinner was not a success !

Great is the power of stick ! The thought of it so terrified the unhappy Indian that the bath-water dinner was the result ! But what else could he have done ? Had there been no dinner stick might have been his portion. He had had to serve two masters, a thing no man can do. Whatever happened he would try to save his skin.

No : I do not believe in stick. I do not for a moment wish to imply that these young men were cruel or unjust, but they were inexperienced, and simply took up with the prevalent notion that if you wish the black man to serve you faithfully and do his duty you must be severe with him. He is not to be ruled by love but by fear. That is the policy of *stick*. There may be, there are, cases where such a policy is necessary, but I believe them to be the exception. My experience has not made me a disciple of stick.

The land of the farm on which we settled was for the most part poor, the soil being hardly ever more than a foot deep except in the reaches near the river, and it was only down there that vegetables could be grown. It was really not an agricultural farm, but a cattle ranch. The cattle of the country were beautiful creatures ; I have never seen finer anywhere. And the Kikuyu cattle were remarkably tame, having grown up with the children, it being the custom of the natives to place their bomas in the centre of the villages. Thus the small boys learn to make playmates of the calves, and the cattle are used to human beings almost from their birth.

One of our bulls, a fine animal which we named Judge from his grave, sage look, was so docile that we often had him inspanned with a bullock when we sent our waggonnette down to the Ndarugo for our daily supply of water. The cows, too, were charming creatures. I am inclined to think that stock raising would have answered very well if carried on on a large scale and with no fear of East Coast fever. But that would have involved a large outlay of capital, and the deadly disease was so prevalent that no settlers would at that time risk spending large sums of money in the purchase of stock.

Ostrich farming may perhaps be profitable in many parts of the highlands, and some young settlers from South Africa were trying their fortune at it before I left.

My hostess was an authority on poultry, and had visions of boxes of eggs being despatched weekly to town. She had brought with her to the farm a number of hens of the most approved varieties, paying high prices for them in Nairobi, and proceeded to buy up all the native fowls the natives brought for sale. These latter were cheap enough, but very small. They were about half the size of an average English hen and most interesting little creatures, if only for their plumage and pugnacity. They fought continually with little or no provocation, and as to their plumage I can only say that it reflected all the colours of the rainbow! I have never seen any domestic fowls like them for brilliancy and variety of colouring. Their feathers were literally of every hue, green predominating.

For a few months all went well. The poultry throve and eggs were plentiful, though very small in size. But they would fetch a penny each in town, and my hostess was in good heart. She had increased her interesting little flock until, large and small and including several batches of chickens, they numbered nearly two hundred and fifty, when one sad day there appeared a disease among them which baffled all her skill. She doctored them in every way she could think of and tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no purpose. They began to die, and within a month not twenty were left, and they looked miserable in the extreme. It was most disheartening, and poultry keeping was given up. The epidemic remained all the time I was in the country.

My host, who was a very industrious man, made a fine kitchen garden down near the river, where the soil was rich and good, and the vegetables grew rapidly and proved to be of excellent flavour, especially the beans; but we had only eaten two or three dishes of these latter when one morning a troop of baboons appeared from the forest hard by and in twenty minutes destroyed or devoured the labours of six months. A large field of maize at some distance from our dwelling shared the same fate. Plainly the farm was not paying its expenses and money was being lost upon it daily, and we all began to feel that things could not go on in this way indefinitely. The baboons were so numerous that their depredations could not be checked. It was no use shooting them: it seemed that for every one shot two would take his place!

Then presently the donkeys—there were thirteen of them—began to die. This was the last straw. The donkeys were our great stand by for draught purposes, the climate not being suitable to horses. It looked as if the farm would have to be abandoned, but my friends, not to be daunted by the difficulties and disappointments they had experienced, determined to give it another trial. But just as they had made up their minds to hold on and hope for better days malarial fever appeared not far off and in a few weeks attacked our household. And there was a case of blackwater fever in our immemediate neighbourhood. Nearly all of us and most of our friends on the next farm were soon down with malarial fever and suffered greatly, several of the patients experiencing repeated attacks of this trying and dangerous malady, and there was no medical man nearer than Nairobi. The youngest son of the house after three attacks became so weak that the doctor urged his immediate return to South Africa, which led to the breaking up of our home.

All my hopes of settling in the country and of laying the foundations of a mission to the Akikuyu were now at an end, and I felt that the only course open to me was to return south likewise. I knew no one in East Africa with whom I could stay, and my age and impaired state of health, not to speak of financial considerations, precluded any attempt to establish a home of my own or to undertake any mission work, and hence it was arranged that I should go down to Natal with my young friend. I was one of the few who had escaped the fever, but I had suffered in other ways, and while on the journey to Mombasa managed to contract sunstroke, probably through my own carelessness. It gave me a good deal of pain, and did not finally leave me until I had been some time in Natal. My hostess followed us to the south soon afterwards, and her husband a few months later, he, poor fellow, to succumb to an attack of pneumonia soon after arriving in Durban, his constitution having been completely undermined by the ravages of malarial fever. And yet, before we went up to East Africa, we were assured that the highlands were quite free from this dreaded disease. And I must add that our experiences were by no means peculiar. Most of the settlers in our neighbourhood suffered as severely as ourselves. Perhaps time may bring an improvement, for in newly settled parts of Africa which are otherwise healthy malarial fever is often a scourge for some years, but becomes less and less of a danger as time goes on, and this has certainly been the case in Rhodesia.

The Government officials of British East Africa have been sometimes severely attacked in the Press and held up to public reprobation. There were doubtless those who deserved it, but they were very few, and it struck me as most unjust to condemn a whole body because of one or two black sheep found in its ranks. I did not meet many officials, but those whose acquaintance I made were men not only of administrative ability but of high personal character. British East Africa is a difficult country to govern. There are even more discordant elements in it than in South Africa, and it is no wonder that it sometimes taxes all the energy and skill of the governing authorities to hold the balance level.

There are many Christian missions scattered over the protectorate, the most numerous being those of the American Evangelical Societies, which are well staffed and equipped. They are of comparatively recent introduction and are especially prominent among the Akikuyu, a field of labour in which there is ample scope for their energies. To the German Lutherans belongs the honour of being the first Christian missionaries in the vast territory which now forms what is called British East Africa. They began their work there long before the British flag waved over any part of it, and have been a powerful influence for good among the Wakamba, not to speak of other tribes.

The Roman Catholic Church is well represented by the Black Fathers (the Order of the Holy Ghost), who are nearly all French. As far as I could learn they had not made many converts among the African tribes, but the fact that so many thousands of Goanese Christians have made East Africa their home gives to their Church a commanding position. That the mission workers are able and devoted men goes without saying.

The English Church has vigorous and well conducted missions established by the Church Missionary Society, and under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Mombasa (Dr. Peel), whose labours are truly apostolic. A portion of his enormous diocese is included in German East Africa, and he told me that when visiting his stations there he sometimes had to wade through swamps nearly three feet deep for a week at a time. All his journeys have to be made on foot, the country being too unhealthy for horses. There are only two white congregations in his diocese, those of Nairobi and Mombasa, but isolated Churchmen are to be found in most of the provinces. Several thousand heathen, mostly Swahilis, have been won to Christ, and their numbers are steadily increasing, and just before my arrival a mission to the Akikuyu had been established in the neighbourhood of Fort Hall. Three devoted men are labouring there, Messrs. Leaky, Cranford (a medical man) and McGregor, and may God bless their labours. That mission will become a bright spot—a centre of light and leading to the multitudes of heathen around.

The Black Fathers have also established a mission to the Akikuyu some fifty miles south of Fort Hall.

But in this protectorate there have been as yet no wonderful conversions to Christianity such as we read of in the northern—Uganda. I was unable to visit

Uganda, but all that I heard about the missions there confirmed what we have read of them in English books and newspapers. The Uganda mission is indeed the wonder of the world, and seems to have been raised up by our Blessed Lord as a barrier against the advancing wave of Mohammedanism from the north. The English Church missions in both protectorates are all under the fostering care of the Church Missionary Society, and are among the chief of its glories. But it must not be forgotten that the Baganda are probably the highest and most progressive of the Bantu nations: certainly they are so as regards receptive power.[1]

I left British East Africa at the end of 1908 and sailed to Durban in a German liner. We touched as usual at several ports, and at one of them, Lourenço Marques, I witnessed a scene which distressed me and which I never wish to behold again. We had on board about twenty Indians from Bombay, respectably dressed men, nearly half of whom were second-class passengers, the remainder being third. When we put into port we were boarded by two officials, one British, representing the Transvaal, the other Portuguese. Our Indians were to land there on their way to Johannesburg, to which place they were returning after a visit to their native country. The two officials proceeded to take the thumb and finger marks of these Indians preparatory to their landing. This was done for purposes of identification, and they could not be permitted to land without undergoing this degrading ordeal. I call it degrading because it is an experience which only criminals are called upon elsewhere under our flag to undergo. It seemed to me that the officials did not particularly relish the duty they had to perform—the Englishman certainly looked bored—and I can well imagine that the whole process was distasteful to them.

---

[1] Since this was written the celebrated "Kikuyu Conference" on Union has been held. I will make no remark upon it except to say that I believe it fraught with danger and that the Bishop of Zanzibar's comments upon it are entirely justified.

I studied the faces of the Indians. Most of them underwent the operation with stolid, inscrutable faces such as these people know how to assume, but there were three who evidently resented the ordeal to which they were being subjected in the presence of their European fellow-passengers. One especially, a carefully dressed elderly man, scrupulously clean and evidently a gentleman, looked indignant when the prints of his fingers were taken. There was an unmistakable flush of resentment upon his features, and one felt that he realized to the full the harshness of the treatment he was receiving—the treatment of a felon. For myself, I was filled with loathing at the whole performance, and felt indignant and sick at heart to think that such things were done under the British flag, and that, too, to our own fellow-subjects. All one's sympathies went out to the refined old man who stood there undergoing that mental torture, and the old Adam rose up so strongly within me that I wished the authors of the Transvaal Act of Parliament had been compelled to stand in his place.

When in Johannesburg, not long afterwards, I related this experience to a friend (not a Dutchman, please observe), and he defended the Act of Parliament on the score of necessity. It was unfortunate, but it had to be done. I asked why ? And the answer was that if the finger marks were not taken those Indians who obtained leave of the Government to visit their belongings in India and return would hand their permit to friends or relations who would enter the Transvaal in place of them, and that the permits were on no account to be transferable.

The answer did not satisfy me, and I said, suppose the men do transfer their permits. What real difference could that make ? Only the same number would return ; and I understand that it is an increase in the number of the Indians that you object to.

But I could not convince my friend, and he was an upright, kind-hearted man, not in the least addicted to racial hatred or injustice. I suppose that like others he had been carried away by the current feeling and excitement, the Indian question being at that time a burning one. I think it has somewhat subsided now,[1] and hope that the finger-print procedure is a thing of the past. If it still exists under the Union Government it is surely a disgrace to the glorious Union Jack, the symbol of justice and freedom.

I can quite understand that any Government has the right to forbid the entrance into its territories of undesirables and criminals and any race of people who would not make good citizens, and I do not think the Transvaal Government blameworthy because they resolved to admit no more Indians into the country. It was for them to judge, and they were within their rights in doing so. But to submit decent, well-conducted men to the ordeal I have described and treat them as criminals seems to me indefensible. Surely it would be better to risk the chance of a transference of permits, which could in no way increase the number of their possessors, than to outrage the feelings of these unfortunate people, who are fellow-citizens with ourselves of the British Empire.

It was pleasant to be again in Natal among old friends, and my stay there after Equatorial experiences was refreshing both to mind and body. For some weeks after I landed when taking a daily walk in the wattle plantations of my old friend Mr. Evan Harries at Mount Merbec I found it difficult to shake off the impression that a lion or leopard or some other wild beast would suddenly appear upon the scene. In spite of myself I was always on my guard, so great is the force of habit. What a delight it was to wander in the woods in perfect safety once more! One felt that life was still worth living.

---

[1] It has become acute again since.

From thence I went to my old parish of Malmesbury in Cape Colony, of which I had had charge nearly forty years before, and some of my experiences in which I have already narrated. I had corresponded with the rector, Mr. Earp Jones, who informed me that there was an overworked European catechist teacher in the village of Hopefield, one of his stations, who would be glad to afford me a welcome, and that he and the congregations there would be grateful for any ministrations I might be able to give them. Accordingly I proceeded to that village, taking up my residence with the Pattisons, the head of which family was lay catechist-in-charge as well as head master of the mission school. There I stayed for a year, taking part, as far as health would allow, in the services, most of which were in Dutch, and giving the people their communion. The rector of Malmesbury had nearly twenty stations under his charge, and though constantly away from head-quarters could not visit these stations, most of them distant, very often. My presence in Hopefield enabled the Church people there to have regular and frequent celebrations of the Holy Eucharist and other spiritual ministrations which only a priest could give, and we spent a happy time together. The work had, of course, grown immensely during the last forty years: the harvest was great, but as elsewhere the labourers were few. Imagine a solitary clergyman being put in charge of an average-sized English county with perhaps a dozen laymen to assist him in his work of shepherding the souls of the people, and more than twenty centres to visit and minister at, and you have some idea of what Malmesbury parish is like. Three-fourths of the coloured population are now Christian, and the great majority of these are Church people: the difficulty is to shepherd them at all adequately. Mr. Earp Jones was doing all he could, was indeed indefatigable, but it was a task altogether beyond the strength of one man. But relief has come at last. As I have mentioned before, the huge parish has been divided, and there are now two parish priests instead of one; but there ought to be six instead of two to minister at all adequately to so many thousands of the faithful scattered over so wide an area. The great difficulty is to find the money for their support, the vast majority of the congregations being farm labourers, coloured people whose earnings are but small, and who are so poor that they are able to give but little towards the support of their priest after raising the greater part of the stipend of their lay teacher. Still, notwithstanding difficulties, financial and other, progress is being made, the offerings of congregations are increasing and the clergy are likewise gradually growing in number.

What is more and more wanted is an indigenous ministry, and the South African bishops, realizing this need, are doing their utmost to supply it as far as opportunities for training and study are concerned, not, I am thankful to say, without success. Besides those of the African races, during the past ten years many young colonists have been ordained, among them no less than four sons of the rector of Malmesbury. What a privilege, to have four sons in the ministry of the Church!

While at Hopefield I paid a visit to Klip Hoek with my friends the Pattisons. Klip Hoek is the name of a large farm about eight miles from the mouth of the Berg river, and the owner of it, Mr. Kotze, a typical Dutch farmer of the better class and a most intelligent and industrious man, is a relative of the Pattisons. Mrs. Kotze is a highly educated lady, and both she and her husband are the soul of hospitality, large-hearted and large-minded people, with no tinge of racial antipathy about them. When Sunday came I was driven over early in the morning to Olifant's Kraal, a farm and trading station three miles distant, having promised the good people there, who were members of the Anglican Church, a service and a celebration of the Holy Communion. They had not had a chance of communicating for more than six months, their place of residence being isolated and far from any of the out-stations of the parish. I held service in their drawing-room, and the service consisted of Matins and Holy Communion with a brief address, together with some hymns. Besides myself there were ten present, and it was noteworthy that I was the only person in the room of English descent. Nine of that little company of the faithful were Dutch or German or German-Dutch Africanders, the tenth a coloured woman. There was not a drop of English blood in any of them, yet they were all members of the Anglican Church. The coloured woman was in service in the family as cook, and was a devout old soul. Her mistress gave her an excellent character, and asked me to permit her to communicate with them, which greatly cheered me, such a request being, I regret to say, by no means as usual as it should be in South Africa. But

Cape people are in that respect better than those of the north. I mention this incident to show that the English Church is by no means limited to white people of English descent, but is becoming more and more in reality what it is in name, the Church of South Africa, though in union and full communion with the mother Church of England.

I spent a happy year at Hopefield, and then duty called me elsewhere, until, after various wanderings and a serious illness, I returned to my old station of Thlotse, where I remained for the greater part of a year helping in small ways the director of the mission.

It was five years since I had left, and there were already several changes with, I hope, some progress. St. Mary's training college for teachers had come to an end, having been amalgamated with the training school at Masite; but something even more necessary and conducive to the well being of the mission had taken its place. Its buildings now formed St. Mary's Home, the convent of the Sisters of our diocesan order of St. Michael and All Angels. It had been my hope and prayer for many long years that a branch of that community might be established at Thlotse, and now I saw those hopes and prayers fulfilled. The Sisters had been there for a year when I returned, and had already made their mark, becoming more and more a power for good to the native women and girls; and one cannot doubt that their elevating influence will go on extending and increasing. They will be the right hand of the mission, and I rejoice to think of it. They were already learning the native language, and one of them had made remarkable progress in it. Noble, true-hearted women with a great love of the souls for whom Christ died, may He

BISHOP HICKS' GRAVE, MASERU, BASUTOLAND.

BASUTO CHILDREN.

pour His benedictions upon them and abundantly bless their labours.

Not long before my return my old and very dear friend, Archdeacon Balfour, had been consecrated Assistant Bishop of Bloemfontein, having the congregations in the eastern part of the diocese assigned to his care. He had made Thlotse his head-quarters, and built himself a substantial stone rondavel in the old garden, and his elevation to the episcopate marks a step forward in the organization of the Basutoland Church. Some day, please God, Basutoland will form a separate diocese and have a bishop of its own, like Zululand. The Bishop of Bloemfontein (Dr. Chandler) is alive to this need, and is working energetically towards the establishment of the new see.

I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing a new and fine-toned bell which my old friend Mr. John Hart had generously given to the mission. Mr. Hart's name is well known to English Churchmen in connection with the Ecclesiastical Arts Exhibition held annually at the Church Congress, and it is under his hospitable roof that I am writing these lines. His gift was a timely and valuable one, and may God bless him for it. The old bell—a very poor thing, the sound of which could not be heard at any distance, and the music of which was not unlike that of a stone struck against the tire of a wheel, had been removed to the out-station of S. George's Nyabanyaba.

The Government hospital, of which I had been privileged to lay the foundation stone six years before, was now completed and in full working order. It is a handsome building, furnished with the latest appliances, and is under the charge of a skilful surgeon, Dr. MacFarlane, and a staff of lady nurses trained in England. It contains forty beds, and is often full. What a boon to the Basuto! And indeed they appreciate it and are grateful for it.

This is one of five similar institutions erected by the Basutoland Government during recent years, and I was rejoiced to learn that a leper asylum was about to be established in the country further to the south. Certainly the Basutoland Government has done much during the last quarter of a century to promote the well-being of the nation. Not only have hospitals worthy of the name been erected, but also a large and adequately equipped industrial school at Maseru, the capital, where some fifty Basuto lads are taught various useful trades, such as carpentry, blacksmith's work and stone-cutting. Skilled English mechanics train the lads, and a great deal of excellent work has already been turned out, so that the institution is well on the way to self-support. This important venture has proved to be a distinct success and owes much to the care and discrimination of its superintendent, the Rev. Canon Fogarty, a priest of the diocese of Bloemfontein.

It is worthy of mention that there is an older but smaller industrial school of a like kind in the south of the Lesuto established by the Paris Evangelical Mission, and that it, too, has produced some very good work and is an excellent institution.

In the cemetery at Maseru lie buried the earthly remains of the late Bishop of Bloemfontein, Dr. Hicks. John Wale Hicks was one of the most learned men—perhaps the most learned man—that ever set foot upon African soil. He was great in almost every department of learning: in the physical sciences (including botany), in mathematics, in medicine and surgery, in the classics, in theology, in philosophy, in languages, in canon law, in liturgiology. I have known many learned men, but have never met his equal. He was an M.D. of London and a gold medallist before proceeding to his theological and other studies at Cambridge, and a reference to the pages of Crockford will show his long list of honours at that university. Yet this Cambridge don gave up the brilliant prospects before him to come out in obedience to the call of the Church to shepherd a poor and scattered flock in a remote corner of Africa. The intellectual delights and dignified position and comparative ease and leisure naturally dear to a man of his tastes and attainments were willingly exchanged for a life of pastoral toils and travels over rough roads and mountain bridle-paths, and that, too, when already past middle life. He bore the hardness without a murmur, and became a true Father-in-God to his diocese. He was greatly revered, and it was beautiful to see him conversing in the most fatherly way with the natives at our mission stations. He laid hold of their hearts, and they loved him.

But the administration of such a huge diocese and the strenuous labours, physical and mental, which it involved were too much for him, and he died, worn out with toil, at Maseru, just on the eve of the outbreak of the great war. He had been our chief pastor for only seven years, but they were long enough for him to make an abiding mark for good upon his diocese. He was a Devonshire man, and the beautiful memorial cross standing upon his grave is of Devonshire granite.

Basutoland has been fortunate in its officials, and the present Resident Commissioner, Sir Herbert Sloley, who is virtually the governor of the country, thoroughly maintains the best traditions, and is universally respected by both Europeans and natives. To the latter he has been a wise and sagacious counsellor, often by good advice and firmness restraining the more restive and perverse among the younger chiefs from blood feuds and quarrels, which if indulged in would go far to destroy the peace of the nation.

Thlotse has recently suffered a loss through the promotion of its Assistant Commissioner, Mr. J. C. Macgregor, who has been appointed Government Secretary of Bechuanaland. That loss will, I am sure, be severely felt, for he was not only an able and impartial magistrate, but also a devoted Churchman full of sympathy to the mission, he and his being ever ready to help forward its work in any way in their power.

More workers are urgently needed in the Basutoland mission field, and the greatest need of all is that of clergy; men on fire with the love of Christ, who will give their lives to the evangelization of the heathen. No earthly reward is to be looked for, but such men will not seek it or think of it. There are in England, thanks be to God, many such men. Why do not more of them come to South Africa? We need to pray more than we do for an increase of the missionary spirit in the mother Church of England. There has been a great increase of that spirit during the last half century, but it has not yet moved the whole Church. The Church in the homeland has not yet as a whole realized its missionary responsibilities. When it does, many more of its clergy will press forward into the mission field. The Church needs rousing. It must "wake up" if it is to be faithful to the call of its Great Head.

Some inspiring words of Canon Tupper Carey spoken at the Summer School of the S.P.G., held at York in 1912,[1] deal with this subject more powerfully and persuasively than any words of mine could, and I venture to quote them. He said, " What we need at the present moment is not more meetings, not better organization, but more real, living, earnest, united prayer. We have got the power of moving the world, and we are not moving it. Service after service takes place with large congregations; Eucharist after Eucharist is celebrated every day and week, but no mention is made in the majority of churches of the work for which our Lord Jesus Christ came into the world and for which He died. We have got the power to shift the world, and yet we are scarcely using it. The first condition of effective prayer is to wait upon God. In the language of the telephone we have to ' get on to God.' And the only way to do that is by silent prayer, quiet waiting. ' Be still then, and know that I am God.' The Apostles had to wait for the power of Pentecost. They did not go forth at once to preach, but simply waited for the power to come down on them. If we want to get these powers we, too, must wait." . . . " I have often had a congregation of perhaps six or seven hundred people on their knees for ten minutes in absolute silence, and the effect was wonderful. I had a similar experience at Liverpool at the Student Volunteer Conference. Before every meeting a bell was rung and everybody was silent for five minutes. I am quite certain that gave an atmosphere to the whole conference. At the end of the speeches we sometimes stopped for ten minutes for silent prayer. The whole meeting of four thousand people was absolutely still for ten minutes, and you could feel the vibrations of spiritual power passing through the assembly. It was the most eloquent thing I have ever come across. I am convinced that if we want to pray properly we must be quite still and silent and realize the presence of God. Before every prayer we must be still. Often it is better not to say anything at all, but simply let God speak to us. Prayer for opponents of foreign missions is also prayer in Christ's Name. Our Lord Jesus Christ told us to pray for our enemies. Such prayers must be prayers in His Name. Pray for churchwardens and others who fail to support foreign missions because they do not like to see money going out of the parish. Pray for the many who hinder missionary work by their lives at home and abroad. The only thing to do is to pray for the people who oppose foreign missions. It is of very little use to argue with them. More and more must we learn to pray for our opponents. Prayer with others is the most effective missionary prayer." "The Holy Communion is *the* great prayer meeting of the Church. It has always been so. Let us then at every communion never forget to pray for the extension of the Kingdom of God, until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. 'Thy Kingdom come.'"

---

[1] Cf., *Mission Field,* November, 1912.

CHAPTER X

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: ITS CAUSES

Misconceptions—Two chief causes: Ultimate and Proximate—Ultimate: the two Ideals—The Southern Ideal: Equal rights to all civilized men—Illustrations of its working—Difficulty of drawing a Colour Line in the Western Province—Illustrations of this—The Northern Ideal—The Boer Pioneers—The Ideal as reduced to practice—The individual Englishman and the English Government—Summary—Proximate cause of the war—Johannesburg and the Uitlanders—Corruption—The clashing of the two ideals—The Hegemony of South Africa.

> "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation."
> *St. Luke* xi. 17.

WHAT was it that caused the Anglo-Boer war? What were the reasons that justified, if they did justify, the colossal conflict which raged throughout the whole sub-continent from the Zambesi almost down to Table Bay, and from the Indian Ocean to the frontiers of German South-West Africa? Why was it that the whole land should witness the appalling spectacle of hosts of armed men—all of them white men—intent on shedding each other's blood? Why should red ruin and fire and sword rage throughout South Africa for nearly three years, bringing devastation and destruction in their train and even inciting brother to fight against brother? The whole of the vast continent had never seen anything like it before, and will, we hope, never see its like again. What were its causes?

There were, I think, several, but they may be resolved into two: an *Ultimate* cause and a *Proximate.*

But before dealing with these it may be well to sweep away one or two misconceptions and delusions concerning this mighty struggle.

If the question were asked, what caused the war? there are people who would at once answer, "Johannesburg and its capitalists." Others would say, "Chamberlain and Rhodes engineered it." Others again, "The land-grabbing British Government brought it on in order to obtain possession of the largest and richest goldfields in the world."

Such ideas were current in England a few years ago among a certain number of intelligent, just-minded men, notably among those who are denominated Little Englanders, and they may be current still. They derived their origin mainly from Boer sources, and little or no credence was given to them by the English colonists of South Africa.

For my own part I regard them as delusions. I do not believe that, mighty as the power of money is in these days and menace as it is to the peace and well-being of mankind, it would have been able to bring to pass the Anglo-Boer war. Something even mightier and more potent than the power of the purse was needed to do that.

Many well-meaning but not well-informed people, especially those moving in Liberal circles, thought the war unjust, or at least regarded it as hard to justify. When they looked at the mighty power of England and contrasted it with the weakness of the two insignificant republics against which we were arrayed, they thought of the parable of the wolf and the lamb. They had but a vague knowledge of the Boers, and regarded a Boer as a simple-minded, God-fearing, pious peasant, who never told a lie and did not know the value of money. South Africans of any kind or description hardly think that. They know that Brother Boer, to begin with, is not, as a rule, a peasant, but a landowner—what would be called in England a squire. It is true, many of this race have fallen from their former high estate and become poor and are no longer owners of land or even tenants of farms, but mere squatters; while others are huddled together in towns where they earn at best a precarious livelihood; but nevertheless the great majority are still landowners, and indeed three-fourths of the land in the greater part of South Africa is still in their hands.

Whether the Boer is more simple-minded and God-fearing and pious than other Christians is an open question. He may be: I will not assert the contrary. Whether he is an eminently truthful being is, I think, more doubtful, but that he has a considerable idea of the value of money I am quite sure. Let there be no mistake. I am saying nothing against the Boers, among whom I have personal friends, and many of whom are excellent people whom it is a pleasure to meet and associate with. I am only protesting that they are not gods or paragons of perfection. And if anyone should think me prejudiced, I should be quite ready to accept the verdict of business men who have been brought into contact with them and had dealings with them for, say, a period of ten years. No: Boers are like other men; good, bad and indifferent. They are by no means the salt of the earth.

Did the English Government cause the war in order that England might grab the goldfields? If they did they surely went to work about it in the most preposterous way. To reduce the number of troops in the country until only a handful remained, and then when they heard of Boer preparations for a struggle to send a few regiments from India or elsewhere, not to the western borders of the Transvaal but to Natal; to mobilize no forces at home and make no preparation whatever for war, not even down to the drawing of an accurate map of the country, was certainly not the way in which the Transvaalers were to be vanquished and the goldfields annexed to the British Empire. The English Government may be foolish, but it is not so foolish as that. It did not wish for war, and had no adequate idea of what was impending.

Neither could Mr. Chamberlain have made the war. Had he been bent upon doing so he would have had to convert the cabinet to his views, and his influence would have been apparent in the preparation of troops, arms and supplies for the coming campaign. But, as everyone knows, nothing of that kind was done.

But "the capitalists of Johannesburg engineered it." Did they? They might have wished to, though there is no clear evidence of it. They were for a long time not at all inclined to take up the cudgels in favour of the Uitlanders and remained aloof from their movement, and it was only when they marked the clear trend of the daily increasing agitation that they thought it prudent to go with the flowing stream.

No; the capitalists, influential as they were, did not make the war; and for this simple reason: they could not do so. Money will do a great deal, but it could not have moved the whole English element in South Africa. Capitalists, as such, are not loved by South Africans, either Dutch or English, and their influence, however powerful, would never have caused almost all the English everywhere to sympathize heart and soul with the

Uitlanders of the Transvaal in the struggle for what they considered their just rights.

We fall back upon Mr. Rhodes, whose name after the indefensible and fatuous Jameson Raid stank in the nostrils of the whole Dutch community. So much was this the case that he was regarded by thousands of the more uneducated as the cause of every evil from which the country suffered from the time that he rose to power. Yes, even including the rinderpest. When that dire disease was carrying off vast numbers of cattle daily an unlettered Boer said to me, " Mijnheer, it is that Rhodes. He is the cause of it all. Why is our unfortunate land plagued with such pests as he ? "

And we must remember that for some years Rhodes was not altogether trusted by the English party. They were proud of him, but did not understand his policy. They were entirely with him in his plans for a northern extension beyond the Limpopo into what is now called Rhodesia, but they looked askance at his coquetting (as they thought) with the Afrikander Bond. His heart was in the North. His one object was to extend " the red line " in that direction and block Germany or possibly the Transvaal from acquiring it, knowing full well that should the German Emperor obtain a footing there as he had round Walvisch Bay a ring fence would be erected round the British possessions, and that sooner or later the German power would be supreme everywhere north of the Orange. The advance of the red line northwards was the passion of his life, and it was only after he had secured Rhodesia for the Empire that he troubled much about the Uitlanders. He might perhaps have had ulterior motives in turning his attention to them ; indeed it is likely, since he and President Kruger were the two outstanding and most influential personalities in South Africa, and they represented two very different political ideals. But there is no evidence that he endeavoured to bring about a war between Great Britain and the two republics. The Raid had stained his political reputation, rightly or wrongly, and from henceforth he took but little part in politics. His energies were all concentrated on Rhodesia. Moreover, he did not believe there would be war. Up to the last he maintained that President Kruger was only bluffing. So immersed was he in northern problems that he had not marked the rising war tide in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, or, if he had, did not attach sufficient importance to it. He was mistaken, as the event proved.

No ; the war was not made by any of these : it had its origin in other causes and was in truth inevitable. To all human seeming it was bound to take place sooner or later.

As I have said, it had its Ultimate cause and its Proximate. What were these two causes ?

I. Its Ultimate cause was the existence of two essentially different political and social ideals which in the long run were bound to clash ; and the clash would mean war. There is to my mind no escape from this conclusion. These two ideals were already in conflict, and the struggle between them, if continued, could only end in war ; and such a war as South Africa had never seen. One or other must triumph and be supreme in the sub-continent.

II. The Proximate cause of the war was the Uitlander grievances. History shows us that great issues have often been fought out over seemingly small and even trivial details. The greatest controversy the Christian Church has ever known, the struggle with Arianism in the fourth century, concentrated itself upon a single letter, the letter " i " in the Greek word for *substance* (essence) as applied to our Lord Jesus Christ in the Creed. The Creed put forth by the Fathers of Nicæa contained the word *homo-ousios*, of *the same substance or essence.* That is to say, the Nicene Creed asserted the Deity of our Lord in the fullest and most complete sense: He is of one substance or essence with God the Father. The Arian party denied this fundamental Christian truth, and would not receive or recite the Creed. But some among the more moderate—the Semi-Arians, as they were called, were willing to receive the Nicene Confession of Faith if a tiny alteration were made in a single word of it. If *homo-ousios* were changed into *homoi-ousios* that would meet their wishes, and there would be peace. But the Catholics or orthodox could not adopt the suggestion. To do so would be to surrender their whole position and betray their faith in the Deity of their Lord. For whereas *homo-ousios* meant of *one* or the *same* substance, *homoi-ousios* meant of *like* substance. That little " i " made all the difference in the world. The essential difference between the Catholic and Arian beliefs, the true and the false, was concentrated in that single letter; and the unerring instinct of the Church, guided by God the Holy Ghost, felt it to be so. *Homoi-ousios* was rejected by the orthodox, who saw that it would be destructive of the right belief in the Deity of Christ. It would not be a true statement of the doctrine of the Incarnation as the Church had ever held and taught it: it would destroy the unity of the Godhead as well as dishonour Christ. And accordingly the " i " was rejected.

Great numbers of onlookers did not realize the gravity of the issue, and were angry or scornful at the Christian world being convulsed over such a seemingly trivial distinction as that between the two words, and even in modern times eminent men have not always realized that the distinction, though it hung on a letter, was vital. Gibbon did not, and treated the difference with a sneer. A profound thinker like Carlyle did not in his younger days recognize the gravity of the issue, and made light of a controversy of such magnitude about a single letter. But he lived to realize his mistake, and in his mature years owned, with his accustomed fearlessness and honesty, that he had been mistaken, and that the Church was right after all.

So with the Great War. Vast issues were at stake, and the immediate cause of the clash of swords was what seemed to many in England and elsewhere a paltry question which concerned a handful of Englishmen in Johannesburg.

I. But what were these two ideals, so radically different, which were the *Ultimate* causes of the conflict ?

It is somewhat difficult to find an exact or adequate name for either of them. Were we to say that they were the English ideal and the Boer ideal it would not be strictly true, since there were many among the Dutch, especially in the Cape Colony, who differed from the " Boer " ideal, and some Englishmen, especially in the republics, who differed from that generally maintained by their own race.

It would be invidious to call them the Kruger and Rhodes ideals, though that would perhaps be a truer designation.

Let us denominate them the Northern and the Southern ideals, meaning by Northern the ideal of the great majority of European people north of the Orange river, and by Southern that of the Cape Colony and its rulers.

(i.) The Southern ideal owed its conception to the influence of English thought and English methods of government. It did not exist in the old days of Dutch East India Company dominion; it came from England after the annexation of the Cape in 1806, and took root and waxed stronger year by year until it had attained a supremacy in the minds and consciences of the vast majority of the community. And it did so because it was felt to be a just ideal of government.

The abolition of slavery, the establishment of Government-aided schools for all classes and races and the consequent spread of education, the granting of local self-government, the even-handed justice meted out by magistrates and courts of law: these, together with other influences resulting from union with the mother land, all combined to foster and strengthen the Southern ideal. This ideal may be fitly summarized in the words of Mr. Rhodes—"*Equal rights to all civilized men.*"

In Cape Colony all were equal in the eyes of the law. There was no recognition of colour as such and no special legislation for natives, except in the eastern districts and the Transkei, where the native tribes are still in a primitive condition and mainly governed by their own laws and customs.

The franchise in both Eastern and Western Provinces was granted irrespective of colour, and was low, perhaps too low. In after years when Rhodes was Premier he amended and raised it by making it educational; that is to say, a man who wishes to claim a vote and exercise his rights of citizenship must not only possess some small amount of property or be in receipt of a fixed wage, but must be able to fill in his voting-paper and sign his name to it. Nearly all men of European descent are enrolled, or could be so if they wished, together with a sprinkling of coloured men and a small number of natives.

When I speak of natives I mean the aboriginal races, which are now almost entirely Bantu—Kafirs, as they are commonly called. The very few pure Hottentots or Namaquas in Little Namaqualand or elsewhere do not count, their numbers being so insignificant; and as regards bushmen, they are practically extinct in Cape Colony; indeed very few of them are to be found anywhere.

By coloured is meant, as I have before remarked, the mixed races; those, that is, with a strain of white blood in their veins mingled with Asiatic or African or both. The number of these coloured people in the two provinces of Cape Colony is very large, especially in the Western Province, and embraces every shade of colour from all but pure white downwards. Their language is the local Dutch. Many of them are more or less educated, some few highly so, and speak English, having learnt it at school. Some of these people are skilled in various handicrafts and are in many ways intelligent and capable, but the great majority are agricultural or other labourers or domestic servants.

The Malays, who are Mohammedan in religion and number over twenty thousand, and who are mostly found in and around Cape Town, are also classed as coloured people. They, too, are no longer pure blooded, many of them having a strain of white or African blood in their veins.

The Cape Colony Government have always made grants for the education of these people, not perhaps so large as pure justice might have demanded, but still, large enough to show their recognition of their duty towards them; and considerable grants are also made to the native schools in the Transkei, as well as to training and industrial institutions. The Government have gone on the just principle that as natives and coloured people, who form the majority of the population, pay rates and taxes and contribute their share—no mean one—to the revenue of the country, they are entitled to some return in the way of educational grants. In short, we may say that the Cape Government have really striven to "take up the white man's burden" and give the coloured man a chance.

And surely that is but fair and just. Give him a chance to use the faculties and powers with which the Creator has endowed him. He does not need more or desire more. He ought not to have less. And he ought not to be petted. Petting is not good for him, and as a missionary I am glad to say that the Cape has never indulged in this.

There is, as far as I know, only one blot on the Cape escutcheon, and that is that prohibitive liquor laws apply only to the natives in the Transkeian territories. In both of the old provinces of the Colony coloured people are free to purchase alcoholic liquors. It is generally believed that this is due to the influence of the wine farmers. In any case it is, I venture to think, a shortcoming on the part of the legislature to permit these people to indulge in strong drink. They are as a class unable to withstand its temptations, with the result that drunkenness with all its attendant miseries is rife among them in many districts of the older parts of the Colony. The majority of them wish for prohibition, and there is a growing conviction on the part of the whites that more stringent liquor legislation is becoming urgently necessary. One must remember that beer (English or colonial) and cider are but little drunk in South Africa, especially by people of colour. The Malays drink beer, it being against their creed to indulge in wine or spirits; but the liquor of other men of colour is usually "Cape Smoke," or in the wine districts a so-called light wine, fortified with spirit.

As to religion, there is no State Church. There is a fair field and no favour for every denomination of Christians, and surely that is all that Christianity needs. The Anglican Church, like other Christian bodies, is, as we have seen, entirely free from the trammels of State control, and I for one thank God that such is the case.

"Equal rights for all civilized men"; that is the Southern ideal, Colour as such does not come into the question. And indeed in Cape Colony it would be difficult, if not impossible, at least in the west, to introduce any colour legislation affecting the rights of citizenship or the franchise: and, for this reason, you cannot draw a colour line there. The colours shade off by almost imperceptible degrees from white to black, and many white people have dark blood in their veins without in the least suspecting it. Certainly there are numbers of people of every walk in life who take rank as whites who are undoubtedly dark in colour. If they are in the upper classes of society their colour is condoned or winked at because of their wealth and education and social position, and when referred to it is spoken of as Portuguese, though sometimes one hears it called with downright bluntness, "a dash of the tar brush."

But of late years an attempt has been made to draw a colour line in the public schools. No white child is now permitted to enter a mission school and no coloured child is allowed to attend a public school, the latter being rigidly restricted to whites only. Such is the new rule put forth by the Education Department.

I must here explain that the mission schools, though receiving grants in aid, are almost all connected with some religious denomination; and religious teaching, subject, of course, to a conscience clause, is given in all of them; while the public schools for whites resemble in status the "provided" schools of England, though the ministers of the various Churches have the right of entry to them in order to give "Bible teaching."[1]

This regulation of the Education Department has lately been enforced by a judgment of the Supreme Court of the colony, but it is sometimes found very difficult to apply it. As an illustration of this difficulty let me adduce the following incident which occurred in a village where I happened to be staying two years ago.

The Government inspector came to inspect the mission school, and noticing a white child among the others, who were all coloured, he asked how it was that he had been admitted, reminding the head teacher that the Department had laid it down that no whites were to be admitted to a mission school, and that such schools were intended for coloured children only.

The head teacher replied that he knew the regulation, but could not always apply it. The inspector said he did not see any great difficulty, upon which the teacher called to him a little girl, light in colour to be sure, but still unmistakably coloured, and asked the inspector whether he regarded the child as coloured or white. "Oh, as coloured," was the reply. "The colour is unmistakable."

The teacher told him that the girl was the sister of the white boy. The parents of both were the same, and the boy would be refused entrance to the public school on the ground that one of his parents was coloured. The girl, too, if expelled from the mission school would not be admitted to the public school on account of her colour ; and thus, unless allowed to remain in the mission school, neither of the two would be able to obtain any education at all !

---

[1] Quite recently they have been permitted to teach the truths contained in the Apostles' Creed.

The inspector owned the difficulty, and being a just man and possessed of common sense, decided that the boy should remain where he was. I will cite another case of the same kind which did not take place under my own observation, but for which I had excellent authority.

At a certain high school for girls in an important educational centre there was among the pupils a bright and intelligent girl, who had gained the affection of her teachers by her winning manners and uniformly good conduct, so much so that she was regarded as quite a model child. She was about thirteen years of age, and one day during the play hour, when the other girls were at their games, she was observed to leave the playground and go into a part of the garden near the side entrance. The head mistress happened to be passing at the time, and saw this model damsel open the gate and let in a coloured lad apparently a little older than herself, and converse with him in the most familiar manner. The lady stood rooted to the spot in amazement. She watched them for some time, and her amazement increased when she saw them kiss each other before parting ! She could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes. It was too terrible. She was so troubled that she knew not what to do, but finally decided that she had better let the Lady Principal know what she had seen. She did so, and great was that lady's horror likewise. All their confidence in the girl was shattered.

She was no longer the model child of the school, of which they were all so proud, but a sly little hypocrite of the coarsest kind! It was dreadful to think of!

Calling the girl to them, the head mistress narrated what she had seen, and asked her how she could possibly be so wicked as to hold secret intercourse with a boy, and that a boy of colour, and even allow him to kiss her and actually to kiss him in return! They were shocked beyond words at her conduct, and she would have to be expelled from the school. Whereupon the poor child burst into tears and stammered out, "But he is my *brother!*"

It appeared that he had come to town with a friend and, naturally, wished to see his sister. Knowing the feeling against colour, he had not dared to call and ask to see her. He wished to shield her. She was so white that everyone who did not know took her to be of white parentage, and she was admitted to the school on that supposition. The school authorities had never seen her parents, who lived at a farm in a remote district, but had simply corresponded with her mother. The boy, fully aware of all this, had sent a note to his sister, telling her he was in town and asking her to meet him at the gate of the side entrance. Hence the meeting.

Think what the poor girl suffered! Think of the anguish of such an accusation! She sobbed so much and seemed so heart-broken that the ladies were greatly distressed and endeavoured in every way they could to comfort her. But the sting must have remained for a long time.

It appeared that one of her parents was white and the other slightly coloured. They were educated people of means and position, or they would not have been able to pay the fees of a high school of that kind, one of the foremost in South Africa.

So much for the colour problem and its difficulties.

(ii.) Now let us cross the Orange and the Vaal and ask, " What was the Northern Ideal ? "

I have never heard a definition of it. As far as I know it has never been rounded off into a crisp, convenient phrase like that of the South.

It seems to me that in order to get a clear conception of it we must bear in mind the fact that the Dutch pioneers (Boers, i.e. literally, farmers) who founded the two republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal (or South African Republic), though living in the middle of the nineteenth century, were largely imbued with the political, social and religious ideas of the seventeenth. They were in these ways and in others two centuries behind their time.

Their religion was Calvinistic and coloured their whole life. Calvinistic theories pervaded their whole social economy, and these theories were translated as far as possible into action. Even to-day the great majority of them are Calvinists in their conception of Christian doctrine, in fact almost the only real Calvinists left in the world. The only others to be compared with them are the small remnant of the Free Church of Scotland (the " Wee Frees ") still existing in the Highlands of Scotland.

We all know that the dogmatic standards of the Presbyterian Churches are Calvinistic, but we know also that they have virtually become a dead letter in most parts of the world and that pure unadulterated Calvinism is now hardly ever preached or practised. Even in South Africa it is in these days not often brought into prominence. A saner and sounder view of the meaning of Holy Scripture, and especially of the writings of the Apostle Paul, has generally come to prevail, for which we may be thankful. But fifty, sixty, seventy years ago it was different, especially in South Africa. The Boers were then penetrated with the conviction that they were the predestinated and elect people of God, and when they trekked northwards they acted on that conviction. The constitutions of the two states they founded bear witness to the fact, and their dealings with the aboriginal tribes emphasize it.

They left the Cape Colony in the 'thirties and 'forties in disgust at the liberation of their slaves and the small compensation they received for the loss of them, and also in dislike of that Southern Ideal of which we have spoken and which had been introduced by England soon after her acquisition of the Cape, and they went forward into what was then a new world with the fixed intention of setting up a Government of their own which should bear the impress of the religious, political and social ideals with which they were imbued. They did not attempt to set up a definite system of slavery. Many of them were just and humane men who had seen and marked its evils, and all of them knew that though they had, as they thought, escaped from the tyranny and misgovernment of England, that Government would never permit them to enslave the natives around. But, as I have said, they believed that without doubt they were the chosen people of God, and they naturally felt that whatever political or religious polity they might adopt must be in accord with that fundamental conviction.

Regarding themselves as the Israel of God in South Africa, what was their outlook upon others ? How did they regard them, and what was to be their policy towards them ? There were few, if any, Englishmen in these new regions, except perhaps a solitary Christian missionary here and there at great distances apart. There was a small mission party to the east in Basutoland (then independent territory under the sway of the renowned Moshesh), but these were not English. They were French Protestants, men from France, and Presbyterians like themselves.

Native tribes were scattered about all around, and the new-comers were soon brought face to face with them. How did they regard them ? They regarded them much as the Israelites of old did the Canaanites. But they did not propose to exterminate them or even to enslave them. They believed that Almighty God had destined them to be " hewers of wood and drawers of water " for His own people. And when the heathen tribes, fearing the advent of these formidable white men, armed as they were with new and deadly weapons, proceeded to make war upon them and drive them back to the regions from whence they had come, the Boers, whenever they gained the victory (as was usually the case), took care to divide their lands into farms and appropriate them to themselves. Naturally, the spoils were to the victors.

Partly because of the extermination of the Bechuana tribes by Moselekatsi not long before, which left many parts of what is now the Orange Free State uninhabited or almost so, and partly by their own victorious arms, it was not long ere the pioneers succeeded in occupying a large amount of territory and setting up the republic they were bent upon forming. Their procedure calls to mind the doings of a section of the so-called Pilgrim Fathers of New England in the seventeenth century—not those of the " Mayflower," who really were apostles of the freedom of worship and whose rule was marked by a broad-minded toleration, but of other Puritans who followed them to the New World. History records how these latter dealt with the American Indians and their lands.

They held an assembly and, after prayer and exhortation by their ministers, passed the following brief but conclusive resolutions :

1. Resolved, that the Lord hath given the earth to His saints.

2. That we are the saints of the Lord.

Acting upon these "godly" resolutions, they fell upon the Indians, smote them hip and thigh and took possession of their lands.

Under the constitution of the two republics no native could own land, nor could he engage in business ; and, of course, he could not possess the franchise.

As to education, while the Government made liberal grants to the public schools, which were exclusively white, not a penny was voted to the mission schools which had been established by the various Christian bodies in the country. This was the case in both republics.

In the Transvaal natives were not even permitted by law to marry, or rather, their marriages, though solemnized by a Christian minister, were not recognized, and were therefore invalid in law. The law altogether ignored such marriages ; and this continued until only a few years before the Great War. After the dioceses of Bloemfontein and Pretoria had been established and the Church of South Africa began its mission work in the republics, the evils of such a state of things soon became apparent, since it was possible for a Christian native to be married by a priest with the rites of the Church north of the Vaal, and then, should he quarrel with his wife or get tired of her, desert her and go south to Thaba ’Nchu or elsewhere and represent himself to be a bachelor and marry again. Though guilty of bigamy, no law could touch him. The only thing the Church could do was to censure him publicly and if he did not repent excommunicate him. And this she did.

The Bloemfontein Diocesan Synod passed resolutions on the subject and memorialized the Transvaal Government, entreating them to recognize by law the marriage of natives in a Christian Church, but their efforts were unavailing to remove this scandal and injustice until, by the kindly offices of the State Attorney of the Orange Free State and the Chief Justice of the Cape Colony (Lord de Villiers), such moral pressure was brought to bear upon the Transvaal authorities that a Native Marriage Act was at length passed. But—I do not like to say characteristically—the Act was so clogged with provisos and the marriage registration fees were so heavy that for practical purposes it largely remained a dead letter.

Before the war the Government of the South African Republic received something like half a million per annum from the natives in the shape of direct taxation (principally hut tax), besides a still larger amount through indirect, yet not a farthing was spent upon their education, nor was anything done by the State to give them the chance of in any way bettering their position or developing the talents with which the Creator had endowed them. The one idea was to “ keep the native in his place.” In effect he was told that he must be thankful to be permitted to live at all in what had been his own country, and to pay the hut tax and other taxes imposed upon him by the white man. Stake or interest in the country he was to have none. Providence had graciously ordained him to be the servant of his white masters—a hewer of wood and drawer of water to his life's end. And his children were to be the same.

Things were a little better in the Orange Free State. There were fewer natives there, and though they were under many restrictions and had no vote and nothing was done for their education, they were not ill-treated or oppressed. And their marriage was recognized by law.

There was also a mission of the State Church (the Dutch Reformed) in the north-eastern corner of the republic at Witzie's Hoek, established in that district among the Basuto soon after Basutoland was proclaimed British territory by Sir Philip Wodehouse in 1869. Sir Philip, in laying down the boundaries of this newly acquired possession, reserved the Witzie's Hoek portion of what had been Basutoland for the Boers, and assigned it to them on condition that the Free State Government should establish a Christian mission there. The Government honourably kept its promise and annually voted the money needed for the support of the work.

In accordance with their views and convictions the pioneers established their religion in the republics they founded. The Dutch Reformed Church (Presbyterian in its constitution and Calvinistic in its doctrinal standards) was the religion of the State, and as such its ministers (predikanten) were granted an annual allowance of about £300 (in the O. F. S.) from the public funds, that allowance being augmented by the offerings of the congregation. Other Christian denominations were tolerated and began to appear soon after the advent of Englishmen and Germans, but their ministers received no pecuniary assistance from the State until, as time went on, a small block grant of £250 per annum was made by the Free State to the Anglican Church and a similar one (I think) to the Wesleyans, while £100 per annum was granted to the Roman Catholics. These were the total grants to the Uitlander congregations.

Under the wise and broad-minded guidance of President Brand, who, as I have before remarked, was a Cape Town man by birth, the Orange Free State was noted for a broader and more liberal policy than its northerly neighbour, though it could hardly be said to be a "model republic" with regard to the fulfilment of its duties to the aboriginal tribes brought under its control.

I have said that the pioneers whenever they waged war with the natives and subdued them invariably appropriated their lands. Holding the views they did we cannot wonder at it. Calvinistic theories are irreconcilable with justice. That is one of their inherent defects. They make God Himself unjust, and it is no wonder that the Boers possessed no adequate idea of justice between man and man, especially when that man happened to have a coloured skin. England, on the contrary, in wars with the Kafirs, seldom proceeded to the length of confiscating their territories. She chastised them and thought that sufficient. There were exceptions to the rule, British Kaffraria being one of them, but they were few.

This reminds me of a little scene of which I was witness in the mid 'eighties at Touws River station in Cape Colony. I was standing on the platform awaiting the arrival of the train, which was somewhat late, when I noticed at the farther end of it (it was a very long platform) a small group of people listening to a man who was apparently addressing them in earnest, almost impassioned language. So I thought I would go up and listen too. I found that the speaker was a Home Ruler —Home Rule was much in evidence at that time—and that he was enlarging on the wickedness and cruelty of England in having again and again, especially in Cromwell's time, not only oppressed the Irish people but confiscated their lands. And England had done this after barbarously slaughtering thousands of their best manhood. And as a result, the Irish peasantry of to-day were poor and downtrodden and landless, and almost homeless. They had not only been deprived of their farms and other possessions, but actually had to pay a crushing rent to the spoilers who had robbed them; so brutal was the Saxon in his dealings with them. One was familiar with the theme.

The man spoke very well, and plied his audience with facts which appeared to be incontrovertible. By his speech I concluded that he was himself a son of the "distressful isle," and he ended by saying what I expected—that his own forebears had suffered in that way and that their broad acres were now in the hands of grasping and heartless foreigners, meaning, of course, Englishmen, or rather the descendants of Englishmen.

When he had finished his harangue I heard a voice say, "May I ask you a question?" The answer was, "Yes, certainly." And the questioner, who spoke with an unmistakable Cockney accent, asked, "Are you not Mr. 'Blank,' and do you not live at 'Blank' farm about three hours off?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But what has that to do with Home Rule?"

"I think it has a good deal to do with it," rejoined the Cockney. "I have always understood that your ground belonged to the Kafirs, and that it was confiscated in one of the Kafir wars and you got it for a song, or that it was given to you by the Government as a reward for your bravery when you were in the Volunteers who took part in the war. Is that so ?"

"Yes," said the Home Ruler, "it is. And I am proud of the part I took in the fighting. I tried to do my duty, and I did it." (Hear, hear, from the crowd.)

"Well, but was not that doing exactly what you accuse the English of doing in Ireland ?"

"No ; certainly not. We were fighting against Kafirs ; and they deserved to lose their land."

"Oh, I see !" said the Cockney. "It is quite right to fight against the Kafirs and take their land from them, but quite wrong to do the same to the Irish. The difference is in their skins, I suppose."

There was a general laugh ; and at the same moment the train came steaming in. History is ever repeating itself.

Thus far as regards the natives. But what of the English and other Uitlanders who had begun to follow upon the trail of the pioneer Boers and settle in the republics ? There were at first but few of them, and they mostly unmarried. They were for the most part traders. How did the Boers regard them, and what status did they obtain in the country ?

They were allowed to settle, to engage in business and purchase land. In time a few of them became thriving and prosperous business men or farmers.

The Boers, as we know, detested the English Government and all its works, but that detestation did not as a rule extend to individuals. Individual Englishmen were not to be held reponsible for the sins of their Government, and the Boers estimated them according to their personal worth. If they proved to be loyal subjects of the republic and wished to settle down permanently and become burghers and take the oath of allegiance, they were granted the rights of citizenship. Of course, they were few in number, and could not expect to be elected to the Volksraad or hold Government appointments.

The Orange Free State was always more liberal in its treatment of these Uitlanders than the South African Republic. But even in this latter the Uitlander could obtain a vote and become a burgher after a few years.

As a rule the Boers held these Englishmen in esteem and trusted them. Again and again one heard it said, "Smith is an Englishman, but he is a good fellow. He is a man who always keeps his word, and we can thoroughly trust him." And so the personal relationship was usually quite friendly on both sides. And often the new-comer married into one of the old Dutch families.

But the English Government? Ah, that was quite another matter!

Of all the Governments in the world this was least to be trusted! It was in their eyes shifty and mendacious. They did not believe in its proclamations or protestations. It was always breaking its word, or contradicting itself, or changing its policy. It would make a clear and definite promise to-day and evade or break it to-morrow.

"Did the British Government not tell us," they have often said to me, "when they liberated our slaves, for which we had paid large sums of money, that we should be compensated for the loss of them? They did. But when the time came we received only half of the amount due to us, and many received even less.

"Before we left Cape Colony our leaders enquired of the Government of Cape Town whether we should be permitted to settle over the Orange, and we were assured that we might go and that the British Government would put no hindrance in our way, but would leave us in peace to make homes for ourselves over the river and govern ourselves as we thought best. And yet, no sooner had we established our republic and gained a position in the new land (the O. F. S.) at the cost of much blood and many tears and amid all sorts of difficulties, than the British Government followed us up, and the Governor himself (Sir Harry Smith) came with an army and fought with us at Boomplaats, and after killing many of our ‘ burghers ’ compelled the rest to surrender. Then he took the land from us—our land so hardly won—and set up a Government of his own under Queen Victoria, and built a fort at Bloemfontein and placed a garrison of soldiers there under Major Warden. And Sir Harry, who was a brave soldier and not a bad man—he had his orders and had to obey them—Sir Harry told us that we must now consider ourselves once more subjects of the Queen, and that we should always have to remain so. The matter was settled. England intended to hold the country for the future and changed its name to the Orange River Sovereignty. And then Englishmen came in and bought land and built houses and shops in Bloemfontein, and everything seemed to be going on well when, not much more than five years afterwards, a man from England, Sir George Clerk, appeared, and after going through the driest and most barren part of the country in time of drought reported, so we were told, that the Sovereignty was not worth keeping and that it would never pay the expenses of its Government. Then a new change was made. England turned round again. Sir George Clerk commanded us to set up a Government of our own once more, and we had to do so whether we liked it or not. The English people in the State protested and some of our people too, but it was useless. That was in 1854.

"We did the best we could, and after many difficulties succeeded in getting John Brand as our President, and under his wise guidance we began to prosper in spite of much fighting with the Basuto and other Kafirs. But England could not let us alone.

"When the British Government saw that our difficulties were over and that all was going well, and that diamonds had been discovered near our western border, they stepped in and declared that the diamond fields did not belong to us, but were in the territory of a Griqua chief, who had made them over to the British Government. That was a big lie. But the British Government claimed the fields and took possession of them in the Queen's name, and threatened to make war upon us if we did not remove our officials. So, as we were not strong enough to fight, we had to submit. The President did his best to show England that the diamond fields were really our ground, and after many years the English Government owned that it had been in the wrong and gave us £100,000 compensation for them, a miserable little sum indeed.

"And then again, some years afterwards, when things were in a bad way in the South African Republic under President Burgers, the English sent up Shepstone to Pretoria and annexed that country, promising us a Volksraad; but as usual they did not keep their promise. Instead of that they took away Shepstone, a man whom we personally liked, and sent in his stead as our Governor a soldier, Sir Owen Lanyon—a man without a wife! No doubt he was a good soldier: I know nothing about that. But he was not fit to govern us. And then there was discontent in the country, and up came that great general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, from Natal; and he went everywhere and made speeches and told us that we must be good subjects of the Queen, and that it was useless for us ever to think of regaining our independence. He pointed to the sun, and said that as long as the sun rose in the east and set in the west so long would the Transvaal remain British territory. England would never give it up.

"But not very long afterwards England did give it up. We fought her and destroyed the remains of her army at Majuba, and so she was obliged to give us back our independence. I do not blame her, for she had no red-coats left."

Such is the language I have often heard from the lips of Boers, and unhappily it is true as far as it goes, except the last item, which is, as we know, ludicrous, and only the offspring of pure ignorance.

What could one say in reply? And indeed it was no use replying. It was of no avail to talk to these people of political parties, or to insist that there was another side to the question, and that the English Government, though it had made mistakes, was really not as black as they imagined; they would hark back to indubitable facts which could not be controverted.

Strange that while the individual Englishman was appreciated for his truthfulness and integrity, his Government should be regarded as deceitful and untrustworthy, but so it was. It was all the outcome of a want of consistency in the dealings of Downing Street with South Africa. There had been no uniform principle of action, no continuity of policy, and hence the bad name the English Government had obtained and in some degree merited among these people. I do not for a moment suggest that their leaders and other educated men held these views: they knew better. But that such were the convictions of the vast majority I cannot doubt.

One thing which puzzled the Boers with regard to the Englishman was his apparent want of religion. In their eyes he seemed to have none. He never went to church (I am speaking of the early days); but then, poor man, he could not be blamed for that, for there was no church for him to go to. On special occasions he would join in the worship of the Dutch Reformed Church, more to please his Dutch friends than anything else, or to show that he was not an unbeliever, but its mode of worship did not appeal to him and he understood but little of the language in which it was conducted.

The Boers never saw him pray. Even when married there were seldom or never family prayers in his household; whereas, as everyone knows, family worship is universal among our Dutch brethren. Indeed it is that more than anything else which has helped to keep their Christianity alive in remote and isolated places. Englishmen when partaking of Boer hospitality could not fail to hear in the early morning the voice of the father of the family as he read the morning chapter from the Bible and engaged in prayer; and the hymns, crude as they were from a musical point of view, were sung with real devotion and could be heard all over the house. And always at eventide family worship was scrupulously observed. But the Englishman is a reserved being, especially as regards his religion. He seldom talks about it: indeed it is difficult to get him to do so. It gives him a mental twinge to say anything about it, much less to manifest it. It is as bad as having a tooth extracted. And yet, as someone has naively observed, every Englishman thinks himself a theologian. No doubt there were many Englishmen who did say their prayers, but cut off as they were from all the means of grace and surrounded by manifold temptations, we cannot wonder if in many cases their faith waned and their spiritual life gradually died out. It was not until 1863 that the bishopric of the Orange Free State was founded, and not until fifteen years afterwards that a bishop was consecrated to Pretoria; and meanwhile for many long years the English of the republics had had no house of God in which to worship and no priest to minister to them, except at very rare intervals in one or two of the principal towns. Thank God things are very different now. The establishment of these two northern dioceses saved the English in the republics from lapsing into virtual heathenism, and their children and grandchildren from being members of the Dutch Presbyterian Church.

Gathering up what has been said, we may, I think, come to the conclusion that the practical policy of the Dutch settlers of the north was:

1. To regard themselves as the chosen people of God, and therefore the only people entitled to rule the States they had founded. They claimed to be faithful followers of Christ; their Church was the purest and best Christian Church in the world; their language incomparable and precious beyond words; their Government eminently Christian. Among others, President Kruger was never tired of proclaiming this latter fact: "My Government is a Christian Government," was often on his lips.

2. To regard the Uitlanders, especially the English, as representatives of the world-power. They had no religion worth speaking of; at any rate there were no

visible signs of any, though they called themselves Christians. England was the great world-power and London a modern Babylon. Such foreigners were evidently not fit to take part in the Government of a Christian community like theirs, and were therefore not entitled to the franchise unless and until they had proved themselves loyal and obedient to the republic. And moreover, added to all this there was the fear that, should the Uitlanders become a power in the country and ultimately in the Volksraad, new and un-Christian and radically different ideas would be introduced and even the very independence of the republics endangered.

3. To regard the native tribes around as Canaanites: heathen people to be utilized in every way and kept in subjection. The idea of their ever having any representation, direct or indirect, in the legislature was preposterous and not to be thought of.

Dutch farmers habitually spoke of themselves and those appertaining to them as "Christe mense," Christian people, seldom applying this name to other whites and never to natives.

There was a story current in the "good old days" which admirably illustrates this. A small boy at a remote farm in the Karoo stood looking out over the half-door of the voorhuis (entrance or general room) of the dwelling. He espied someone on horseback in the distance riding towards the homestead. Turning to his mother, who was sitting at her coffee, he cried out:

"Ma, ik zie iemand aankom."
"Wie es het, dan, mijn kind?"
"Neen, Ma, ik kan nie sij nie."
"Kijk dan weer; misschien es het een Christe mens."

(After a slight pause.)

"Neen, Ma, het es nie een Christe mens nie."

"Maar kijk dan weer, lieve kind. Misschien es het een Kafir."

"Neen, Ma, het es nie een Kafir nie."

(After another slight pause.)

"Maar wie es het dan ?"

"Neen, Ma, hij es soomar een ou Engelschman."

Which, translated, may be expressed thus :

"Mother, I see someone coming."

"Who is it then, my child ?"

"No, mother, I cannot tell."

"Look again then ; perhaps it is a Christian (person)."

(After a slight pause.)

"No, mother, it is not a Christian (person)."

"But look (then) again, dear child. Perhaps it is a Kafir."

"No, mother, it is not a Kafir."

(After another slight pause.)

"But who is it, then ?"

"No, mother, he is just an old Englishman."

I have tried to write the Landstaal phonetically, and have given it as a sample of the Dutch spoken in South Africa.

Generally speaking the Boers had an extraordinary idea of the British army. They pictured its generals as haughty and ruthless tyrants, its officers as a set of incompetent dolts, each one of whom always wore an eye-glass ; and as to its soldiers, they, poor fellows, were the scum of the United Kingdom and the off-scourings of its streets, and all of them drunkards, if not worse. Religion they of course had none, and very few of them could either ride or shoot. The only thing they could do was to run away. But the war speedily changed all that. The Dutch inhabitants of Bloemfontein saw to their amazement that when the invading host of English entered their city they did so in perfect order, though worn out by forced marches, incessant fighting and scanty rations. Their physique was splendid, their morale splendid too, and "they behaved like gentlemen." Chaplains were with them, and Divine Service was regularly held. The cathedral was crowded with devout warriors. There was no drunkenness, and the first meeting that Lord Roberts held after taking possession of the city was one of the Army Temperance Society in the Town Hall! It is not too much to say that one effect of the war was to destroy for ever the absurd ideas I have noted.

While the Southern Ideal was "Equal rights for all civilized men," I think the Northern, in process of time, resolved itself into "Political rights reserved to Afrikanders."

Yes, I think the reader will agree with me that it may be put in that form, though I have never seen it so formulated or, indeed, formulated in any way. But that is the pith of the Northern policy.

This word Afrikander, or Afrikaner, as expressed in the Landstaal, which is now so well known, is difficult to define. It eludes one. I have never met with a definition or unquestioned explanation of it. But if what I have said be borne in mind it may perhaps help us to get some true idea of its meaning. In that case to be a genuine Afrikander would mean to adopt the political and social, if not the religious, polity of the North, to speak the Landstaal and prefer it to English, and to love the fatherland, that is South Africa. The last item naturally commends itself to all colonists. South Africa is a fair land and worthy of the affection of its sons and daughters, of whatever nationality they may be.

II. We have done our best to lay bare and consider the ultimate cause of the war; let us now turn to its Proximate Cause.

That cause was the Uitlander agitation in Johannesburg.

We have seen that the two ideals we have been considering were fundamentally different and incompatible. They were irreconcilable, and were bound sooner or later to clash when brought into proximity with each other; and they were so brought in Johannesburg. They collided in Johannesburg, and that collision brought about the war.

If there had been no Johannesburg there would have been no war: at least the war would not have taken place when it did. The two ideals might have gone on side by side for years to come; one prevailing in the north, the other in the south. They would not of necessity have come into contact with each other, and in that case there would have been no collision. But we must remember that such a state of things could not have gone on for ever, and that sooner or later as the country developed there would have been friction. It could not have been otherwise.

It was the revenue from the gold mines that provided the sinews of war for the Boers, and but for that revenue the South African Republic would never have been able to challenge the might of England with any hope of success. Here it was that Johannesburg came in, and that the agitation on the part of the Uitlanders was the immediate cause of the conflict. The mines had provided the Government with the means of arming on a large scale, and its important and increasing Uitlander population by clamouring for the franchise brought things to an issue—an issue which could only be decided by the arbitration of the sword.

I must again repeat that Johannesburg has changed South Africa. For good or for evil it is not the same country that it was before the Witwater's reef had been discovered, and naturally the change which that discovery brought about was greatest in the Transvaal. Before that event the Transvaal was the poorest province of South Africa, so poor that it could barely pay its way. Its inhabitants were almost entirely engaged in agriculture or in pastoral pursuits, and but few English people were found outside Pretoria and two or three other towns, but with the discovery of rich and apparently inexhaustible supplies of gold all changed. The Government became opulent. A great city sprang up as by magic, and tens of thousands of English and other foreigners swarmed into it, bringing with them for the most part English ideals, ideals which were practically the same as those of the Cape. These gold-seekers and fortune-hunters had been welcomed by President Kruger, who had promised Lord Kimberley, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that if they came and settled down quietly they would speedily obtain the rights of citizenship ; they would become burghers of the Republic equally with the old inhabitants.

But he did not keep his word. Nay, he did the contrary. As the number of the Uitlanders increased the chances of their becoming burghers became more and more remote, until at length the restrictions imposed were so numerous and so vexatious as to make it plain that the President and his executive were bent upon excluding them from all chance of participation in the government of the country. And yet that country was in theory a republic! The Uitlanders contributed the lion's share of the revenue, but had no voice in the disposal of it. Willy-nilly they were taxed, and when they remonstrated against such injustice in a land which called itself free and republican were curtly told that if they did not like the country and its laws they had better return to where they came from. No body of Englishmen, or indeed of white men from any civilized country, could be corked down in that way at the end of the nineteenth century. The Uitlanders protested that "he who pays the piper calls the tune."

The Boer Government, alarmed at the disaffection that was spreading, established a Second Chamber, the members of which were to be elected by the Uitlanders as well as the burghers, but it soon became apparent that this Chamber possessed no real power, and certainly no power over the allocation of the revenue. It was the Volksraad only which had the power of the purse, and its members were elected by burghers alone. Hence matters speedily went from bad to worse.

Meanwhile the Government were largely using their enormous revenues in the purchase of arms and ammunition and the building of forts. They were arming the burghers to the teeth. German and Dutch artillery officers were brought out from Europe to train young Boer artillerymen; the most recent and powerful guns were sought for and procured, Creuzot and others, and mauser rifles in almost hundreds of thousands. This was the answer to these discontented and disloyal interlopers. In effect a pistol was held at their heads, and they were made to realize that their contributions to the revenue were being used in order to provide means for their own destruction, should they continue to prove themselves obnoxious. It was like saying, "We are taking your money and buying rifles with it in order to blow your brains out if you give us further trouble."

But what was the effect of this sudden acquisition of wealth upon the individual members of the Government and their officials?

It is asserted and generally believed that it had the worst possible effect. It led to wholesale bribery and corruption.

How far this is true I cannot say. I was not a resident of the republic and cannot therefore speak from personal knowledge. I only knew one prominently placed official, and he certainly was clean-handed and perfectly free from such odious charges; and doubtless there were others like him. At any rate, one would hope so. But one can hardly think that such charges would be believed, not only by thousands in the Transvaal but by great numbers in South Africa generally who professed to know the facts, had there been no truth in them. "Where there is smoke there is fire."

Those who wish to have a clear and, I think, on the whole accurate account of the state of things prevalent at that time cannot do better than read Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's book,[1] if they have not already done so. I have never seen an answer to the allegations made in that volume, and doubt whether it would be possible to convict the author of inaccuracy, at least in important matters. What he says is based upon facts and cannot be explained away. But if only the half of the statements made by him are true the corruption of the Government must have been great, and it is no wonder that it perished.

---

[1] *The Transvaal from Within.* London: Methuen and Co.

The excitement grew and grew until at length the Uitlanders petitioned Queen Victoria to intervene on their behalf. It has been maintained by some that that petition was "engineered" by the capitalists and their friends and that the petitioners were in many cases paid for their signatures to it, but a statement of that kind is difficult of credence. *Credat Judæus.* The capitalists would hardly be so foolish as to lay themselves open to such a charge, and the men of Johannesburg, whatever they were, were not so black as to be painted like that. The colour was laid on too thick.

The petition had the effect of rousing the English Government and causing the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, to intervene more prominently and effectually than could otherwise have been the case. And here let me say that whatever may be thought of that eminent statesman's line of action, colonists, not only in Africa but throughout the Empire, owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his devotion to their interests and the zeal he displayed on their behalf. He was the first Colonial Secretary who really interested himself in the colonies and treated them with sympathy and consideration, and they will always be grateful to him for his devotion to their interests. The five or six months immediately preceding the war must have been a most anxious time both for him and Sir F. Milner (now Lord Milner), the High Commissioner of South Africa.

The latter had come to the country with an open mind, resolved to get a thorough grip of the political situation and to master its details. He was known to have been an advanced Liberal in politics, but he was fair-minded and not the man to permit the party politics of the mother country to warp his judgment or obscure his vision in the survey he wished to make of the actual state of things existing in the great dependency he had been called upon to govern. Patiently and without prejudice he investigated and mastered the details of the situation, not only in the Cape Colony but in the two republics which were so intimately bound up with it. We know the conclusions to which he came—conclusions which forced themselves irresistibly upon his mind.

With two such men at the helm it was hardly likely that the grievances of the Uitlanders would be left without any attempt at redress, and hence proposals and counter proposals were made month after month between the British Government and that of the South African Republic. Despatch succeeded to despatch until at length a Conference was held in Bloemfontein in June, 1899, at which the High Commissioner formulated the "irreducible minimum" of the claims put forth by the home Government on behalf of the Uitlanders. The Conference proved to be abortive. The South African Republic, led by President Kruger and the Hollander party who egged him on in the quarrel, were in no mood to yield even an inch to the Uitlanders or to listen to proposals from England. They were prepared for war, and by shifts and evasions and a series of pin-pricks did their best to goad England into declaring war against them; but England did not in the least realize their power or the vast preparations they had made for the struggle. They were indeed "spoiling for war," and the Government of the Orange Free State was in the closest alliance with them and shared their bellicose sentiments to the full.

But the end was near—nearer probably than England imagined. The question was about to be answered once for all, Which of the two ideals was to triumph in South Africa ? Was it to be the Southern, which was in effect the English, or the Northern—that of the Boers of the Republics ?

And that opened up a further question, a question which had been staring all men in the face since the very beginning of the movement of the Uitlanders and which could be put off no longer : Who was to be the master in South Africa ? Was it to be the Transvaal or England ? Things had at length come to that pass when one or other must be the predominant power from the Zambesi to Table Bay. Which was it to be ? That is what the whole position resolved itself into. *It was to be a gigantic struggle for the hegemony of the Sub-Continent.* There was no escape : the crisis had come.

We know how the South African Republic met it when on that fateful ninth of October, 1899, President Kruger launched his ultimatum. That ultimatum could only mean surrender on the part of England, or a terrible and protracted struggle, the results of which no man could foresee.

England chose the latter alternative : she could not do otherwise. To have decided otherwise would have meant not only the loss of her position as the paramount power in South Africa, but the break up of the Empire. She would have been dethroned from her high position and reduced to that of a third-rate power among the nations of the world.

War had been thrust upon her and, hateful as it was, she must fight.

CHAPTER XI

KRUGER AND RHODES

A comparison and a contrast—Paul Kruger—A Dopper preacher—Kruger's Zulu nurse-boy—Kruger and the Jews—Kruger's shrewdness—A story—His obstinacy and obscurantism—Cecil Rhodes—The German menace in the Sub-Continent—An illustration—Rhodes and the Red Line—Rhodesia—A story—The Raid—Personal intercourse with Rhodes—His resting-place.

> " A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
>
> *Footprints on the sands of time.*

PAUL KRUGER

PAUL KRUGER was an anachronism. He was two centuries behind his time. He lived in the nineteenth century, but was brought up in the ideas of the seventeenth, and endeavoured to carry them out up to the very end of his life. He was not in harmony with the religious, political, or social thought of the age. He tried to " mop up the Atlantic."

The celebrated Dr. Parker of the City Temple, a preacher who commanded a crowded audience and was always worth listening to for his racy, virile and vigorous language, is said, soon after the ex-President's death, to have prefaced a discourse by the following reference to him : " I have been asked to give an estimate of Paul Kruger and his work and worth as a statesman. I must decline to do so. I can form no proper estimate of either. The man and the subject are too tangled. But I have heard him compared to Oliver Cromwell. I do not agree with the comparison. Compare Oliver Cromwell to Paul Kruger! Why, you might as well compare the angel Gabriel to a buzzard bird!"

This was told me by a colonial friend and may or may not be true. But no doubt there is truth in the words, whether they were uttered by the doctor or not. In some ways Kruger was only a buzzard compared with Cromwell. He was blind to the trend of the forces around him and altogether lacking in vision, being in that respect vastly different from Cromwell, who was the man of the hour and the product of his times.

And yet, it seems to me, there was some truth in the comparison. Both of them represented the mind of the seventeenth century. They both talked loudly and with pious unction about liberty of conscience, and both of them failed to practise it. And both of them, too, set up what they believed to be an ideal Christian State.

Cromwell's idea of liberty of conscience when translated into act simply meant liberty for himself and those who agreed with him, or at any rate did not seriously differ from him. It meant liberty for Independents and Presbyterians and other Protestant bodies of Christians, but not for "Black Prelatists" or Papists. These latter were both of them to be suppressed wherever found: the Mass was not to be tolerated. Liberty of that kind found expression in, among other measures, severe and ruthless laws against the public use of the Book of Common Prayer. It meant the despoiling of the clergy and the ejectment of thousands of them from their parishes. It meant rigorous imprisonment for bishops or priests who had become obnoxious to the powers that be. Wren, Bishop of Ely (a grand-uncle of the great Sir Christopher) was imprisoned for eighteen years, and only emerged from his cell in the Tower at the dawn of better days in 1660. And there were many others who suffered.

Kruger did not imprison or persecute Prelatists or Papists or any other Christians who did not conform to his religious opinions. We may well believe that he was naturally too kind-hearted and of too genial a disposition for measures of that kind, and moreover the times would not permit them. His forefathers had stamped out the language and the separate religious organization of the French Huguenots who had taken refuge at the Cape, and had done so effectually, for neither exists there to-day ; and it is therefore no wonder that he had but an imperfect conception of toleration, either religious or political. He was never tired of speaking of his Government as a Christian Government, and the Dutch Calvinistic Churches, the Established and the Dopper were in his eyes the only true Christian Churches. Others might be permitted to exist in the Republic, but no Roman Catholic could be a teacher in any public school. The maxims and policy of the seventeenth century could not be carried out in the letter, but the spirit of them remained.

But in one respect, and that the greatest, the comparison between the two men fails entirely : Cromwell was a great soldier ; Kruger was not. Whatever may be thought of Cromwell's religious or political policy no one can deny his eminence as a warrior. He was a general of consummate ability and the first man to organize and train an English army worthy of the name ; and by dint of military skill and the force he had brought into being—his Ironsides—he crushed his enemies under his feet.

Kruger, on the other hand, whatever he may have been as a statesman and however varied his natural gifts, was in no sense a military genius. He never distinguished himself in the field. His strength lay in diplomacy, especially in playing off one English party against another. By his astuteness and *slimmigheid* he succeeded so well in doing so that he was able to consolidate his position and hold his own year after year for many years, being re-elected again and again to the Presidency of the South African Republic. He was particularly successful in winning the sympathy of the English Liberals, especially the Nonconformist section of the party and the Little Englanders, his agents in England taking care that the Transvaal regime should be painted in rose-coloured hues and the old man's virtues and patriotism duly extolled, while the Uitlanders and their supporters were depicted as tools of the capitalists. When the Unionists were in power he had to be more wary and do nothing to ruffle them, but knowing as he did that England loved peace above all things, and that he stood well with the Liberals, his task was not an arduous one.

Unhappily for him Johannesburg came into existence, bringing Uitlanders in its train—unreasonable Englishmen who cried aloud against taxation without representation; and that cry succeeded in the end in so rousing the English nation that the policy of playing off one party against another broke down. For the time it broke down utterly and hopelessly; but Kruger, with all his astuteness, did not realize the fact. He continued to believe that the Liberals would stand by him and befriend him, and that the whole nation would never unite in opposition to him. At the worst, if England did fight it would be in a half-hearted way, and then, when the Boers were seen to be in earnest, Majuba would be acted over again: peace would be made at any price.

The Hollanders by whom he was surrounded at Pretoria and who had been brought into the country by his predecessor—clever, versatile and for the most part unscrupulous men—played up to him in every way, flattering his vanity and lending their counsel whenever opportunity arose. It has often been said that he was only their tool, but I cannot think so. Men who knew him well have assured me that such was not the case; but that, as a party, they led him on to what finally compassed his ruin can hardly be disputed. But even among them there were honourable and upright men like Coster who did their duty to the Republic and earned the respect of all.

In religion Kruger was a Dopper, a Puritan of the Puritans. The Doppers are perhaps the narrowest, most Calvinistic and most exclusive Christian denomination in the world, and he was not only a member of that body but a recognized and acceptable preacher, though I do not think he ever attained to the status of an ordained minister in it. He constantly preached on Sundays in the Dopper Church of Pretoria (a hideously ugly building), and not seldom lifted up his voice against what he believed to be the evil tendencies of the age. It will be remembered that Cromwell did this too in the House of Commons, and both men had the habit of invoking the name of the Lord in season and out of it, often doubtless to the disgust of their hearers. But Cromwell was an educated man, while Kruger had been brought up under circumstances which precluded his obtaining anything in the way of an education worthy of the name. All the more honour to him therefore for using so diligently the scanty opportunities for learning which came to him in his youth. Undoubtedly he was a forceful personality and possessed of remarkable natural ability; a born leader of men, who could not fail to come to the front sooner or later.

In the earlier part of his career he had enemies among his own people, and even afterwards when he and his party had gained the ascendency there were many who did not share his views or sympathize with his line of action. There was a "moderate" party even among the Transvaalers, but it was practically powerless: the overshadowing personality of the President carried all before it.

I regard it as one of the privileges of my life to have been permitted to baptize his old nurse boy, a Zulu who had migrated to Basutoland when over seventy years of age and while still a heathen. He came to live at Thlotse, and friends brought him to the mission church. Grace touched his heart, and he gave himself to Christ. His wife (a woman of Hottentot extraction) followed him, and I prepared them both for Holy Baptism and Confirmation and Communion. These two dear old souls are still alive, or were a few months ago, and are over ninety years of age.

The old man was captured by the Boers in one of their border forays and assigned some years afterwards to a relation of Kruger, who passed him on to Kruger's father; and he often spoke to me of those early days and of his life among the Boers. He was but a small boy at the time of his capture. The future President when a child of two or three years was consigned to his care and often carried on his back. He told me that Kruger was a self-willed and obstinate little creature, who when he pleased could be very troublesome—a masterful personality even then, and possessed of a magnificent physique. Certainly in his case "the child was father to the man."

That many stories should have been circulated about Kruger was inevitable, and I will give a few samples of them, without vouching for their truth.

In the early days of Johannesburg when the Government were granting sites for the churches of various Christian denominations the Jews, who had already begun to make their presence felt in the town, approached the President and applied for a site for their synagogue. He granted their petition, and in due time the documents assigning a plot of ground as a site were sent to them; but on examining the ground they found it to be only half the size of the plots granted to the Christian Churches. They went to him and brought the difference to his notice, thinking that it was a mistake on his part or on the part of the officials. But Kruger said no, it was not a mistake; it was perfectly correct; it had been done intentionally. And when they cried out at the injustice, his Honour curtly informed them that they were under an entirely false impression: they were suffering no injustice whatever. "Christians," he said, "believe in two Testaments, the Old and the New. You Jews only believe in one, and that the least important. I have therefore only given you a single erf (building plot), for that is all you are in justice entitled to. When you believe in the New Testament, as I hope you some day will, come to me again, and I will grant you a double erf like that of the Christians."

When, some little time afterwards, the foundation stone of the synagogue had been prepared the Hebrew community, hoping to propitiate the President, begged him to do them the honour to come over and lay it.

He graciously granted their petition and duly laid the stone, after which he gave them an address, exhorting them to be true and loyal subjects of the Republic and to believe in the Lord Jesus as their Messiah and Christ, in Whom alone they could hope for salvation. This latter story was printed in some of the newspapers of the day and is therefore likely to be true.

There was one story widely circulated which exhibits the old man's shrewdness and wisdom, as well as his sense of justice where political principles were not concerned.

A Dutch farmer died leaving an estate to two sons, the elder of whom was to divide it into two equal parts, choosing for himself one part and giving the other to his brother.

The younger son was dissatisfied with the division, maintaining that it had not been fairly made and that the elder brother had appropriated to himself more than half the farm, and that by far the more valuable portion. As the two brothers could not come to terms they resolved to bring the matter before the President for his decision, which was of course to be final.

The President gave judgment to the effect that the younger son was to divide the farm and then allow the elder to choose which of the two halves he liked best.

Another story which I think I ought to relate is, I have reason to believe, true, as I heard it from a friend whose word I could not doubt, and who assured me that it was told him by one who was present at the scene.

Kruger was sitting on his stoep enjoying his afternoon pipe and coffee and surrounded by a small company of companions and callers according to the custom of the country. These comprised Netherlanders and Germans as well as Boers and Englishmen. This was not long before the outbreak of the war, when affairs had already begun to wear a threatening aspect.

I must here premise that in order to appreciate the merits of the story it is necessary to call to mind the sending of a remarkable telegram by the German Emperor to President Kruger immediately after the Jameson Raid, and also the extraordinary feeling evoked by that telegram. As we know, England was so stirred and excited by it that her fleet was all but mobilized, and it looked for the moment as if there would be war with Germany. But it was said that Queen Victoria remonstrated with her impulsive grandson, and that with such effect that another telegram was speedily published in which the Emperor explained that the offending message had been entirely misunderstood, and that his feelings towards England were of the most friendly nature. Whereupon the world remarked that the Kaiser had "climbed down." Bearing this in mind, let us proceed with our story.

An impetuous and hot-headed German among the little group was exhorting the President not to give way to the demands of Mr. Chamberlain. "The Kaiser," he said, "will stand by you whatever happens. Do not be afraid of England. Stand up for your rights. With our Kaiser at your back you need fear nothing. He will see you through."

Kruger did not relish this—so it seemed. The speaker appeared to be too dictatorial, and, moreover, it is quite possible that the President was by no means certain of German support. So in his blunt way he determined to suppress this gratuitous adviser.

Lifting up his voice, he spoke aloud in his deep, gruff tones, so that all might hear :

"Jou Keizer! Munnie met mij praat nie van jou

Keizer! Op een zekere dag het jou Keizer een telegram aan mij gestuurd. De heele wereld weet daarvan. *Maar ou Victoria het net gespug*, en waar was toen jou Keizer? Hij was weg! Heeltemaal weg op de oogenblik! Neen; munnie met mij praat nie van jou Keizer."

That is to say:

"Your Emperor! Do not talk to me of your Emperor! On a certain day your Emperor despatched a telegram to me. All the world knows about it. *But old Victoria just spit*, and where was your Emperor then? Gone! He disappeared altogether in a moment! No; do not talk to me of your Emperor."

A characteristic story which, though it loses a spice of its piquant irony in translation, will serve to show that Kruger was not to be dictated to by political flatterers with axes of their own to grind. We must note that in speaking of the Queen as "ou Victoria" there was not necessarily any want of respect. It was only the Boer mode of speech; too familiar and coarse for English ears, but not intended to be in the least rude or depreciative of Queen Victoria, for whom there can be no doubt the President entertained the sincerest regard and respect.

England owes to Kruger a deep debt of gratitude. It was his obstinacy which gave us the Transvaal. Let me explain. If, instead of adopting a *non possumus* attitude, he had met the Uitlanders sympathetically and endeavoured to come to terms with them, the flag of the South African Republic would still be flying over the Government buildings of Pretoria. The Uitlanders as a body did not wish to overturn the Republic; they wished and intended to be loyal to it. They were composed not only of Englishmen from home but of Cape and Natal colonists both Dutch and English, together with a considerable number of foreign Jews, Americans and others, who were not British subjects; and only a minority really desired to see the Union Jack supplanting the Vierkleur. They wanted to reform the Republic, not to destroy it. They wished to make it what in theory it was supposed to be, a government of the people by the people and for the people; a real republic—a true democracy and not a reactionary obscurantist oligarchy. And if Kruger and his advisers had been wise, broad-minded men the just demands of the Uitlanders could have been met and the South African Republic preserved. If the President had thrown himself and his people upon their sympathies and pleaded with them not to destroy the liberties the Boers had won, but to respect them while seeking necessary liberty and fair dealing for themselves, a *modus vivendi* could surely have been found. It would have been a case of give and take all round, and the Republic would have emerged from the crisis purified and placed on a firmer basis than ever. And in that case there would have been no war over the Uitlander question.

But the uncompromising attitude of the President and his cabinet destroyed all hopes of this, with the result that they went headlong to their ruin. They clung with unreasoning obstinacy to the Northern Ideal, and that Ideal overwhelmed them.

And I think that England owes a debt of gratitude to President Steyn also; since, had he not by his influence induced the Volksraad of the Orange Free State to bind itself hand and foot to the Transvaal by an alliance offensive and defensive entered into in the years immediately preceding the outbreak, the Orange Free State would not have been bound in honour to make common cause with the Transvaal in its war with England. And had the Orange Free State stood aloof its independence would have been respected, and there would be no Union Jack flying over Government House in Bloemfontein to-day.

But it was, perhaps, too much to expect that the Free State would in any case have been able to remain neutral. Blood is thicker than water, and large numbers of the burghers would be certain to take up arms in defence of their compatriots over the Vaal, many of whom were near relatives. However, after the treaty of alliance with the northern republic they had no option; they were bound to fight. Yet even so, I cannot but think that if the Free State Government had surrendered when the British entered Bloemfontein they would in all probability have preserved their autonomy in some form, and not have become simply a province of the British Empire. But these are mere speculations which perhaps I have no right to indulge in.

President Steyn, however, thought it his duty to continue the struggle to the bitter end, with the inevitable result that not only the South African Republic but the Orange Free State ceased to exist. *Non possumus* was in truth futile, and the two republics went down for ever. I for one can shed no tear over their disappearance, believing as I do that it was for the general welfare of the peoples of South Africa, both white and black, that they should pass away and be no more seen.

CECIL RHODES

If Paul Kruger was the embodiment of the Northern Ideal, Cecil Rhodes was undoubtedly the exponent of the Southern. As the two ideals these two men stood for were entirely dissimilar, so in truth were the two men themselves. They had hardly anything in common. Kruger had had no chance in early life of any education worthy of the name; Rhodes was a son of one of the most celebrated universities in the world and, as we know, never forgot his mother.

But the life and career of the man who was the means of adding to the Empire the vast territory called by his name are so well known that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon either. I purpose in these Musings simply to put on record a few reflections which may perhaps serve to show how great were his services, not only to South Africa but to the Empire. And I will sum up these reflections in one short sentence: Rhodes saved South Africa from German domination.

In the early 'eighties, when the idea that the colonies were an excrescence or a necessary evil was not yet extinct, Germany, bent upon the acquirement of foreign possessions, suddenly pounced upon two huge tracts of land in south-west Africa, Damaraland and Great Namaqualand, and annexed them under the name of German South-West Africa. These two countries—the one an excellent pastoral land, the other rich in mineral wealth—had been formerly protected British territories, and a British Resident together with his staff resided in them. The Resident was Mr. Palgrave (who, by the way, was a nephew of Sir F. Palgrave, the historian of the Norman Conquest); and it was always understood that he had performed his duties as a watch dog of England in this isolated and almost unknown corner of her Empire with ability and discretion, to the satisfaction both of the mother country and the Cape. Everyone, at least in South Africa, regarded these two territories as British; but after some years an unworthy squabble arose between the Imperial Government and that of the Cape as to the payment of the salaries of the Resident and his small staff. The total amount was inconsiderable, and both Governments were to blame for the mean and undignified position they took up. The end of this sordid dispute was that, as neither Government would vote the cost of the Resident, he was withdrawn, and Damaraland and Namaqualand became a sort of No-man's-land, open to the entrance of any adventurer who chose to take possession of it. Such an adventurer was not long in appearing. Prince Bismarck had noted the removal of the British Resident, and asked our Foreign Office whether England still regarded these territories as within her jurisdiction, but his letter seems to have been pigeon-holed and forgotten. At any rate, after waiting in vain for more than a year for a reply to his question he boldly "took the bull by the horns," and one morning a German man-of-war appeared on the scene and annexed both countries to the German Empire on the plea that there were certain German interests, commercial and missionary, connected with them which required protection.

There was some truth in the allegation, though not very much. But it answered its purpose and gave Germany a foothold in South Africa, and who can blame her for stepping in and taking it? The two territories were going begging; Germany was bent on acquiring colonies; England was either asleep or indifferent; and there certainly were German interests needing protection.

Then John Bull, as his manner is, woke up, rubbed his eyes and looked about him, amazed at the audacity of Bismarck! But the steed had been—well, appropriated, and it was no use locking the stable door. So he contented himself, after a considerable shedding of ink in expostulation, with claiming and retaining Walvisch Bay and a small patch of land around it.

Walvisch Bay is the only fairly safe port in the territories, and nearly all the commercial traffic has to pass through it. Germany is in effect compelled to enter her own possessions through an English door; not a satisfactory arrangement surely; and one that may some day bring trouble with it.

But what has this to do with Cecil Rhodes? A great deal, as I shall try to show.

Rhodes, as we know, had one ruling passion—to advance the red line in Africa. And he desired to do this not simply because he was an Englishman and an imperialist, but because he was convinced that it would be in the interests of humanity. To him England more than any other country was the great practical exponent of the principle so dear to him: "Equal rights for all civilized men."

But the English Government seemed to be hibernating while the German was wide awake, and he noted her wakefulness in the direction of Southern Africa. She had already appropriated two considerable slices of it, and there was nothing to prevent her from appropriating more. What was to hinder her from taking possession of the territories north of the Limpopo? It was rumoured that she had her eyes on the south-east coast and St. Lucia Bay, a tract of country which, though never occupied by England as Damaraland and Namaqualand had been, was nevertheless supposed to be within the sphere of British influence. But Germany was bent upon Colonial expansion and was hardly likely to trouble herself much about a shadowy claim of that kind, and with a foothold on the east and on the west it would not be difficult for her to annex the large and fertile countries of the interior. She would then be in possession of the whole territory between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, and might easily extend her dominions far beyond the latter river. It was true that the Transvaal Boers regarded Mashonaland as theirs whenever they chose to occupy it, but it was not theirs yet, and Germany would make short work of their pretensions in that direction. Thus the danger of a vast German colony arising was imminent, and were it to become an accomplished fact the hegemony of England would be gone. Her possessions would be for ever limited to the regions south of the Orange, and a ring fence would be drawn round her in every direction. And Germany, once firmly established in these new dominions, would sooner or later dominate the two Boer republics and ultimately annex them; for it must be remembered that Johannesburg and its rich gold fields were not yet discovered and the Transvaal was poor and badly armed, and therefore powerless to withstand the onslaught of an invading host of Teutons armed with quick-firing rifles and other present-day weapons of destruction.

This was the danger that Rhodes saw and realized while English statesmen were indifferent or asleep, and he resolved to do all in his power to avert it. He was alone and without influential friends and could hope for no assistance from the mother country, but he did possess one thing—money. And that, apparently, was the only thing that could help him in the crisis. He never cared for money for himself or for its own sake, but he thoroughly realized its importance in furthering the plans he had in mind. He saw that nothing could be done without it, and therefore it was that he worked hard at the diamond fields in the rich claims he had secured and speedily made his fortune. He became a millionaire and thus was free to act. And he was exactly in time. The Liberals had gone out of office and the Unionists were now in power. But though these latter were supposed to be more sympathetic towards the colonies and had imperial interests more at heart, he could not look to them for aid in advancing the red line in Southern Africa. The Empire was already large enough, and there would be opposition to its further extension, notwithstanding the possible intrusion of Germany on its borders. But there was nothing to hinder him from founding a company on the lines of the East India Company or that of Prince Rupert's Land which might, under Royal Charter, take possession of and administer the great hinterland to the north, which seemed to be a fair field for European occupation, and which, if England did not at once secure it, would undoubtedly fall into the hands of the German. The hour had come, and with the hour the man.

Accordingly, Rhodes immediately set to work. He was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. He despatched agents to Lobengulu, the King of the Matabele, and through them secured the right of entrance on the part of an English company under royal authority into Mashonaland, a tract of country to the east inhabited by the Mashona, a people who had been conquered and reduced to serfdom, but whose lands the Matabele were unable to occupy. I may here note that the Matabele hordes were the scourge and dread of the weaker tribes around them, and that it was a mercy when in after years their reign of terror came to an end.

This mission being accomplished, Rhodes made a large donation to the Irish Nationalist funds, thereby doubtless buying off the opposition of the Irish party in the House of Commons to the establishment of his company. The gift was, I think, weighted with certain provisos which served to show that the giver was at heart an imperialist who desired to maintain the integrity of the Empire, but the Nationalist funds were low and such a windfall could not be expected every day, and the provisos were not such as to hinder the acceptance of so generous a gift.

When this notable contribution was announced in the newspapers people in London opened their eyes in astonishment and asked, " Who is this Cape man who can thus fling away such a huge sum of money to the Irish Nationalists ? " And they found upon enquiry that he was a young member of the Cape legislature who had been a successful digger at Kimberley and had gone into Parliament, and that moreover he was said to be a rising man, clever and ambitious. This paved the way to the accomplishment of his plans.

The Irish party, who were at that time bent upon obstructive tactics in the House of Commons, would certainly have opposed the granting of a Royal Charter to a new " filibustering " company in South Africa, but there was no longer any fear of their opposition. And should the Liberals prove obnoxious, as seemed probable, it would not matter, since the Unionists were in office and they would be strong enough to out-vote any opposition the Liberals might offer. The passage therefore of a Bill for the creation of the company was secured in the Commons, and it was unlikely that it would be opposed in the Upper House.

Rhodes had already placed his proposals before influential and patriotic members of the peerage and secured their assent to them ; but he had not forgotten to warn them that all who took shares in the company must do so from patriotic motives and be prepared to look for no interest for their money for many years to come. Nevertheless, to their honour be it said, several wealthy Englishmen, peers among their number, were ready to take all risks in order to secure the hinterland of the Sub-Continent and thus preserve the hegemony of England. The Royal Charter was granted, and in 1890 an admirably equipped force of mounted constabulary took quiet and peaceful possession of Mashonaland. This was the beginning of Rhodesia, a fair and fertile region extending from the Limpopo to the Zambesi and far beyond, indeed right away to the Congo.

I do not propose to say more about the empire-building schemes of this remarkable man. What has been said goes far to prove that he was a man "who thought in continents." His ideas were great: his political methods, it may be, sometimes open to question.

Great he was too in his private charities. His hand was continually in his pocket. No one will ever know how many poor and struggling people he helped, and that in the most quiet and unobtrusive way. A personal friend of my own was at one time his almoner, and no deserving case of poverty or suffering passed by unheeded. And often and often those who were set on their feet by his generosity had no idea who their benefactor was or from whence the aid had come. Rhodes hated publicity, especially with regard to his charities. No doubt he was often imposed upon when pestered by all kinds of people. And it is no wonder that he got into the way of thinking that everyone who went to see him wanted something of him. Here is an instance.

A young clergyman, an intimate friend of my own, had brought a letter of introduction to him from England

and called at Groot Schuur to present it, and after a brief but pleasant interview the great man enquired if he could do anything for him. "No," said the young cleric, "I only called, sir, to present my letter and do myself the honour of making your personal acquaintance and having a few words of conversation with you." Rhodes looked up and seemed astonished that anyone should call upon him without making a request of some kind or other.

At one time it was said that he was no friend to natives, but that was quite untrue, and time showed it to be so. He not only introduced and carried through the Glen Grey Act, to the benefit of thousands of natives of the Transkei, but was ever kind and considerate to the Matabele in his personal dealings with them, and, savages though they were, they looked up to him as a father. And he often had some of Lobengula's sons to stay with him at Groot Schuur while they were at Zonnebloem college, to which training institution he had sent them.

Rhodes did not care for society and did not shine in it, nor was he much at home with ladies, except with his sister, a dear, good soul greatly loved for her kindness of heart, who usually superintended his household arrangements. Brother and sister were devoted to each other, and the sister did not long survive her brother.

Rhodes was always immersed in political affairs, continually revolving in his mind all sorts of problems connected with the welfare of South Africa, and being so prominent a figure in public life (he was Premier of the Cape ministry for several years) it is wonderful how he found time for interviews with the many people who sought his counsel or aid. And it must be remembered that towards the end of his life he was constantly in pain, often acute pain, suffering from the disease which at last caused his death.

I heard from a friend a humorous story which illustrates his detachment from society and dislike of publicity, and which exhibits too his brusque manner and even rudeness of speech when bored and pursued by too much attention.

He was on one of his voyages to England, and being in broken health the rest and leisure were very grateful to him. He knew hardly any of his fellow-passengers and kept much to himself, immersed in his own thoughts. Just before the voyage ended a concert was proposed in aid of some Seamen's Charity, and among those foremost in trying to get it up and make it a success was a sprightly young lady of good social position in South Africa, who flattered herself that she would succeed in enlisting the services of the great man in the good cause. Perhaps he would give a reading or make a little speech; in any case he would consent to preside. Her fellow-members of the committee assured her that she did not know Mr. Rhodes, and that it was useless her attempting to make any such proposals to him. He was well known to dislike that sort of publicity, and they felt sure he would refuse to take an active part in the entertainment.

But she insisted that he would not be able to say "no" to her wishes, and proceeded to waylay him for a private interview, which, after waiting patiently for a day or two, she succeeded in obtaining.

She was a damsel by no means lacking in the charms and graces which adorn her sex, and proceeded to put before him with all the enthusiasm and warm-heartedness of youth her plans for the concert. He listened with interest, but when she broached the proposal nearest her heart—that he should take a prominent part in the little gathering—he resolutely declined doing anything of the sort. He told her that he could take no active part in it; it was not in his line of things; but as the entertainment was to be given for a charitable purpose he would gladly give her a donation towards the charity, by way of showing his sympathy with her praiseworthy efforts.

Clinging to a last straw she said: "But, Mr. Rhodes, of course you will come to the concert, will you not?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "Perhaps if I am well enough to attend I may be able to come. But I am afraid I can make no promises. But if you will come to me when the accounts are being made up I will gladly give you a cheque."

Though she had failed in enlisting his services she had succeeded in obtaining his patronage and good will, and also in gaining some substantial help to the charity, and that was something. She was fain to be content with that, and was uttering her thanks, when Rhodes turned to her and said: "Oh, perhaps I had better give you the cheque now. If you will have the goodness to step into the saloon and sit down for a moment I will write it out for you."

She did so; and when the cheque was written he handed it to her with the words: "There is a cheque for five pounds for the charity. I am very pleased to give it. And it is best for me to give it you now, so that *you will not have to trouble me again.*"

She went away in high dudgeon and told her friends how rudely she had been treated.

"He is a beast," said she. "But I have got the five pounds for the Institution."

Of course they all exclaimed, "We told you so. You ought to have listened to us and not have gone to him. You only bored him."

"Oh, but I will be even with him," said she. "You will see."

Now among her other accomplishments she was, like many other colonial ladies, a good shot, not only with a pistol but a pea-shooter. She knew that Rhodes' seat at the breakfast table was just under the open skylight; so she borrowed a pea-shooter and some peas from a small boy of her acquaintance, and next morning while the founder of Rhodesia was in the midst of his meal she bombarded him with three shots in rapid succession! They were well aimed and struck him on the back of his head, much to his amazement. He must have imagined that a hailstorm was raging and that the rolling of the vessel had brought down upon him some of the stones. He never knew the secret of the storm!

A resourceful damsel, truly, and one who knew how to avenge an insult. Whether she was justified in her method of revenge I leave it to the reader to judge; but that she could take care of herself is, I think, fairly evident.

Everyone knows how from being the god of the Cape Dutch and the Afrikander Bond party Rhodes became a demon in their eyes when the Jameson Raid took place. As I have remarked before, the English party did not quite understand his line of action and did not altogether trust him; but when they saw the manly and chivalrous way in which he took the blame for the Raid upon himself and shielded in every way he could his lieutenant, they rallied to him and regarded him with sympathy and admiration, although the Raid itself did not secure their approbation.

As to the Raid, I will only say what has often been said before—that it was preposterous and futile and therefore bound to fail. Whether it was morally justifiable is another and a difficult question. On old Tory theories of the divine right of rulers no rebellion or revolution is justifiable, and from that point of view it was wrong for any body of men from without to go to the aid of the Johannesburgers, who were practically in revolt, and doubly so to invade a foreign state. But if the raiders had been a large force and successful I suppose they would have been regarded as heroes, and the revolution would have gone down to posterity as the salvation of the Transvaal. As it was, the Raid tarnished the English name and added to the difficulties of South Africa. Colonists, Dutch and English, were at one in their condemnation of it. Kruger and his Government naturally made the most of it, and talked virtuously, as if raids had been unheard-of things, at least in South Africa. And they actually went on to claim a million pounds from England for "moral and intellectual damages" done to the Transvaal.

In doing so they conveniently forgot who it was that led the way in raiding. They forgot that they themselves were the transgressors, for it was they who in the early 'eighties raided our native territories both in east and west. They raided Zululand and annexed a part of it, and that (wisely enough) the best part, and formed it into a separate republic with its capital at Vrijheid. And not long after they incorporated this profitable bit of spoil into the South African Republic. England looked on and did nothing, but after the South African war this slice of Zululand was given to Natal, of which it now forms a portion.

They raided Bechuanaland and set up two republics there, Goschen and Stellaland, actually going so far as to print postage stamps for the latter! I wonder whether these stamps, which must be very scarce, are of any value now.

But the British Government did at last draw a line here, and sent out a well-equipped force under Sir Charles Warren, with orders to expel these Transvaal intruders at any cost. The Boer raiders were, however, unprepared to measure their swords, or rather to exchange shots, with such a force, and prudently retired to the farms from which they came. Wise in their generation, they not only did not fight, but actually made money out of the English soldiers by selling them oranges and other products of their orchards, a "slim" proceeding, truly. So the Warren expedition returned home, and British Bechuanaland was no more molested. The expedition cost Great Britain nearly a million and a half, and I have never heard that John Bull asked Paul Kruger for a penny of it. It is well to remember these facts when the Jameson Raid is at any time the subject of discussion, though two wrongs do not make a right.

Dr. Jameson was a man who had won the esteem of all who knew him, and when the ill-starred Raid collapsed South Africa was stirred to its depths at the thought that he might pay the penalty of his rashness with his life. When practising his profession at Kimberley he was loved right and left for his goodness to his poorer patients as well as for his skill and kindness and geniality. Often and often did he come to the aid of suffering humanity without fee or reward. That ten years after the Raid he would be Prime Minister of the Cape was what no one then imagined or could imagine. It would have seemed impossible. But events in our days move rapidly, especially in South Africa.

I met Rhodes on two occasions. The first was in the early 'eighties, when he came to Basutoland on official business connected with the War Compensation Commission. He was young then, and had but recently obtained a seat in Parliament, but was regarded as a brilliant and rising politician who would soon make his mark not only upon the Cape Legislative Assembly but upon the whole country.

In 1898 I met him again, and in his own house. He entertained one day the members of the Provincial Synod of the Church of the Province at luncheon. I had the honour to be of the number, and we spent a pleasant hour with him.

Before the luncheon several of us, after visiting the beautiful gardens of Groot Schuur, went to see his collection of wild animals, and greatly admired one of the lions, a truly royal creature.

During the meal that followed one of the guests, who was on intimate terms with our host, said to him: "Mr. Rhodes, we went just now to see your wild beasts, and were especially attracted by that splendid lion, but we could not help thinking that you had not done him justice."

"What do you mean?" asked Rhodes.

"Oh," was the reply, "we noticed that the floor of his house was only common, ordinary clay, and we thought that so noble an animal ought to have nothing less than a marble floor to walk up and down upon."

"Ah, yes, that is all very well," came the answer, "but one cannot run *Raids* and have money left for marble floors for lions!"

There was a twinkle in the eye of the great man as he uttered the words, and everyone at the table saw the joke and relished it. We had a good laugh at his expense, in which he heartily joined.

Rhodes had a great love of South Africa and a profound belief in its future. He used to say that it takes five years to see South Africa, ten years to love it, and fifteen to know it; and I do not think he was very far wrong.

His lonely grave amid the rocks on the summit of the Matoppos, looking out on the "World's View" around, is in keeping with his life. Thousands go to see it, many Dutch among them; and as they stand there and remember all he did for South Africa and for his fellow-men they think of him with softened hearts, and call to mind his last words—the words of Tennyson—"So much to do; so little done."

In spite of human imperfections he was emphatically a Great Man.

There let him rest, on the heights of the land that he won for our flag and in the midst of the people he loved so well. And may refreshment, light and peace be his portion in the realms of the unseen.

CHAPTER XII

THE CAMPAIGN

Light spirit in which the war was undertaken—The Boers—The British—Buller's instructions—The Basuto—Thlotse isolated—Boer mistakes—Magnitude of the struggle—The railway—Sights at Thlotse—Good behaviour of the troops—Twee Fontein—The Black Week—Buller's advance—Epiphany, 1900—Colonel Rhodes and General Koch—A Yeomanry story—More war stories—King Edward VII and Major Mullins.

> " These are not scenes for pastoral dance at even,
> For moonlight rovings in the fragrant glades,
> Soft slumbers in the open eye of Heaven,
> And all the listless joy of summer shades.
>
> Here over shattered walls dark weeds are growing,
> And blood and fire have run in mingled stream."—*Keble.*

IT is not for me, a mere layman from a military point of view, to criticize the methods in which the Great War was waged by the English generals or to make any remarks upon the strategics or tactics employed by them. It would be an impertinence to attempt it. But as onlookers sometimes see the best of the game, and even a layman may possess common sense and ordinary reasoning powers, it may not be deemed presumptuous to note some few of the salient points in the history of the struggle as they presented themselves to the mind of one who, although not called upon to take any share in it, was nevertheless often brought into contact with those who did, both Boers and British.

But before doing so it may not be amiss to say a word as to the spirit in which the war was undertaken.

Never, I suppose, was a campaign entered upon in a more light-hearted way. Both sides entered into the fray not only with the conviction that they would win—that was pardonable enough and indeed commendable—but that they would win easily ; and both sides despised each other. I know from personal experience that the Boers did so, and since coming home I have learnt that we did so too. Well-informed friends have told me that they had heard distinguished officers declare that the troops would be back by Christmas or soon after. Others said, " It will only be a picnic." Language of that kind shows how little the Boers were understood and their preparations and stern determination to fight appraised and realized in England. Apparently Majuba had taught us no lesson.

The Boers were no less certain of an easy victory, and talked about the Redcoats being a " breakfast " for them. We have already seen what they thought of English soldiers, and how grossly ignorant most of them were of the British army and of English society in general.

A year before the war I happened to be in Bloemfontein, and could not help noticing the boasting and bragging of the young bloods of the place, many of them educated youths, more than one of whom had been at an English university. They thoroughly believed that England would only be able to send out mere detachments of troops—perhaps ten or fifteen thousand—and that these detachments, the moment they put their foot on the Free State soil, would be mowed down or captured. " We shall go on doing that," they said, " with each batch of Redcoats England sends out, until she gets tired of sending them, and then she will be glad to make terms with us, and the Transvaal will secure entire and unfettered independence once for all."

The English Press, too, did not realize the strength of the Boers or their bravery in the field. Even the *Spectator*, probably the ablest and sanest and most well-informed weekly in the Empire, talked about thirty thousand infantry with a few cavalry being sufficient to subjugate the Boer forces. When I read the article I groaned aloud, feeling sure that if such an organ—my weekly feast of general information admirably served up—could be so misinformed and take such an utterly inadequate view of the situation, we should certainly get some hard knocks as soon as hostilities began.

No one seemed to realize that England would be called upon to send a force six thousand miles across the ocean strong enough to meet in the field eighty thousand sharp-shooters mounted on the toughest horses and occupying magnificent and often all but impregnable positions, in a country every inch of which was known to them, and in which they could obtain thousands of remounts and abundance of supplies from sympathizers on every side. And no one seemed to be aware that the Western Province of Cape Colony was honeycombed with sedition, and that it was far from improbable that thousands of Dutch colonists might easily be induced to swell the numbers of the armies of the Transvaal and the Free State. And thirty thousand footmen, encumbered with enormous quantities of baggage and huge convoys of supplies of all kinds, were to march apparently with ease, or at least with no great difficulty, straight up to Bloemfontein and make an end of the enemy at once and for ever! They would wipe out the Boer commandos as easily as one wipes a fly from one's face. Prodigious!

General Buller's force was very deficient in cavalry, and mounted infantry had hardly been thought of, whereas for a unique campaign of this kind mounted men, and in large numbers too, were above all necessary. Apparently it did not occur to the military authorities that to capture the enemy when driven from his position large mobile forces of well-mounted men would be required. They did not really know the Boers from a military point of view, any more than the mass of Englishmen understood their religious and social characteristics. But their eyes were soon to be opened.

General Buller has been blamed for not carrying out the plan of campaign first laid down. He was to advance upon Bloemfontein, instead of which he permitted himself to be influenced by the Government of Natal to make that colony the chief scene of his operations.

That the advice was good I have no doubt, but apart from that, I have always regarded it as a great mercy that he did not attempt a march upon Bloemfontein; for had he done so I think there can be no doubt that he would have met with nothing but disaster. His comparatively small force would have been taken in detail and cut to pieces by the more numerous and far more mobile enemy, and those who ever reached Bloemfontein would do so as prisoners. I may be wrong. We have been told that not even the youngest of us is infallible, and certainly the oldest are not. But I, for one, do believe that in remaining in Natal the general was restrained by an all-merciful Providence from rushing into the arms of a danger he did not realize, the magnitude of which would have overwhelmed him. His little force would have been wiped out. It would have been what the Boers predicted—a " breakfast " for them.

Feeling sure from my knowledge of them that the Boers really intended war, and my conviction being confirmed by the fact that for some time past they had been quietly buying up large numbers of our finest Basuto ponies, I thought it prudent to lay in a supply of necessaries in the way of groceries and other shop goods, and this I accordingly did. Basutoland might or might not be invaded : no one could tell. Probably it would not, since it was well known by the Orange Free State authorities that the Basuto could put forty thousand warriors, all mounted, into the field, who would defend hearth and home to the last extremity, and who were burning to wipe out old scores and measure their assegais with the men they had always regarded as their spoilers and oppressors.

But though often threatened, especially during the first phases of the struggle, no Boer crossed the Caledon and no bloodshed stained the soil of the Lesuto. And I may here note that the behaviour of the Basuto throughout the whole campaign was praiseworthy in the highest degree. Thirsting as they were for a chance to revenge themselves upon their ancient enemies, they restrained themselves and remained in their homes. It was a magnificent triumph of law and order and submission to authority. Their instructions from Sir F. Milner were stringent. They were to sit still. This was a war between white men, and they were on no account to interfere or take part in it. But should the enemy violate the neutrality of the country, should any Boer force cross the Caledon, the High Commissioner looked to the Basuto to preserve their land for the Queen. With such instructions to their chiefs they had to be content, though they often burned to go to the aid of the English, especially during the siege of Wepener, when they saw a tiny garrison defending itself day after day with the utmost heroism against a force almost ten times its own number. Surely it was a splendid moral spectacle: tens of thousands of semi-savages restraining themselves from attacking their hereditary foes at the call of the Queen and those in authority under her. Had they yielded to their passions and broke loose they could have carried fire and destruction to numberless homesteads on lonely farms far and near, and within a week could have ravaged the greater part of the districts of the Free State right up to Bloemfontein itself. The commandos sent to check them would have been comparatively few, the greater part of the Boer forces having been drawn off in other directions on the borders of the Cape Colony and Natal.

That the Boers realized this danger is certain, for immediately before the despatch of Kruger's ultimatum they spared no pains to induce the Basuto chiefs to join them or at least to pledge themselves to remain neutral. Everything was done and all kinds of promises held out to allure them from their allegiance to England, but in vain. They only succeeded in bribing one chief, Joele Molapo of Butha-Buthe, who had always been troublesome and a rebel at heart, and who at the conclusion of the war was tried for high treason and underwent an imprisonment of two years, besides being heavily fined in cattle. But traitor as he was, he was afraid to carry out his compact with the enemy, knowing full well that his own men would have deserted him *en masse*.

I repeat it: the restraint shown by the Basuto nation in that supreme crisis was nothing less than magnificent.

As has been said, Basutoland was supposed to be neutral territory, but long before the war was ended its neutrality was violated, though not by the Boers but the British, no doubt from necessity. The British generals "dumped down" numbers of Boer prisoners in our midst, besides sending over to Thlotse a contingent of their sick and wounded. And in addition to these there were considerable numbers of English refugees from the Free State. It was difficult to find rations for all of them, but there were hardly any who went hungry. We of the mission had five Boer prisoners of war in our rondavels in the garden in addition to those living with myself in the mission house. Although not a military chaplain, it fell to my lot to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers and prisoners of war, and, of course, I gladly obeyed such a call. The extemporized hospitals and public buildings of Ficksburg were crowded, and doubtless that was the reason why some of the sick and wounded were sent over the border to us. Several of these died, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of burying them with the rites of the Church in our little mission cemetery.

As soon as war was declared, that is upon the expiration of the forty-eight hours' ultimatum of 9th October, 1899, we in Basutoland were shut in. For three months no mail reached us from without. We were without letters or newspapers from England or South Africa. At the expiration of that time our oversea mails were landed at East London and sent on from thence through the Transkei to Kokstad in Griqualand East. At that place a bullock post was organized which took them on as best it could by circuitous routes (for the enemy was not far off) to Ongeluk's Nek, the extreme southern entrance into Basutoland, and from Ongeluk's Nek they were despatched to us in the far north. But although our letters came in only by driblets and sometimes four months after date, we received them all—a tribute to the care and effectiveness of the Cape postal service.

How eagerly were our newspapers looked forward to! Except a message through the Government phonophore which the officials courteously communicated to us from time to time when it was of public importance, we had no idea of what was going on outside our own borders. Heavy Boer commandos lined the Free State banks of the Caledon, and there were daily rumours that they were about to cross over and "eat up" the English at Thlotse and elsewhere, but prudence restrained them from attempting it. They knew well that Jonathan Molapo and his warriors were ever on the alert, waiting for them and panting for the fray. Now and then those of us who had personal friends among them would manage through a native to exchange newspapers, though that was supposed to be against martial law, after our post was resumed. It was amusing as well as instructive to note the entirely different and opposite accounts of the war in the Cape Town and Bloemfontein papers. We learnt to discount both statements very heavily, knowing that news from the front was cut and carved and curtailed while passing through the hands of the censor.

As to the war itself, I cannot help thinking that badly as we sometimes played our cards the Boers played theirs worse.

The first mistake they made, and it was a great one, was launching their ultimatum. People have told me that that egregious document was received in England with a howl of derisive laughter, and I can quite believe it, but the laughter had soon to give place to something more serious.

By sending such a challenge the Boers alienated many among their sympathisers in England, who had always regarded them as the lamb and Great Britain as the wolf. The Transvaal should not have played such a card. It should not have taken the initiative in declaring war. It should have continued its policy of pin-pricking and trimming, in which it was an adept, until the English Government were goaded into hostilities and compelled to declare war. But the truth is that it could not wait to do so. Its people were getting out of hand in their frantic eagerness to fight. No one who was not in the two republics at that time can imagine the change that had come over the Dutch population. Everywhere it was the same: boasting and bragging what they would do to the "rooi nekken." They would not need rifles to shoot them: "a wooden yoke skei would be sufficient to settle them."

The English residents in the towns and villages had their bad quarter of an hour in the months immediately preceding the publication of the ultimatum, and had daily and hourly to submit to insults and insolence such as they had never known before; for usually Dutch and English were on good terms, and did not intrude their political differences upon each other. As I listened to such inflated, swaggering bombast I could not help thinking, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." And indeed the time-honoured words were about to be fulfilled.

The second bad card which the Boers played, and it was the worst of all, was their not following up the ultimatum by an immediate advance upon the coast. They had everything to gain and nothing to lose by so doing. They did attempt it when it was too late and of no avail, but if they had seized the right moment at the very commencement of hostilities and boldly pushed forward to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban by a simultaneous movement, they would have found little or nothing to stop them. And they knew it. Yet they made no use of the all-important opportunity. They knew that in Cape Colony there was no force which could not have been easily swept out of their path, and that in Natal the opposition that could have been offered to their advance would have been overcome with but little difficulty. And they knew also that in the Cape Colony, especially in the Western Province, they would have found multitudes of sympathisers and would in all probability have entered and taken possession of Cape Town with ten thousand rebels at their back. Port Elizabeth and East London might have given a little trouble, the English element being strong in and around those ports, but the few and small volunteer regiments which had been mobilized would have been entirely insufficient to effectually hinder their onrush. In Natal there would probably have been some hot work, but it would not have been for long, the British forces there being outnumbered by the Boers, who were superior to them in arms, artillery and equipments, as well as much more mobile.

The Boer advance would have been a triumphant " march past " from the highlands to the ocean. Once at the ports and in possession of them, the English generals with the relieving force from home would have been compelled to land their troops under cover of the fire of their own guns and against the opposition of both forts and rifles. Probably Cape Town would have to be bombarded, and after the English had landed they would have to reconquer the Cape Colony before attempting an advance north. It was only in Natal that the loyalty of the colonists as a body could be reckoned upon with any certainty.

But the Boers, instead of seizing this golden opportunity, contented themselves with invading the nearest British territory, turning their attention especially to Natal and then sitting down for months before Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, when there was even yet, after the British disasters at Colenso and elsewhere, time to push on to the coast before the arrival of Lord Roberts and his powerful reinforcements. Something might be said for the siege of Ladysmith, where twelve thousand men were locked up and kept at bay, but what can be said for sitting down with a large force and the most powerful guns before Kimberley, in the hope that they might succeed in getting Rhodes' skin? That arch-enemy was known to be there. He had gallantly contrived to get into the place at the last moment, and the hope of the besiegers was that when the place was taken (as they made sure it would be) they might be able to exhibit his skin in a glass case in Pretoria as a memento of their victory! At least that was the talk of a great many of them, to my certain knowledge. And fooling their time away for no less than seven months in the investment of a village like Mafeking with only about a thousand men to defend it was still worse. They did fight and that bravely at Ladysmith, but at Mafeking they attempted no assault worthy of the name until at the very end of the siege, and even then the storming party was not supported by the main body. And this sorry waste of time and energy only served to bring out in stronger relief day after day the stubborn determination of the beleaguered garrisons to hold their own in spite of severe losses and great privations, and thus win for them the sympathy of the British race all over the world. The Boers had ceased to be "slim": they had become "dom" (stupid), more *dom* by far than the "domme" English whom they despised.

Then again, it seems to me, that they were wanting in judgment in allowing Lord Roberts to take possession of their two capitals, Bloemfontein and Pretoria. Perhaps their leaders felt that they would be unable to make a determined stand, so many of their commandos having melted away or become scattered after Paardeburg and other disasters; but many Boers have told me that they deliberately allowed the English to take the capitals, partly in order to save their public buildings from destruction by bombardment, but mainly with the idea of adopting Fabian tactics and also of cutting off Lord Roberts' lines of communication. As we know, they did attempt both, and that often with dash and vigour; but they ought to have realized the fact that the possession of the capitals and other important centres was the key to the whole situation, and that with reinforcements constantly arriving from England it would be impossible for them to dislodge the enemy.

And yet once more; surely the guerilla warfare during the latter half of the war was a mistake—one had almost said a crime. This method of warfare is now nowhere resorted to by civilized peoples, and if the Boers had followed the example of the Confederate generals in the American War of Secession they would in all probability have secured very favourable terms of peace—terms virtually securing to them their autonomy; since England has rarely, if ever, been vindictive towards a vanquished foe. But, more than that, they would have preserved not only their own two republics but the whole of South Africa from a protracted and fruitless struggle which could bring nothing but destruction and desolation in its train. Through their determination to fight to the bitter end almost the whole of the sub-continent was the scene for more than a year of pillage and rapine and wanton destruction ; the scene often of a bitter fratricidal conflict raging in almost every direction, which could only end in one way and the memory of which would be an abiding horror to all who witnessed it. Go where he will, even to remote corners of distant British Namaqualand, the traveller cannot help marking by the wayside the little crosses which testify so mournfully to the bitterness and waste of life of that prolonged and futile strife.

One of the most striking features of the war was the way in which with only a single pair of lines the railway authorities contrived to convey men and supplies, and often passengers too, to all parts of the country. It was marvellous. Think of the tens of thousands of troops being constantly removed from station to station and the huge supply of stores and arms and animals involved in such movements. And all done on a single line of railway either from Cape Town or Durban or some other port. The engine drivers and indeed nearly all connected with the railway were so overworked that it is a wonder how they endured the strain. The engine drivers in particular were sometimes on duty sixteen hours or even more in succession, and that, too, often at the risk of their lives, and every one of them deserved a gold medal for his devotion to duty. Surely they were among the heroes of the war.

At Thlotse, after the Concentration Camps were established in the Free State, we now and then had waggon loads of Dutch women and children passing through the village on their way to Ficksburg and Bloemfontein. They were brought through Basutoland for the sake of safety, " sniping " being constantly in vogue over the Caledon. Drivers and guards were in danger of being picked off by bullets from invisible enemies securely ensconced behind rocks on the hillsides, and a stray bullet might easily strike one of the occupants of the open waggon. As the bullocks moved slowly along with their human freight we noted that the soldiers always marched at their sides, many of them carrying a baby as a help to its mother. Mr. Thomas Atkins may be a happy-go-lucky, absent-minded beggar and all the rest of it, but he has a kind heart and dotes upon children; and I often smiled to see these tanned sons of Mars trudging along with Boer babies in their arms, the mothers looking on with evident pleasure. Occasionally one would hear a virago storming at the English and all their works, and one day I heard a waggon load of women and young girls of a coarser type flinging language not to be printed at the heads of their soldier guards, and when tired of that relieving their tedium by singing a Dutch hymn, between the verses of which ribald remarks would be passed on the "accursed red necks." But nothing disturbed Tommy's equanimity. And when the next outspan of the bullocks took place you would see him kindling a fire of twigs and disu, and boiling the water in the coffee kettles and fondling the small fry as if his passengers were the greatest friends he had in the world!

Assuredly the human race must have made some progress, at least among Christians, for there was never a campaign so humanly conducted as that of the Anglo-Boer war. It was stained by very few excesses, and the British soldier deserved the tribute his distinguished commander paid him—that "he had behaved like a gentleman."

I can bear personal witness to the excellent conduct of the eighth division (General Rundle's), the "Starving Eighth," as it was called from being so often on short rations, owing to its operating at a distance from any railway. The men of this division were marching and counter-marching for months together through the bitter winter weather of the highlands (elevated plateaux, it must be remembered, almost six thousand feet above sea-level), baked by the sun by day and frozen at night, but they did it all manfully without a murmur. South Africa is said to be the grave of great reputations, but it certainly was not in that respect the grave of Tommy Atkins. He came out of it with enhanced reputation, whatever may have been the case with a few—a very few—of his superiors.

In a great war there must always be failures on both sides, but in this campaign they were not numerous; while, on the other hand, it brought into relief and gave scope to the display of much military talent; and this was as true on the one side as on the other.

As to defects—on our side what was most apparent to both colonists and natives was the carelessness and lack of precaution with which our troops often marched about the country. Several of the "regrettable incidents" which marked the course of the war could never have taken place if ordinary precautions had been observed.

Not to speak of Sanna's Post (a spot I know well, having ridden through it many a time) and other

IN THE THLOTSE MISSION GARDEN.

MARKET PLACE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

disasters, a case of that kind happened close to the Basutoland border on the Christmas Day of 1901, when General De Wet swooped down upon a force some four hundred strong at a place named Twee Fontein, about forty miles from Thlotse, cut it to pieces and captured an enormous quantity of arms, ammunition, food and clothing. This little force, which was conveying new year's supplies to Bloemfontein, had outspanned in a good position—a position, so it was supposed, which could only be attacked from the sloping ground in front. There was a steep descent, a precipice in fact, at the rear, but the camp was not open to attack from that quarter. No danger was apprehended from thence. No Boers could climb such a precipice. Majuba had been forgotten; yet the heights of Majuba had been scaled by the enemy in high day.

Only two or three sentries were posted on the height overlooking the precipice, and De Wet, from experience, reckoned on this. He was known to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood and to be greatly in want of supplies. In fact his men were in a ragged condition and short of food, it being towards the end of the war.

Every other part of the camp was well guarded, and De Wet, with his usual astuteness, believing that if he could only scale the heights an entrance could easily be effected into the very midst of the enemy, proceeded to take measures for an assault. He thought that after a Christmas Eve carouse the whole British force would be sunk in slumber in the early hours of Christmas morning, and that a sudden and sharp attack immediately before daylight would be crowned with success.

Placing himself at the head of a picked body of men, he climbed up barefoot and reached the summit of the hill with his trusty "burgers" a few minutes before dawn. The two or three sentries were overpowered at once, and that without the least noise or commotion; the camp was surprised and the sleeping men shot where they lay. Those who escaped the slaughter, roused by the fusillade, rushed forth from their tents only to meet, in many cases, with instant death. A considerable number, however, did succeed in making some sort of defence, but only for a very short time. They were disorganized and had lost most of their officers, and in a few minutes all was over.

The colonel of the regiment was absent at the time on duty in Bloemfontein, and the officer in charge of the column was among the slain. All the officers except, I think, three were either killed or wounded, and those three were taken prisoners. There was no possibility of escape for anyone.

Among those who fell was a friend of my own, Dr. Reed, of Bethlehem, a most kind-hearted man and a skilful surgeon, who at the beginning of the war had offered his professional services to the Boers and was loved as well as respected by them. He was, of course, a non-combatant all through the campaign. When the Boer forces were for the time scattered and the Orange Free State became British territory he volunteered for medical duty with the British, and his services were gladly accepted. He was often out with columns on active service, as was the case now. He was shot down in his tent, and when De Wet was informed of it he expressed deep regret at the lamentable occurrence, for no Boer would knowingly have harmed a man so endeared to them. To add to the pathos of the sad event the doctor was intending to go down to Durban in a few days to be married, his bride having just arrived from England. The poor lady returned home by the next steamer.

It must be added that there was no drunkenness or anything of the kind on Christmas Eve. There was the usual dinner, at which a few healths were drunk, but all was orderly and quiet, and everyone went to sleep at the usual time.

De Wet, after taking the survivors—only about half the force—prisoner, sent them off to Basutoland, for the Boers at that time were so reduced in numbers and so badly off for supplies that they were unable to retain any prisoners they might take. This was his last victory.

The poor fellows crossed the Caledon and reported themselves to the British official at Butha-Buthe, and from thence came on to us at Thlotse on their way to the British garrison at Ficksburg. They were worn out, ragged and hungry, and merited and received our heartfelt sympathy. Among them was a young officer of the Guards who had been on special duty and did not belong to the column, though temporarily attached to it. He felt his position most acutely, and we were all intensely sorry for him. He would rather have been killed. The thought that he, a Guardsman, should have been taken prisoner was very bitter. But there was no shadow of dishonour in it. He was in no way responsible for the safety of the camp, and it was a mercy that he came out of it alive and unscathed.

But to return to the early weeks of the war. Shut in as we were with a strong force of the enemy fronting us, it was some little time before we could learn the truth concerning the untoward events of the first half of December. I was fortunate enough to obtain an official return from our friends opposite, in which our defeats and losses were magnified prodigiously. We had lost at Colenso seven magnificent cannon, and thousands of our men had been laid low ; while on the Boer side there were only three casualties ! Of course we discounted statements such as these, but it was nevertheless a sorry time for us all. Day after day there were rumours of calamities to the British forces, and it was a real consolation to know that the Basuto, who heard these reports as well as ourselves, never wavered in their loyalty for a moment. The great thing that told with them in favour of the English was that the English soldiers held their positions notwithstanding defeat or repulse, or that at the worst they retreated but a short distance. Clearly the English were not beaten, or they would have fled and left the Boers masters of the country ; and so our Basuto never lost hope, but continued to believe that our arms would in the end prove successful. And they knew that the English had not yet put forth all their strength.

England needed that Black Week. The three reverses, though not much taken separately, and after all but small engagements, coming as they did close together, stirred the mother country to its depths. The slaughter of the Highlanders, together with the loss of guns, made a profound impression, and nerved the Government to put forth all its strength. England began to realize the task before her : the campaign was not to be a picnic after all. Letters from home told me that the whole country was sobered and brought to its knees in prayer ; the theatres were closed or empty, and a vast multitude attended the service of penitence and intercession at St. Paul's Cathedral. We had received the hard knocks we deserved for our blindness and self-satisfaction, and had learnt the bitter lesson we needed. The Black Week had done its appointed work. And now a wave of patriotism and stern resolve surged all over the motherland, and Pall Mall was besieged with thousands of volunteers for the front, comprising among them the very flower of England. Nay, old grizzled warriors hurried to the War Office, imploring to be enrolled.

And more than that; the Black Week had the effect of rousing the whole Empire; and, as we know, men came forward from the colonies and from India and hastened to the scene of action, and that, too, in many cases at their own expense. It was a superb spectacle: the old mother was in danger, and her children hurrying from the ends of the earth to her aid. Europe and America, nay, the whole world, looked on in admiration and wonder. It was the beginning of the consolidation of the Empire.

It was a remarkable fact that we at Thlotse could hear the guns of Ladysmith. Indeed we were able to follow Buller's advance for at least three days before the relief of the town. Ladysmith is more than 120 miles from our mission house, but in our verandah we heard the report of cannon day by day quite distinctly, and everyone in the place could hear it too. At first we thought it was thunder, the distance being so great; but there was no reverberation of sound,—it was simply a dull thud, not at all like distant thunder. Some of us whose ears were very acute even thought we could detect which were the Boer guns and which the British, but of that I am not sure. The curious fact was that months afterwards when actions were being fought only forty or fifty miles to the west we could hear nothing. But the whole space between us and Ladysmith is one vast mass of mountains, whereas the country to the west is much more open, consisting for the most part of undulating plains interspersed with more or less detached hills and koppies. It must have been the sound reverberating through the mountains which made the difference. And the guns were heard even more plainly down in the beds of the Caledon and the Thlotse.

The Epiphany (6th January) of 1900 was a day none of us will ever forget, for we heard the thud, thud, thud of the Ladysmith guns from daylight until dusk. We realized that the beleaguered town was being furiously attacked, but could, of course, form no idea whether it had fallen or not. But in a day or two we heard the good news from native sources that it still stood and that the enemy had met with a severe repulse. Probably the storming of Ladysmith on that day was the sharpest and most hard fought action of the whole campaign. The Boers fought with stubbornness, bravery and skill from the small hours of the morning until they were finally driven back at sunset amid a crashing thunderstorm accompanied by torrents of rain, which rapidly filled the stream they had to cross in their retreat, in whose waters numbers of those who had escaped from the carnage of the battlefield found a watery grave. Both sides suffered severely. Hour after hour a tenacious, obstinate contest raged, often with actual hand-to-hand fighting, and more than once the fate of the beleaguered town trembled in the balance.

The losses of the Boers were not known and probably never will be with any exactness, for the Boers were not in the habit of keeping such accurate statistics as our own army ; but large numbers of their men were buried during the next two or three days by our soldiers. Among them was the commandant of the Harrismith contingent, De Villiers, a man of ability and honour, and as brave as he was honourable. A friend told me that at the Krijgsraad (Council of War) held the night before, when the assault was finally determined upon, De Villiers, with some of the ablest leaders, deprecated storming the place again. They had been several times repulsed, and he believed it too strongly fortified and too stubbornly defended for them to hope for success. The only thing to do was to hold Buller in check and starve out the garrison. But he and those who thought with him were overruled by a large majority, and when the votes were taken and the assault determined on he shook hands with all present and wished them good-bye, saying that he should do his duty, but that he knew he would not come out of the battlefield alive. He led his men with marked intrepidity into the thickest of the fights, and died a soldier's death to the regret of all who knew him.

The battle of Elandslaagte at the very opening of the campaign was a brilliant victory for the English, though leading to no decisive result. It was a well-conceived, daring frontal attack, in which General French, through the chivalry of Sir George White, was allowed to win his spurs. The Boers were utterly routed and lost heavily. Their camp was taken, and in their flight many of them were cut down by our Lancers. Their general in command (Koch) was wounded, mortally as it proved, and brought into Ladysmith.

I have been told the following story concerning him and Colonel Rhodes, which I think really touching, and which I have every reason to believe to be true. In order to appreciate its beauty the reader must remember that Colonel Rhodes was one of the celebrated Johannesburg Reform Committee, the members of which were condemned either to suffer capital punishment or to pay an enormous fine. The colonel was condemned to death, but the death sentence was commuted to a fine of £25,000. When he tendered the amount he was informed that one condition of his release was that he must sign a promise never to take up arms against the South African Republic. He replied that as a soldier of the Queen of England he could not do so. He might be called upon at some future time by his sovereign to fight against the Republic. After some hesitation on the part of the authorities he was liberated. A crowd of low-class Boers assembled and hooted and jeered at him as he left the prison.

General Koch, who had been a high legal official of the South African Republic, was one of the chief prosecutors of the Reformers, and had naturally done all in his power to get them convicted of high treason, and with success. He is not to be blamed for this: he was only doing his duty. And now he was wounded and brought in a dying condition into the camp of the enemy.

On hearing the report of the surgeons General White courteously offered to have him conveyed to the rail head that he might be sent on by train to his home in Pretoria, or, should he prefer to do so, he might remain in Ladysmith, where everything would be done for him that man could do.

The dying man preferred to stay where he was, feeling that he would not be able to endure the long journey to Pretoria, and that in all probability his end was near.

Then Colonel Rhodes, who was present at the interview, stepped forward and said to Sir George, "Please put General Koch in my bed; I think it is one of the most comfortable in the place."

This was done, and the Boer general died in Frank Rhodes' bed.

Colonel Rhodes was a noble-hearted Christian soldier. He had not the gifts of his distinguished brother, and did not "think in continents," but he was a man of more than average ability, and as brave as he was modest. He was a deeply religious man and a good Churchman. He was also a licensed voluntary lay reader—it was Archbishop Jones of Cape Town who told me so—often holding Divine service when an ordained minister of the Church was not at hand. He did not survive Cecil many years.

I could tell many stories of the war of a harrowing, not to say blood-curdling, nature, and of some cruel, almost inhuman deeds; but it would do no good to dwell upon them, and might perhaps excite racial feeling and cause bad blood, the last thing I should wish to do. I shall refrain, therefore, from committing any of them to paper.

Horrible and sanguinary as war is it is not without its lighter side, and this war was no exception to the rule. It had its humorous and amusing incidents, and I prefer to dwell upon these. Let me relate two or three before I bring this chapter to a close.

The first draft of yeomanry sent out was a splendid body of men, very different from those which followed —especially the last. Several troops of them were attached to General Rundle's column, and when that column first moved eastwards from Thaba 'Nchu and pushed its way onwards to Clocolan the yeomanry were often out with some of the Colonial volunteers under General Brabant, scouting and patrolling in advance of the column.

One day a small patrol of yeomen rode out some distance on the look out for patrols of the enemy, who was reputed to be in force at Ficksburg. They came to a hillock, from whence they espied a farm-house about a mile distant, and one of their number proposed riding over to it in order to procure bread and milk. The weather was hot, the men had been in the saddle since early morning, and it was now afternoon. His comrades dissuaded him from going. It was almost certainly a Boer homestead, and he would probably fall into a trap. But he was bent upon going: bread and milk and perhaps a cup of coffee are not without attractions under such circumstances. So, bidding his fellow-troopers wait for him, he sallied forth and rode up to the farm and knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by a Dutchwoman. He asked her if she would sell him a loaf of bread and a bottle or two of milk. Yes, she would. Would he please walk in? He did so, and to his surprise saw three Boers sitting at the table, with their rifles close by, drinking coffee.

Going up to the first, he hailed him most genially, exclaiming, "Ah, I am in luck's way to-day to find you all here. You are all my prisoners. Put up your hands and don't make a fuss about it. It is the fortune of war, you know. I left my patrol on the hill just over yonder, and our main column, over a thousand strong, is not far off. So you see it would be foolish to resist. And I don't want to have any unnecessary bloodshed. All three of you will have to come along with me when you have finished your coffee, and you may bring your rifles with you. Consider yourselves prisoners of war, and don't grouse about it. It's just the fortune of war, you know."

By this time the good housewife had brought this daring English warrior a cup of coffee, which he proceeded to drink with the greatest coolness in the world.

The three Boers were astounded and for the moment dumbfounded. When they recovered speech they declared that it was impossible; they could not go with him. They had no horses.

"No, no," said he, "that won't do. You don't hoodwink me in that way. I saw some horses outside behind the house as I rode up, and no doubt they are yours. So come along."

The end of it was that the three men rode off with him, looking sullen and sheepish.

They made for the hillock, but when they arrived there nobody was visible. There was not a living creature to be seen.

"Where is your patrol?" asked the prisoners. "We see no one."

"That is more than I can tell! I am just as surprised as you. I only know that I left them here when I rode down to the farm. They must have gone back to that koppie yonder," pointing to one not far off. "We came on from that point, and we had better make for it. No doubt we shall find them there."

They rode on to the koppie, but still no one was visible. Probably the patrol had retired to the camp under the impression that their comrade had fallen a victim to his rashness, he had remained so long in the house.

"Englishman," said the spokesman of the three prisoners, "it is all very well your telling us that fine tale about your piquet and the big column a thousand strong a little way off, but we see nobody. You have been lying, or else you are not right in the head. Anyway, the tables are turned, and you are our prisoner now and must come with us to our Commandant.

Now don't make a fuss about it. It is the fortune of war, you know."

What could the yeoman do ? He could only submit !

" Yes," he said bitterly, " the tables *are* turned. I am in your hands, and you are three to one. So I suppose there is nothing for it but to go with you. But where is your Commandant ? "

" He is at Ficksburg, three hours from here, and we must be off at once."

They turned back and made for that village, at which they arrived just before sunset.

The prisoner was presented to the Commandant, who laughed heartily when he heard the droll story. He was a jovial, good-natured personage who appreciated a joke.

Giving a keen glance at the prisoner he said, " We know you can ride, but can you shoot ? "

" I can do a little in that way," was the response.

" Very well," said the Commandant. " Let me see."

A bottle was produced and placed at some distance. I forget how far, but it was considerable.

" Now then, Englishman ! See what you can do."

The man knocked over the bottle several times and proved himself as good a shot as the Commandant, who prided himself upon being one of the best shots in the country. The Commandant was in high glee.

" Englishman," said he, " you are a fine fellow. You can ride and you can shoot. You are well built and strong. You are a man ! And I like a man of your sort. You must dine with me this evening, and I will drink your health."

And so they had a pleasant dinner and smoked the pipe of peace together.

Excellent Commandant !

Here is another story, which I heard from the lips of my friend Canon Fogarty, of Maseru, who himself figured in it.

Canon Fogarty was driving to Bloemfontein during the latter phases of the war when General Kitchener's "drives" were the order of the day, and had to proceed along a road fenced in on either side with barbed wire, a small block-house being built every few miles at which five or six soldiers were stationed. He started early, and at half-past eight arrived at one of these structures, in front of which a corporal and four men of the Bedfords (if I remember rightly) were sitting at breakfast. He halted for the examination of his military permit, and when the inspection was over the corporal, seeing that he was a clergyman, said, "Padre, will you not sit down and have a cup of coffee with us and something to eat?"

My friend welcomed the proposal and joined the group.

After a little chat the Padre asked them how they liked the country.

"We don't like it at all," came the answer.

"Why not?"

"Well," said the corporal, "we don't think much of it. Just look at it! What is there to see? Nothing. It is all dry and bare and brown and dusty. The sun bakes us by day and we are frozen at night. And what is there to do? Nothing. Here we are, and here we have been for the last four months, sitting down doing nothing. If there was a chance of a little fun with the Boers we should not mind the country so much, though I don't think it worth fighting for; but no Boers come along our way. We hear of their breaking through sometimes further on, but they have not been near us. And then we cannot get a glass of beer! There is no beer in this country, and a country with no beer in it is no good. What do you say, 'Arry ?"—to one of his men.

"I says, corporal, that I agree with every word you have said. This here blooming country ain't no good. How can it be any good, when it ain't got a drop of beer in it ? What do you say, Tom ?"

Tom. "Me ? Well, I says the same. A man can't be always drinking coffee. He likes a drop of beer now and then. But in this here country he can't get it. Here we are, for everlasting coffee drinking, like the blooming Boers. No : the country ain't no good. It ain't worth fighting for. It ain't got a drop of beer in it."

And then there was a general chorus : "This here country ain't no good. There is no beer in it. And a country that ain't got no beer in it ain't no good."

Let us hope that when these long-suffering sons of Mars did get something stronger than coffee it was beer and not brandy or whisky, for these two latter play, as everyone knows, great havoc in South Africa ; brandy among the Dutch and coloured people and whisky among the English.

When the war was about half over and large numbers of mounted infantry were being organized, a remount officer, Major Lowry, arrived at Thlotse and made his head-quarters there, that being a convenient centre from which to procure horses. Of course, he ought to have been sent long before ; in fact, before the commencement of the war, as he would then have had the chance of purchasing thousands of good, serviceable ponies at low prices, but as we know, that was not done and our friends the Boers got them instead. But there were, nevertheless, horses to be had, and Major

Lowry succeeded in securing a considerable number while he was with us.

The Major was a small, smart, dapper retired cavalry officer, who had seen service in India, and who, like many others, had volunteered for the front after the Black Week. He was an excellent judge of horseflesh and quite at home at making a good bargain. No one had the least chance of cheating the Government in any transaction or "deal" that he was concerned in, and he himself was the soul of honour. An Irishman, too, with all an Irishman's wit and humour, he was a *persona grata* with all who knew him.

He once had a quaint experience, of which he gave me the following particulars:

Duty called him to Bloemfontein, a distance of about 120 miles, and he proceeded thither in a fine new Cape cart he had just purchased, drawn by as handsome a pair of horses as one could wish for; serviceable animals, too, you may be sure. He was accompanied by a neatly attired Mosuto, clean and polished up like a new pin, who acted as his personal attendant and groom. In short, the whole "turn-out" was eminently respectable and worth looking at, and the little Major, who was a good whip, was in his glory.

All went well until they were nearing the end of their journey, when they had to pass through De Wet's Dorp, a village about twenty miles to the east of Bloemfontein. It was necessary to outspan there. As they entered, the Major noticed little groups of people standing about in apparently serious discussion, and wondered whether there was any important news. The place was quiet and the Major had heard that it was in the hands of the English. It had changed masters several times, though not so often as Ficksburg or Lindley.

They drove to the one hotel of the village, and no sooner had they arrived than a burly "burger" came forward and asked the Major who he was and where he had come from and what place he was going to. Our friend was somewhat surprised, but answered his questions; upon which his interlocutor said, "Then you are my prisoner and your cart and horses are confiscated to the service of the Free State Government."

Then the truth became clear. The Boers were in possession of the place and Major Lowry had tumbled, quite unconsciously, into a trap.

The Boer called one of his comrades to hold the horses, and the Major was conducted to a room in the hotel where sat the Commandant and his secretary. The Commandant was a good soldier and spoke English. Naturally he was greatly amused at a British officer falling so easy a prey into his hands. Upon the latter expressing his surprise at the Boer forces being in possession, the Commandant informed him that they had driven out the English two days before. There had been some sharp work, but the garrison was not very strong and his men had cut off their water supply, and hence they were compelled to surrender. He then proceeded to inspect the Major's equipage.

"Yes," he said, "the very thing I have been wanting, and brand new, too. You have dropped into my hands exactly at the right moment, for I am much in need of a cart like yours. And the horses! They are a fine pair and well matched. They will suit me perfectly. I am sorry to deprive you of them, but it is my duty to do so. The whole turn-out, cart, horses and harness are now the property of the Orange Free State Government and are in my charge. You yourself are free to go on your way whenever you please. We cannot retain the prisoners we take, having no food for them. And as to your baggage, of course, we do not wish to deprive you of that or your money. Consider yourself a free man and thank your stars that you are so."

"What about my servant?" asked the Major.

"Oh, the Kafir? I will give him a pass and he can walk back to Basutoland. He will be all right."

We may here note that the Dutch invariably speak of all the native races as "Kafirs," while the English call them "Niggers," both being incorrect, though the Dutchman's is less so than the Englishman's, nor is it so contemptuous.

The unfortunate Major could do nothing but accept the situation, thankful that he himself was not to be detained. He made an appeal to the Commandant to sell or lend him a horse, saddle and bridle, as it was necessary that he should be in Bloemfontein that evening, having an important engagement there. His captor smiled and expressed his sympathy, but would do neither. At length, however, he relented so far as to promise to lend him a horse, and gave orders that one should be brought. The animal was brought and turned out to be a perfect scarecrow, old, in bad condition and broken winded. The Major looked at it in disgust.

"Oh, I say, Commandant, come now; do you think it fair play to offer me, a remount officer, a crock like that? He will never take me to Bloemfontein."

"Yes, he will; and he is the only one I can give you. And indeed I don't know that I am not going beyond my instructions in letting you have even him. I cannot guarantee his paces, but he will take you to Bloemfontein, though how long he will take to do it is more than I can say."

The Major was in a hole and remembered the old proverb about not looking a gift-horse in the mouth. Most Boer commandants would not have treated him so kindly, and so, mounting his sorry steed, he departed.

It was difficult to get more than a shuffling amble out of the poor worn-out creature, and right glad was its rider when he arrived at van Tonder's homestead, about half-way to the city. He cherished the hope that he would be able to obtain a decent remount at the farm, and asked van Tonder either to sell or lend him one. But the old man, who was renowned for his hospitality and kindness, declared that it was impossible. It was more than his skin was worth to think of it. " I lead a dog's life here under present circumstances," he said. " One week your people come and accuse me of aiding and abetting the Boers by providing them with horses, and the next my own people come and threaten to fine me heavily for doing the same for the English. No, no, Major. I am sorry for you, but I cannot possibly help you."

So the poor Major had to go on his way, wondering whether he would ever get to Bloemfontein on such a woebegone beast.

He had not proceeded far when he saw coming towards him a white man on foot, walking apparently with difficulty. On getting nearer he observed that it was a young fellow with a club foot. Our friend greeted him and asked him if he was not tired, and how it was that he was not riding.

The youth replied that he had tried in vain to get a horse in town; there was not a spare one to be had. He was a clerk in one of the stores and had been summoned to De Wet's Dorp to visit a brother there who was very ill, and so had to trudge the twenty miles as best he could.

The Major's heart was touched. His horse was a vexation to him and he resolved to make a virtue of necessity. Dismounting, he offered the animal to the worn-out traveller.

"Look here," he said, "take my horse. He is not of much account, but I have no doubt he will take you to the dorp. And most likely he will go better on the return journey, for he will know that he is going home. When you get to the village, find out where the Commandant is and return the pony to him with my compliments and thanks. I can walk the nine miles into town quicker than this old crock could carry me."

The young fellow was grateful and they parted, and in the evening the mulcted Major arrived at his destination, a solitary foot passenger, instead of driving into the city in great form in the spick-and-span equipage in which he had started. Such are the fortunes of war.

Every now and then English soldiers, escaped prisoners of war, used to find their way to us at Leribe, and this was the case especially during the earlier months of the war when so many of our men were captured.

One of these especially interested me. He was a fine, manly young Irishman who had only been a year in the country when the war broke out. He volunteered for Kitchener's Horse, a picked body of men who formed the bodyguard of the general.

During the advance upon Bloemfontein some sixteen of this regiment had been left in charge of a well near the road and had been surrounded and attacked by a commando of the enemy. They fought bravely and defended their position until more than half their number had fallen and their ammunition was exhausted, when there was nothing left to do but surrender. The few survivors were hurried off to the nearest railway station and bundled into a train for Pretoria, but when about half-way to that place the Irishman managed to escape.

It was dusk and they were moving slowly. He saw his chance and jumped out of the train, crept across the line and lay down in a natural furrow near the road. Presently the train stopped and a small search-party was sent out. One of the searchers came very near to where he was lying but did not observe him, the increasing darkness being in his favour.

He travelled by night, sleeping by day in the huts of natives and receiving from them every kindness. They gave him the best food they had, porridge and mafi and milk and leting, although he could not speak a word of any native language. But they saw that he was an Englishman and a soldier, and that was enough.

He had heard that Basutoland was British territory and that it lay to the eastward, and after a journey of ten days reached the Caledon, crossed it that night, and next morning came on to Thlotse, where he reported himself to the Assistant Commissioner.

I had a long talk with him in my study, and he related to me the details of his adventure, all of which went to corroborate the testimony of others, that the natives everywhere sympathized with the English in the struggle.

Our high-spirited young friend remained with us for a week's rest and refreshment and then went south by post cart to Aliwal North, where he reported himself to the military authorities and was sent on to rejoin his regiment after having been given up for lost.

I will end this chapter with one more war story—a story different in character from any of the preceding, and one which illustrates, I venture to think admirably, some well-known traits of character of our late King, His Majesty Edward VII.

Everyone has heard of the Imperial Light Horse, the Johannesburg regiment which did such splendid service in the war. One of its officers was Captain (afterwards Major) Mullins, who had been imprisoned as a Reformer, a son of Canon Mullins, of Grahamstown.

Young Mullins distinguished himself at Elandslaagte, being one of the first to climb the final crest and charge the Boer camp. He was severely wounded, but recovered, and in the following May was one of the Mafeking relief party—a body of picked soldiers, home and colonial.

In the short but sharp action which took place immediately before the relief of the town he was dangerously wounded—so dangerously that it was thought he could not recover. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for distinguished bravery in the action, an honour he thoroughly merited. He was wounded in the spine, and the injury was so severe that for several months he was perfectly helpless. One of his sisters went up to Mafeking to nurse him, and as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of the long railway journey he was removed by easy stages to the parental home in Grahamstown.

His recovery was very slow, and it seemed as if he must be a cripple for life. The medical men of the town recommended him to be taken to London for treatment by a specialist, and this was done. His sister accompanied him, and they took lodgings in a private house in a quiet part of the metropolis. His condition was still very precarious, and no one but his sister was allowed to nurse him or see him.

One day not long after their arrival, a gentleman unknown to them called to enquire after his welfare. This unknown gentleman proved to be an Equerry of the King, and His Majesty had sent a gracious message to say that if Major Mullins had sufficiently recovered the King would be very pleased to pay him a visit and have a little talk with him. One can imagine that Miss Mullins was as much astonished as she was gratified at such an unlooked-for honour, and hardly knew what answer to give. While deeply grateful to His Majesty she was afraid the interview would be too much for her brother in his still precarious condition ; but she would consult the doctor and abide by his decision. Most opportunely the doctor called while they were discussing the question, and decided that on the whole he thought the interview might be permitted. It might indeed prove helpful to the patient, who could not fail to be greatly cheered by such an exhibition of royal sympathy.

A day was arranged for the visit and His Majesty came in a private carriage, attended only by the Equerry. That he was most cordial and full of sympathy for the wounded soldier need not be said. More than that : he seemed to know all about him and how greatly he had distinguished himself during his short military career. He knew all about Elandslaagte as well as the relief of Mafeking, and had followed the details of the campaign quite closely.

This conversation and the cheery words of his sovereign did the patient so much good that it was like a cordial to his drooping spirits, and he began to improve in health rapidly.

Some few months after this he was able to get up and go about on crutches, and one day he was taken down to Windsor, where with several other distinguished soldiers he was to receive the Victoria Cross at the hands of the King himself.

His Majesty had an appropriate word for each recipient, and spoke most graciously and kindly to Mullins as he pinned the Cross to his breast. The etiquette on such occasions is for the recipient of the honour to retire from the royal presence walking backwards. Poor Mullins, still hobbling on his crutches, was attempting this feat when His Majesty rose and went forward and assisted him, saying with that grace and *savoir faire* which was so habitual to him, "No, Major Mullins, don't attempt to turn round. Your King knows you never feared his enemies or turned your back to them; and now he gives you permission to turn your back upon him."

King Edward must indeed not only have taken profound interest in the contest his troops were waging on behalf of his Empire, but must have noted the names and achievements of many of all ranks who, by their self-sacrifice and splendid deeds of heroism, not only added lustre to the glorious traditions of the flag under which they fought, but exhibited a noble fidelity to the sovereign whom they served. Had he not done so he could have known nothing of Major Mullins or of his arrival in England.

And I think we may well believe that that unlooked-for and gracious visit on the part of His Majesty was in all probability only one of a like number of the same kind, extended to those who had suffered for their King and country.

Such incidents serve more than words can tell to bind both sovereign and people together in the bonds of affection, and to increase the spirit of loyalty throughout the British Empire.

CHAPTER XIII

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Results of the war—Peace between the two white races—Loyalty and self-restraint of the Native races—Unification of the four most important Colonies—The Southern Ideal and its partial realization—Native Representation—Earl Grey's views—South Africa a White Man's Country—Segregation—Unity and development—Bishop Furse on the Native Question—Justice and freedom.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—*Psalm* cxxxiii. 1.

WHAT has been the result of the hurricane of conflict which raged for wellnigh three years throughout South Africa?

I think we may say that it has had several results, all of them of importance.

And first, it has made the two white races understand and respect each other in a way that perhaps nothing else could. No sneers will for the future be levelled by Dutch against English or English against Dutch. The Englishman will never again say that the Dutchman cannot fight except under cover, nor will the Dutchman talk about English soldiers being only a breakfast for him. The storm has cleared the air and brought about a real peace—the first real peace that South Africa has known between the two European races. And there is no reason why that peace should not endure and be the means of cementing once for all the mutual friendship of the entire white community. Let us pray that it may be so.

Again, the war has brought out into clear relief not only the loyalty of the native tribes and their preference for English rule, but also their power of self-restraint.

That they sympathized with the English in the struggle cannot be gainsaid, nor can it be denied that amid many temptations to infringe the test of absolute neutrality laid upon them they remained law-abiding and obedient to the commands of the High Commissioner.

Surely it was a magnificent spectacle : five millions of natives remaining passive spectators of a colossal contest in which the vast majority of them were burning to take part. And remember, these people are only just emerging from semi-barbarism, and that they have been brought up from time immemorial amid feuds and disagreements almost invariably ending in bloodshed. They have been taught for centuries that to wet his spear in human blood is above all else *the distinguishing mark of a man.* Yet they restrained themselves when, had they chosen to break loose, they could have deluged South Africa with blood and devastated it for a thousand miles with fire.

We have seen the self-restraint and submission to authority manifested by the Basuto, and the same was the case almost everywhere. The only exception I have heard of occurred among a Bechuana tribe on the western borders of the Transvaal, and that was confined to a small area and did not last long. There was also some fighting on the Zululand border, in which several Boers were killed and wounded by Zulus, but that was purely a reprisal, some Boer commandos having violated the law of neutrality and crossed into Zululand and shot a considerable number of Zulus.

Surely such a splendid spectacle of self-restraint must have impressed the European races and made them feel that there is more than they imagined in the black man after all. Had the black man overstepped the bounds laid down for him and added fuel to the flame, what tongue would have been able to tell of the awful havoc that would have been wrought? The Anglo-Boer war would have paled into insignificance before it. Not to speak of the bloodshed, the whole country would have been destroyed and made desolate from the Limpopo to Port Elizabeth and from the Kalahari to the Indian Ocean. But it was saved from such an appalling fate, and we cannot give the natives too much praise for their admirable conduct during the whole of the struggle.

The greatest and by far the most important result of the war has been the establishment of the Union of South Africa—the union, that is to say, of the four most important colonies under one central Government. While these states were under different flags and in many ways in opposition to each other, such a consummation, greatly as it was needed, would have been impossible, but the war paved the way for it, and it is now an accomplished fact. Humanly speaking, only the war could have achieved it. The granting of self-government to the two newly annexed colonies and the welding of all four into one compact whole may have been pushed forward with undue haste, but whether that be true or not the union of South Africa was the goal to which all things were tending and the supreme need of the hour.

But the war was caused, as I have tried to show, by the conflict of two irreconcilable ideals—the Northern and the Southern. The Boers stood for the Northern, England for the Southern.

The war has witnessed the triumph of the English arms; has it also witnessed the triumph of the Southern Ideal?

Is the newly founded Union of South Africa based upon the principle of equal rights for all civilized men?

I fear we must answer, only partially so. Its Constitution, ably as it has been drawn in many respects, does not cover the whole ground. It grants the franchise to almost every white man, so that the Uitlander and his grievances no longer exist; but it makes no adequate provision for the representation of the coloured races—Indian, native or half-caste, except in the Cape Colony where the old franchise based not upon colour but education and other qualifications still exists. The only representation which the native races of the other provinces obtain is the presence of a small number of Senators in the Upper House of Parliament, and these are in no way elected but merely nominated by the High Commissioner-in-council, that is with the advice of his cabinet. These are to be nominated as men possessing some knowledge of the natives and as being sympathetic towards them. This is better than nothing, and may, one would hope, lead to something more definite and more just, more large-minded and more worthy of the Union.

In the Lower House the aboriginal races, the coloured people and the Indians are entirely unrepresented, and this House is, as in England, the more important, possessing as it does the power of the purse. Can this be viewed otherwise than as a blot upon the Constitution, fair and just as it is in other respects?

Let me not be misunderstood. I am in no way advocating the extension of the franchise to the "raw Kafir." Such is not my intention. He is quite unfitted for it:

entirely unfitted to exercise a vote, were it given to him. We missionaries are supposed by some people to advocate the enfranchisement of natives, civilized or uncivilized, educated or uneducated; but among my friends and acquaintances I have never met a missionary who entertains such an idea. Granting the native a vote is one thing: devising some reasonable method whereby he and his interests may be represented in Parliament another. Within the Union there are something like four million natives who pay their taxes, direct and indirect, and thus contribute largely to the revenue, and surely simple justice demands that this large body of people, who form the vast majority of the inhabitants, should, in some clear and definite way, be represented in the Legislature. Under present circumstances laws are made for them which they have to obey and taxes levied which they have to pay, and that without their having the least voice in the levying or making of either. Can such a state of things be defended? And, apart from its justice or injustice, is it not bound to lead to friction sooner or later? I say again, you cannot cork down human nature or confine it in water-tight compartments. If you do there will be an explosion.

There are wise, large-minded, far-seeing statesmen in South Africa both in the ministry and outside it, and surely among them may be found men capable of devising some method whereby a reasonable representation of the native and other coloured races may be effected.

And here let me quote[1] some weighty words of Earl Grey, a statesman of no mean experience, on this subject.

"In the course of an interview at Southampton on his return from South Africa, Earl Grey referred to the Native Problem as a matter which is of infinitely greater importance than any racial antagonism between the two white races. ‘It is recognized,’ he said, ‘by the best minds in South Africa that it is essential that the attitude of indifference to the higher interests of the natives should give way to one of sympathy. The difficulty in the way of an enlightened policy based on a sympathetic understanding of the natives’ requirements and aspirations which would have been sufficiently great with a restricted franchise, has, to my mind, been rendered much greater by the electoral system bestowed some years ago on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony and still continued after the Union. I am afraid that manhood suffrage will hang like a millstone round the neck of the Union Government in any endeavour they may make to pursue an enlightened and sympathetic native policy.’ ”

---

[1] *Christian Express.* November, 1912.

“ Continuing, Earl Grey said that it was not for him to make any recommendation, but that he did not hesitate to say that the position called for the leaders of the two parties to unite in support of such a policy as appeared to be necessary to ensure the strength and safety of South Africa. He suggested that it was possible this policy might include a reform measure which, without withdrawing the right to vote from any who possess it, will raise the qualifications of all who may be hereafter newly registered. He recognized, of course, that such a measure could never be supported, much less carried, except by the consent of the two opposing parties. He was much surprised, however, to find among independent thinkers on both sides of politics an agreement that such a step might be required in the best interests of the country; and he was sufficiently optimistic to believe that in South Africa public men would be found who were prepared to subordinate the interests of party to those of the State."

Of course Earl Grey is here referring to the more educated natives, but surely the same large-hearted, broad-minded, sympathetic spirit might find a *modus vivendi* by which the vast body of uncivilized and entirely illiterate natives might obtain representation, direct or indirect, in Parliament. One cannot doubt that something of the kind will ere long be attempted. The white races of South Africa, Dutch, English, or other, are not destitute of the sense of justice, and I for one cannot believe that they will consent to continue the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs indefinitely. When their sense of justice is really roused and they realize the essentially unjust position in which the black man is placed, they will unite to redress it and to erase such a blot from the Constitution. It will take time, but the future is not unhopeful in this respect.

Of late years a chorus of voices has been chanting the refrain, " South Africa must be a White Man's Country."

But what does this mean ? South Africa never has been, is not now and never can be a white man's country in the sense that Canada and Australia are. It is impossible, because of the millions of the native races inhabiting it. There they are, those five millions of souls, and there they will remain. They do not die out at the approach of the white man with his civilization, like the North American Indians and the aborigines of the islands of the Pacific ; on the contrary, they increase and multiply. The African has the power of assimilating the new conditions of life in which he finds himself ; he adapts himself to them and soon learns to become more or less perfectly in harmony with his environment. There he is, and there he will remain. You cannot blow him up with dynamite. He will be an all-important factor, a most valuable asset, to be reckoned with in the development of the country.

The fact is, South Africa is like no other part of the world : it is *sui generis*. It is unlike Canada or Australia, both of which have only small remnants of aboriginal tribes, and in which the whites dominate numerically as well as politically and socially ; and it is unlike India, which contains only a tiny minority of Europeans governing three hundred millions of natives, and in which from climatic conditions the white man cannot settle down and found a permanent home for wife and children. In South Africa all these conditions are reversed. Not only is it one of the fairest lands in the world but it possesses a climate second to none, in which not only the African races but the European can live in health and comfort, and thrive and multiply and exist side by side. And its European inhabitants are not a mere handful as in India, but form numerically a fifth of the entire population. It is therefore, as I have said, a world of its own in a distinctly original position, and in which some of the most important as well as the most novel problems are being daily worked out and solved, doubtless to the well-being not only of the British Empire but of mankind in general. It is unique. I know of nothing like it in the history of the world. It is destined to solve some of the greatest and most difficult political and social problems which have ever presented themselves in the history of the human race. The only other country which can at all be compared with it in this respect is the United States of America, but the comparison fails in this all-important respect—

that in the United States nine-tenths of the inhabitants are white and only one-tenth coloured.

But if by " South Africa must be a White Man's Country " is meant that the white man must be supreme in it and govern it and control its destinies as far as any race of mankind can, then I can quite understand the cry and for my own part adopt it whole-heartedly. But in this sense the saying is merely a truism. From this point of view South Africa *is* a white man's country and has been so ever since the white man first set foot upon it and took possession of it. He has achieved dominion over it little by little, until to-day his power is paramount from the ocean to the Zambesi; that is to say, in every part of it in which he can live and prosper and found a home. It has already become the homeland of hundreds of thousands who are rightly proud of it, whose dearest associations are bound up with it, and who must ever be its governing race.

From this point of view how can it ever be anything else than a white man's country? The whites increase at least in the same ratio as the natives, for although the birth-rate of the latter is higher its death-rate is higher too, and the white element is being continually fed and augmented by immigration. Europeans, British and others, are, it is true, not attracted by hundreds of thousands as in the other great dependencies of the Empire, but nevertheless there is a regular annual inflow, larger or smaller, from the motherland and elsewhere. And unless and until the European element voluntarily abnegates its functions and supremacy and places itself in subjection to the native—a supposition as preposterous as it is unthinkable—it is bound to maintain its sway.

The African is often called a child, untruly as I venture to think in some respects. Those who know him best and have had long personal intercourse with him know that in many ways he is anything but a child. But certainly he is a child in his capacity for governing, compared with Europeans. He has had no experience of government outside his own quasi-socialistic methods, guided and controlled by tribal traditions from time immemorial, and the idea of a native chief ever being able to govern South Africa is a mere chimera, an illusion of a disordered brain. Moreover, speaking broadly, his intellectual gifts are far inferior to those of Europeans, and his moral perceptions less acute. Individuals here and there—one in a thousand, if that—may, and do, equal Europeans in these respects, but generally speaking the native is altogether the white man's inferior. And he recognizes it. He does so instinctively. He recognizes the pre-eminent gifts of the whites and wonders, among other things, at the complex machinery of the Government with which he is daily brought into contact. In a word, he knows that the white man is his superior. And in these days he loyally and ungrudgingly acknowledges the fact, except when what seems to him injustice is being done to him. No human being has a keener sense of justice than the native of South Africa. You may govern him as severely as you please as long as you are inflexibly just to him and he will not rebel, though in that case you must not expect him to love you. But just laws and a just administration of them, combined with personal sympathy for him and his, will bind him to you in undying affection and fidelity. No: there is no danger of the natives ever attempting to oust the whites from their supremacy, and if ever the black man ceases to respect the white it will be the white man's own fault.

There are some who think that the native question is to be solved by a policy of segregation. They would entirely separate the two races, relegating all with coloured skins to the native protectorates or to land set apart for them elsewhere by Government. Such a policy has in the abstract much to say for itself, and might perhaps have proved a success had it been adopted a century ago or even later. But it is too late now to think of adopting it. It must remain a counsel of perfection ; at least so it seems to me.

How can segregation be possibly effected under present circumstances and conditions ? It might perhaps be partially carried out outside the borders of the Union in territories like Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, though it is doubtful whether under present circumstances it could succeed even there ; but within the Union how is it to be effected ? All the rough, hard work, all the unskilled labour, or nearly all of it, is done and ever has been done by the black man ; and were it possible to buy him out or remove him, who would take his place ? The white man, it is said. I greatly doubt it. The land and the mines are ever crying out for more labour, not to speak of the domestic servant difficulty, which in South Africa, as in many other countries, is becoming acute. But I will not pursue the subject. It seems to me that segregation is entirely out of the question.

Dr. Furse, the Bishop of Pretoria, in his address to his Diocesan Synod last year,[1] dealt with the whole native question in his usual luminous and outspoken manner, and his words were so weighty and helpful that I cannot do better than reprint them here.

He said, " No sane man imagines that the native question is going to be solved by any ready-made theory or panacea, or by any purely artificial means brought about by the passing of a few legislative enactments. But one thing is certain: we are never going to solve this problem except on grounds of absolute justice as between man and man, and between people and people. We are never going to solve this problem, I do not hesitate to say, except in the Christian spirit; that is, we shall never solve it until the white people in this country come to recognize that the native people have a right not only to exist, but also to live; which means to have freedom, to grow and develop in every department of human life. The last thing I would advocate is hurry and haste; it would be as disastrous to the child races of South Africa as to the white man; I do plead for a finer, more generous, more civilized and more Christian spirit in approaching this whole question, and I shall challenge any man to maintain that it is in that spirit of Christ that this problem has so far been faced by the vast majority of white people in this country (the Transvaal), not excluding ourselves. None of us can pretend that our view of the matter is not largely coloured by prejudice, and prejudice is the antithesis of the Christ spirit.

---

[1] *Charge.* Pretoria, 1912.

"When people want to develop, history has proved again and again that nothing in the long run can possibly prevent their doing so.

"People seem to me again and again to forget that things are not the same with the natives to-day as they were, say, twenty years ago. Far more natives are being educated to-day than ever before: they are as a whole emerging into a sense of the nationality of the black man in a way which certainly fifty years ago would have been thought impossible."

The Union Constitution wisely and justly granted equality and equal rights to the Dutch and English languages, but unfortunately a certain amount of friction has been created by the manner in which the application of the principle of equality has been put into practical operation, especially in the Orange Free State. That friction has been largely engendered by the intemperate language of some few extremists, chiefly, I am bound to say, among our Dutch fellow-subjects; but there are signs that the agitation has found its level and is working itself out. There ought surely to be no insuperable difficulties on such a question. Canada, Wales and Scotland are bilingual as well as South Africa, and no difficulties of any importance are felt in those countries on the language question. There is certainly no reason why they should prevail within the Union. All that is wanted to solve such practical difficulties as may arise is a little common sense, together with a spirit of sweet reasonableness on both sides. There is no reason why both Dutch and English should not dwell together in peace and harmony in the land of their parentage or adoption, as was certainly the case when I first landed on the shores of Cape Colony in 1860, and I cannot help believing that as time goes on the spirit of mutual respect and unity and good-will will be more and more displayed throughout every Province of the Union. May it indeed be so.

Since I have been in England a friend tells me that an acquaintance of his, a gentleman from Poland, after a first visit to London, was asked what had struck him most in the great city.

The reply was, "The police."

"I have been everywhere," he said, "and seen all the chief sights. I have penetrated into the slums. I have met numbers of policemen, but *not one of them spoke to me.* They noticed me, *but not one of them asked me a question.* They left me entirely free to go where I pleased. This it is which has struck me most. In my own country a foreigner, or even a mere stranger, unknown to the police, would be sure to be stopped and asked all sorts of questions as to his name, his occupation, his whereabouts, the object of his visit and the length of his stay. He would be watched and questioned again and again. In London your police are not only celebrated for their efficiency and courtesy but for their non-interference with strangers. The fact that I was never asked a single question by one of them is what struck me most in London."

There you have the whole position in a nutshell. The Union Jack stands for freedom and justice. And as long as it does that, irrespective of creed, nationality or colour, the Empire will endure.

And therefore it is that in the little island one finds all sorts of races and refugees from many countries congregated together. Royal personages and anarchists, republicans and monarchists, representatives of nearly every race, white or coloured, together with thousands of expatriated French priests, monks and nuns—there they all are in that island refuge and no policeman asks them a question, unless they are "wanted" for some infraction of the criminal law. It is the glory of England. It is the exemplification of the Southern Ideal for which the war was fought: equal rights for all civilized men within the Empire.

Sooner or later—we cannot doubt it—that ideal will be realized in its fullness in South Africa. Its great statesmen will adopt it; and when that happy day dawns the Union of South Africa will be in every respect one of the brightest jewels of the British Crown.

CHAPTER XIV

CHRISTIAN REUNION

The Duty of Reunion—Our Lord's Solemn Prayer—The A.P.U.C.—Previous attempts—Objections—The Roman Catholic—The Anglican—The Nonconformist—Survey of the Christian Communities—Statistical Tables—Remarks on the Tables—The Essential Unity of the Church. How the Church is One—The Four Marks of the Church—The Anglo-Catholic Church—Difficulties of Reunion—The Holy Eastern Church—The Departure of the Guards for the Crimea—The Roman Church—Papal Infallibility—The Church Militant only a small part of the Church—Ignorance—Modernism—The separated Eastern Churches—The Modern Churches—Apostolical Succession—The Visible Church—Dangers—Orthodox and Liberal—Erastianism—Hopes—The Easterns—The Latins—The Modern Churches—The Crown of the Catholic Revival.

"Bless, O gracious Father, Thine Holy Catholic Church; fill it with truth and grace; where it is corrupt, purge it; where it is in error, direct it; where it is superstitious, rectify it; where it is amiss, reform it; where it is right, strengthen and confirm it; where it is in want, furnish it; where it is divided and rent asunder, heal the breaches of it, O Thou Holy One of Israel."

Archbishop Laud.

"The East is severed from the West,
Yet each and all believe in Thee:
The West is rent in twain;
Oh, make them one again.

"Spirit Divine, as one Thou art
With Father and with Son;
Our broken unity restore,
And knit our hearts in one."

PART I

THE DAY OF REUNION

ONE of the most pathetic chapters of the Bible is the seventeenth chapter of St. John. A believer in Jesus Christ can hardly read it without feeling his eyes dimmed with tears, it is so intensely moving. It stirs him to the very depths. The Great High Priest of humanity, as He draws near to the awful moment in which He is to offer Himself upon the Cross as a "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world," intercedes for His disciples—for those given to Him by His Father and for those who shall believe in Him through their word. A threefold prayer goes up to God the Father that they may be one.

"Holy Father, keep through Thine Own Name those Whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as We are."

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

"That they may be one, even as We are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."[1]

When we reverently read and ponder over this last great intercessory prayer made by the Redeemer for us His followers only a few short hours before His Passion and Death—His Death for us—and then turn and look at the picture which Christendom presents to our gaze our hearts are wrung with anguish at the spectacle. All true believers in Christ as they behold it must weep over it, and if it be possible for angels to weep they must mingle their tears with ours.

---

[1] St. John xvii. 11, 21, 22, 23.

We look around and we see the followers of Christ scattered and divided into a multitude of separate societies holding no communion with one another, nay, sometimes even anathematizing each other, yet all professing faith in Him and all looking up to Him as their one hope of salvation.

We look out upon the Moslem and heathen world and we find that world, the great mass of it, still rejecting Christ, still unconverted. And not seldom, as the Christian approaches them with the gospel of salvation upon his lips, the taunt salutes his ears, " Which of you are we to believe ? Go first, ye Christians, and settle your own disputes as to your Christ and what He teaches before you come to us."

The prayer of the Great High Priest is not yet answered : His followers are not a united body, and, as a consequence, the world does not yet believe in Him. The world is waiting for that manifestation of unity, for that answer to the Saviour's prayer. When it comes it will be irresistible : the world will prostrate itself at His Feet and own Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

It would seem, then, impossible for any thinking, reflecting Christian to acquiesce in the present deplorable divisions of Christendom. Surely if we are to be in any real sense true Christians, seeking to conform our wills to the will of our Lord and Master, we cannot be content to sit down calmly under such a state of things —to fold our arms and do nothing. In any case we can at least pray for the restoration of unity. We must besiege heaven with our prayers on behalf of the lacerated Body of Christ, and pray God the Holy Ghost to kindle in the hearts of its members that fire of holy charity which is "the very bond of peace and of all virtues"; that so in His Own time and way the wounds of His Church may be healed. Morning and evening when in the services of the Church we pray, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," we can do so with intention for the unity of the Church. And above all at the Holy Eucharist should we constantly pray for unity.

Our Blessed Lord's prayer for the unity of His people clearly shows us that the present condition of things is abnormal and not according to His will, and let us thank God that many Christians in all parts of the world are daily learning to realize the truth of this grave and solemn fact.

A century or more before the rise of the Oxford Movement Christianity seemed to have settled down upon its lees and reunion was seldom or never thought of: everyone seemed quite content with a state of things so entirely contrary to the mind of Christ. But we cannot doubt that the Oxford Movement was raised up by God to draw the attention of Englishmen to the need of corporate religion. They had already learnt the need of personal religion—the evangelical movement had brought that truth home to their hearts—and now they were to realize the need of corporate religion. They were to realize and lay to heart the not less necessary truth that the Saviour of the world before He left the earth founded a living, visible, perpetual society united to Himself, which is called in the New Testament His Church or Body, and that that Church is still in the world and will be until He comes again. They were to lay to heart the blessed truth that by virtue of their baptism His followers are united to that Church as its members, and have therefore become members of Him Whose Body it is. And when this great truth, which had been so often obscured, was brought home to their consciences they at once began to realize the need of unity.

They saw on all sides the sad havoc which division had wrought in the Church ever since the final separation of East and West in the eleventh century, and the further rents made in the West itself in the sixteenth. They realized that though the Church was built as a city in unity with itself, that unity, as far as its external manifestation was concerned, was shattered through the sins of its members. They recognized the fact that the Church was in an abnormal condition, and humbled themselves before God, as good Bishop Andrewes had done two hundred years before, beseeching Him to visit His people and bind up their wounds.

Then, presently, those who had been praying for unity began to unite themselves into a society whose one object it should be to pray daily for the reunion of Christendom. A little band of Catholics, clerical and lay, Eastern, Latin and Anglican, met together in London on the feast of the Nativity of the B.V. Mary, 8th September, 1857, and founded the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, which speedily numbered thousands of members. Its rules were few and simple. Each member was to say a short prayer for unity daily, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and priests were to offer the Holy Sacrifice at least once a quarter with the same intention. The following is the short prayer offered daily:

O Lord Jesu Christ, Who saidst unto Thine Apostles, peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; Regard not our sins but the faith of Thy Church, and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy will: Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. Amen.

I joined the Society not long after its commencement, as did several of my friends, and the prayers of its members, scattered now all over the world, still ascend day after day, to the throne of grace. The Society was at first suspected on all sides and looked upon with disfavour. Anglican authorities were suspicious of it because the short prayer offered daily by its members is found in the Roman Service Books and because of the presence of Roman Catholics among its members, while the Roman authorities, after looking askance at it for some years, eventually condemned it in the 'sixties. The Roman condemnation of it led to the withdrawal of nearly all its Roman Catholic members, though doubtless they did not cease to pray for unity. The great mass of Christians did not yet realize the truth of the Church's broken unity, but the existence of such a society helped to familiarize them with the thought of union and the duty of praying for it.

Not that there had been no attempts before to heal the breaches of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. In the fifteenth there was the Council of Florence, held in 1438, while the Western Church was still unrent, but it effected nothing. Rather it led to fresh embitterment of feeling. Delegates from the Church of Constantinople attended it with a despairing cry for help, knowing that the Turk was almost at their doors and that unless aid came from their brethren of the West the city would fall a prey to the Moslem and the religion of Mahomet be set up in Sancta Sophia. Christianity would be in danger of being blotted out throughout the Turkish dominions, and in order to obtain material succour from the Roman Pope and the Churches and princes under his influence, the Eastern delegates were ready to sign almost any documents and stipulations, with the result that they were finally induced to subscribe to a confession of faith which, on their return home, was repudiated by their brethren as compromising the Orthodox teaching of the Church and destruction of their time-honoured liberties. Hence the Council came to nought. The Roman Pope would lend no aid to the Greeks unless they acknowledged his jurisdiction and submitted to it as obedient children. But rather than barter away their independence the Easterns were ready to dare and suffer anything, and, as we know, the Turks took Constantinople on Whitsunday, 1453, and ever since that day glorious Sancta Sophia has been defiled by Moslem worship.

After the abolition of the Roman jurisdiction in England by the Synods of the English Church in 1534, there were attempts, fitful and feeble, towards reunion, but they came to nothing. The most important of these was made in the reign of Charles I (in 1633), when Fr. Leander, a Benedictine monk, was sent by Pope Urban VIII on a confidential mission to Archbishop Laud with proposals which it was hoped at Rome might heal the schism and restore England to the Papal obedience, from which she had finally freed herself less than eighty years before. An influential person —" one," said Laud, " who avowed ability to perform it "—twice offered the Archbishop a cardinal's hat if he would help forward the reunion on Papal terms. But the Primate was not to be bribed. Twice was the offer made to him, and twice he returned the same answer: " Somewhat dwelt within me, which would not suffer that, till Rome were other than she is."

Nothing came of the project, and in a few short years the faithful Metropolitan of All England laid down his life for the Church of which he was the head.

Of the proposals for reunion with Rome, which were secretly carried on during the reign of Charles II, it is unnecessary to speak. They were all abortive, as they were bound to be. They were of the earth, earthy. Intrigue, craft and secrecy are not conducive to the well-being of the Church of God, and we may be thankful that they failed. They could never have effected a union worthy of the name between the two Churches. As to the wild, preposterous and unworthy schemes of James II, one can only say that instead of tending to heal divisions they served to emphasize them.

With the accession of William III came a movement in the opposite direction—union with the Protestant bodies—fostered by some latitudinarian prelates, but mercifully defeated by the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. Then, in 1717, there ensued the correspondence between Archbishop Wake and some eminent ecclesiastics of the French Church with a view to the union of the two Churches as a protest against the Ultramontane claims of Rome, but this, too, came to nothing. And lastly the Non-jurors engaged in a correspondence with the Patriarch of Constantinople with the idea of effecting a union with the Eastern Church ; but the proposals they put forth were bound to be fruitless, for, holy and learned and self-sacrificing as were the non-jurors, many of them were men of contracted and pedantic views—" faddists," as we should term them now, and their views failed to find acceptance with the Eastern Patriarch.

All these schemes and proposals failed and were bound to fail. It is to be feared that political or worldly or sectarian motives marked them all, or, at any rate, most of them; and, moreover, they did not represent the convictions and feelings of the faithful generally, but simply the plans and desires of a few personages in high places.

The foundation of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom led to the formation of other kindred societies, good in their way but more limited in scope, such as the Home Reunion Society, over which that veteran layman Lord Nelson presided for so many years; the Eastern Church Association; the Anglican and Orthodox Church Association; and, more recently, the Anglican and Old Catholic Association. And last, but not least, the Lambeth Conferences of the Anglican Episcopate throughout the world have again and again exhorted all members of the Church to pray for the restoration of unity. And the American Church has a standing committee engaged in correspondence with leading members of the various Christian denominations in America and elsewhere with a view to the promotion of unity, which by the blessing of God will bear its fruit in due season.

Thus day by day there ascends to heaven a great volume of prayer, going up from the hearts of tens of thousands of believers in Christ for the restoration of the broken unity of the Church.

To-day reunion is "in the air." We read of it and hear of it among all varieties of Christians at home and abroad. It is perhaps especially in evidence in the foreign mission field,[1] for there "our unhappy divisions" are not only a stumbling-block to the heathen but often a source of irritation and weakness through what is called "overlapping."

---

[1] The recent Kikuyu Conference was an outcome of this yearning for unity.

Yet, nevertheless, there are many objectors. Even yet the vast majority of Christians can hardly be said to realize the duty of prayer for union, and that because they do not long for it. Their Lord's intercessory prayer does not touch their hearts. They have been so long accustomed to the abnormal condition of the Church that they are apparently quite satisfied with it, and regard the restoration of outward and visible unity as a mere counsel of perfection. Others, again, will grant in the abstract the desirability of union, but say that it is so impossible of attainment that any discussion of it is merely academical. There are, I think, three classes of objectors to be considered in any discussion of the question.

i. The Roman Catholic. These tell us that the Catholic Church is not divided. It never has been, is not now, and never can be. They maintain that we cannot imagine our Lord's prayer for the unity of His Church to have been unanswered. He took care so to build His Church that its unity could never be broken. The whole matter is very simple. His Church consists of those who are in visible and actual communion with the see of Peter, that is with the successor of St. Peter, the Bishop or Pope of Rome. There are multitudes of Christians outside that communion, but they form no part of the Church, and we must pray and labour for their conversion; pray that they may have grace to submit to the claims of the Roman Pope upon their allegiance.

ii. The Anglican. Many of these objectors tell us that the Roman Church is so hopelessly corrupt and has so entirely fallen away from the faith of the Apostles and first Christians that union with such a body is not only not desirable but even to be avoided. The Church of England has got on very well as she is. She is the National Church and a "going concern." She cannot contemplate uniting either with Rome or the East without endangering her position as the National Church of the land, and Establishment must be preserved at all risks. If there must be union, let it be with Nonconformists. But even in that direction there are serious difficulties. In short, reunion on any large scale is beset with so many and great dangers that it is not to be thought of.

iii. The Nonconformist. These cannot be said to believe in reunion as a duty. It is not necessary, except perhaps in the mission field. There is no one Church of which all Christians ought to be members ; that is to say, no visible Church. All good and faithful followers of Christ are members of His true, invisible Church, and that is what matters. The claims of the "Historic Churches" to be descended from the Apostles through what is called the Apostolic Succession of their bishops are unhistorical—a mere figment of the imagination. There is, therefore, no necessity for union, except perhaps a utilitarian point of view in the case of missions, where one Christian mission overlaps another, which overlapping is to be deplored as leading to breaches of charity as well as unnecessary expense. For these objectors our Lord's intercessory prayer cannot be said to exist. In any case it would seem to be entirely ignored.

Before considering these objections and endeavouring to answer them, it may perhaps be well to take a survey of the number and varieties of Christians in the world.

The population of the world is computed by competent authorities to be about sixteen hundred millions. Of this number rather more than one-third are believers in Christ.

But before embarking upon statistics it is necessary to define our terms: we must first define (for our purpose) the meaning of the word Christian, and then go on to see the numbers who can be rightly described as coming under our definition.

I take it, then, that to be a Christian in creed is to believe that Jesus Christ Who was born of the Virgin Mary is in the true and literal sense of the word the Son of God; that is, that He possesses the natures of God, His Father, and Mary, His mother; that He is, in the words of the Nicene Creed, "God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, Begotten, not made, being of one Substance with the Father, By Whom all things were made: Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." That is to say, to state it tersely as well as theologically, Jesus Christ is one Divine Person manifesting Himself in two natures.

This great foundation truth of our holy religion is set forth clearly and fully in the Second of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion of the English Church. There is no need for me to quote the Article here: the reader will find it at the end of his Prayer Book. For although the Articles are not a part of the Book of Common Prayer they are usually printed at the end of it.

From the definition I have given—the only orthodox one—it will be seen that we must to our regret rule out Unitarians and certain others who, although revering Jesus the Son of Mary as a great Teacher come from

God, indeed the greatest, do not believe in any real sense in His essential Deity. They regard Him as a man in whom the Spirit of God dwelt more fully than in other men; but, after all, He was different from other men only in the degree in which the Deity was immanent in Him. They have no belief in the Incarnation, as their fellow-Christians understand the word.

But Unitarianism is difficult to define. Some Unitarians are almost, one would believe, orthodox Christians in their attitude to our Blessed Lord; others regard Him simply as the greatest and holiest of men.

Again, I do not for a moment imply that all who are included in the following tables are capable of giving a dogmatic statement of their faith such as that contained in the Creed above cited. Whether they would be able or not to state in theological language their belief in the Saviour matters not: what does matter,—what is *the* essential point is, that they are able to say with the Ethiopian of old, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

Now let us look at the number of believers in Christ scattered throughout the world. I give these figures as approximately correct. Manifestly they cannot be more than that, it being almost impossible to obtain detailed statistics of some Christian bodies (especially the isolated sects of the East); but they were carefully compiled by me in 1912, when I still had access to books and records dealing with the subject, and I believe them to be substantially accurate.[1]

---

[1] The following are some of the authorities referred to: *Whitaker's Almanack*, McCabe's *Decay of the Church of Rome*, *Overseas' Missions*, and various Year Books and Census Returns.

TABLE I

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Historic Churches claiming the name of Catholic, Apostolic and Orthodox, and accepting the Catholic Creeds and the dogmatic decrees of the seven undisputed General Councils of the undivided Church of Christ, before the first great division of East and West in the eleventh century :—

Eastern Church	122,000,000
Roman Church	248,000,000
Anglican Church	34,000,000
Old Catholic Church	400,000
	404,400,000

TABLE II

UNORTHODOX HISTORIC CHURCHES

Ancient Churches in heresy or schism, which do not accept the dogmatic decrees of the seven undisputed General Councils and are not in communion with any portion of the Holy Catholic Church :—

American Church	3,500,000
Monophysite Churches	1,100,000
Nestorian Church	100,000
Abyssinian Church	3,000,000
Russian Schismatics	10,000,000
	17,700,000

TABLE III

MODERN PROTESTANT CHURCHES

Lutheran Churches	68,000,000
Presbyterian Churches	25,000,000
Methodist Churches	29,000,000
Congregational Churches	12,000,000
Baptist Churches	10,000,000
Disciples of Christ and smaller denominations	12,000,000
	156,000,000

RECAPITULATION

Historic Churches :	Orthodox	404,400,000
,, ,,	Unorthodox	17,700,000
Modern Churches		156,000,000
Total number of Christians		578,100,000

Concerning these tables I would observe that I have given round numbers in every case, not only for the sake of convenience but because small details were not always to be obtained and, when obtainable, often varied where two or more authorities were referred to.

As to Table I it must be noted, that of the one hundred and twenty-two millions of the Holy Orthodox Church of the East some five-sixths are resident in the Russian Empire. The remainder comprises Slavs, Syrians, Greeks and Arabs. The Russian Church increases at the rate of nearly a million and a quarter yearly, not including converts. The great majority of its members are Slavs, but many Tartars and other races have been gathered into its fold through the labours of devoted missionaries in northern Asia, of which Englishmen as a rule know nothing. There is also a flourishing branch of this Church in Japan, with services in the vernacular, for the Russian Church aims at vernacular services in all its missions.

The Christians of the Turkish Empire are still so persecuted and oppressed that it is only by the mercy of God they exist at all. But they do exist and even increase, notwithstanding wellnigh five centuries of evil treatment and tribulation. It is impossible for them to undertake any mission work in the Empire; death, or at least rigorous imprisonment, being the penalty of the conversion of a Mohammedan to the faith of Christ.

Accurate statistics of the Latin or Roman Church in its various branches are somewhat difficult to obtain.[1] Some Roman Catholic writers place its membership as high as two hundred and sixty millions; other writers, like Mr. McCabe, at one hundred and eighty or at the most one hundred and ninety millions. McCabe's *Decay of the Church of Rome* is a valuable contribution to the subject; indeed in thoroughness of treatment and a rigid determination to arrive at the truth I know no book of the kind to compare with it. The writer treats his subject exhaustively and gives throughout not only the religious statistics furnished by almost all civilized governments, but those also from official Roman Catholic sources and from the most approved Roman writers. It will not do to discredit his digest of these statistics by saying that he is an ex-Roman priest who is now an unbeliever. While one is grieved at Mr. McCabe's loss of faith one cannot but bear witness to his evident sincerity and the impartial way in which he deals with the whole subject. The book is an honest one and must have involved immense labour and research, and after reading it, sad as are many of its conclusions, one cannot but feel that its writer really seeks to elicit the truth.

---

[1] This is especially the case with regard to South America.

One great difficulty in connection with Roman statistics is the present condition of France from a religious point of view. It seems almost impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the numbers of the French Church. The only thing that is certain is that large numbers of Frenchmen have altogether fallen away from the Christian Faith. The number of French Catholics may vary from Mr. McCabe's five millions of faithful believers up to thirty-five of merely nominal Catholics : we cannot tell. I have thought it fairest to deal generously with the French Church and have therefore estimated its numbers at thirty millions—surely a most generous estimate. I have computed the total strength of the Roman Church at two hundred and forty-eight millions : possibly an excessive number ; certainly, not an under-estimate ; and in this number are included the Uniat Eastern Churches in communion with the Roman Pope. The Churches in communion with the Pope and submitting to his supreme authority are, as everyone knows, spread throughout the greater part of the world ; the only other Church at all like it in this respect being the Anglican, whose congregations or missions are to be found not only in the British Empire but far beyond it.

The Anglican Church was originally confined to a portion of one little island, but to-day it is a world-wide Church, with missions as far north as the Arctic Circle, while one of its most flourishing offshoots is in Uganda on the Equator. It embraces a vast number of races, its

Prayer Book being translated into more than a hundred languages. In the Provinces of South Africa alone the services of this Church are held in eleven languages: two European, two Asiatic and seven African.[1] Though in numbers it is not to be compared with its elder sisters, the Greek and the Latin, its moral influence is very great and seems to be increasing daily, especially in the United States of America. The American Episcopal Church, with its missions in China, Japan and elsewhere, is bound, humanly speaking, to make a great mark in the future, numbering as it does already an episcopate of over a hundred; and from the variety of races with which it has to deal in the United States—a veritable, highly seasoned ethnic stew—it will probably be able to exert a powerful influence in the direction of reunion.

The Old Catholic Church dates from the Church of Utrecht (Holland) early in the eighteenth century, when it was excommunicated by Rome for adhering to its ancient canonical rights, especially in regard to the election of its Archbishop. In the Netherlands it is a small body of about ten thousand people with three bishops, and after undergoing for a century and a half much obloquy and many losses, gave the Episcopate to the Swiss and German Catholics who were excommunicated for not submitting to the Vatican decree of the infallibility of the Pope. It seems as if in the Providence of God it had been preserved for that purpose. A most interesting history of the Church of Holland was written by Dr. Neale, and deserves, especially in view of later developments and progress, to be republished with additional matter and brought up to date.

---

[1] It is, I think, generally admitted that the missions of the Anglican Church have made a deeper mark upon Africa than those of any other Christian body. There are now (1914) twenty-one Anglican sees in Africa, twelve of these forming the Province of South Africa under its own metropolitan.

The Old Catholic Church of Poland, commonly called the Mariavieten, is the latest offshoot and the largest of the Old Catholic Church. It numbers nearly two hundred thousand souls under three bishops. The Old Catholics of Germany number about fifty thousand, of Austria more than twenty thousand, and of Switzerland at least fifty thousand, while there are in the United States of America at least sixty thousand, chiefly Poles, under their own bishop.

The old Catholic Church is moving, though slowly, in the direction of union with the Holy Eastern Church and also with the Anglican, and its numbers are recruited from time to time by clergy and laity who have abandoned Ultramontanism or who have been cut off from Church membership by the dominant power in the Latin Church.

These bodies—the Eastern, the Roman, the Anglican and the Old Catholic—make up the Historic Church coming down from the time of the Apostles through the sacred ministry and holding the Catholic Faith as enshrined in the Bible, the Creeds and the traditions of the primitive, undivided Church. They acknowledge the dogmatic decrees of the Œcumenical Councils, and, though at present outwardly divided, confess one faith, the Faith of the Nicene Creed.

TABLE II

Next in order are the Ancient Churches which are out of communion with any of the preceding and are classed as heretical, as not submitting to the doctrinal teaching and standards of one or more of the General Councils.

They have of course preserved the Apostolic ministry of bishops, priests and deacons and also their ancient liturgies (more or less unadulterated) and services.

Among these bodies the American Church claims the first place. This Church is the oldest national Church in the world, and has a glorious history, having endured ceaseless persecutions up to our own day. Perhaps it ought not to be classed among the unorthodox Churches. But it is usually reckoned amongst them, rejecting as it does the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon. Modern research goes to show that the rejection of this Council by the Armenians was more from ignorance, or possibly from political motives, than from any intention to depart from the Catholic Faith, and theologians tell us that its authorized doctrinal standards do not contradict that faith ; so that while technically the Armenians are classed as Monophysites (that is believers in only one nature in the Lord Christ, a nature compounded of His Divine and human natures—a fusion of the two), they are not really so. There has been a confusion of nomenclature : so it is alleged. And that is indeed very possible. To some extent the Armenians are recognized by the Orthodox of the East as fellow-Churchmen, while English Churchmen have the deepest sympathy with them in the constant and cruel trials to which they have been subjected by their Turkish oppressors. We must hope and pray that the Armenian Church may speedily be restored to Catholic unity, and that its orthodoxy may be established to the satisfaction of both East and West.

A great deal that has been said concerning the Armenians is also true of the other Monophysite communities, viz. the Coptic Church of Egypt, the Western Syrians of Mardin and elsewhere and their dependent offshoot in India, commonly known as the Christians of St. Thomas. They, too, do not acknowledge the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451), and it is becoming increasingly clear that the Coptic Church broke away from Catholic unity for personal and political reasons rather than religious. The Council had condemned their Patriarch Dioscorus of Alexandria, and his writings, but the Copts clung to him and denied that he was a Monophysite. I cannot go into details. It will be sufficient to say that liturgical scholars have found but little trace of this error in the office books of the Copts, and we must pray that their Church may also be restored to Catholic unity. The Copts are an interesting people. They are in all probability the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, their name being a modernized form of the original word, and they also have endured centuries of oppression. To-day under the just government of England they are free from persecution and are increasing in numbers and on the path to progress, and their Church has vigorous missions at Khartoum and elsewhere in the Soudan.

The Nestorians or Eastern Syrians are the small remnant of what was once a mighty Church having its Catholicos or Patriarch at Bagdad and its missions, and flourishing missions too, as far distant as China. They rejected the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431), and are at the opposite pole of thought to that of the Copts and other Monophysites. They teach not only that our Blessed Lord had two natures but also that He had two Personalities. At any rate their great leader Nestorius (Patriarch of Constantinople) was condemned as having taught this.[1]

---

[1] Some recent writers maintain that such was not really his teaching.

I cannot stop to go into either of these controversies, but will content myself with pointing out that they both strike at the root of Christian teaching; for both, in different ways, deny that our Lord Jesus Christ is perfect God and perfect man. Any good textbook of theology will make this quite clear, and history shows that both of these errors have been productive of evil results, as indeed all error must be. "By their fruits ye shall know them" applies to theories as well as persons.

At the repeated request of the Mar Shimun, the Patriarch of the Nestorian Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury maintains a mission to his people—an educational mission which is doing much towards raising the whole Nestorian Church and nation, and which deserves the liberal support of all who are interested in this downtrodden and bitterly persecuted remnant of an ancient Christian Church.

The Abyssinian Church is the most corrupt and ignorant body of Christians in the world. Still, it *is* Christian, and has kept the light of Christian truth, dim and murky though it be, burning through centuries upon centuries of Mohammedan error and heathen darkness and degradation everywhere around. The Abyssinians are a virile people with a remarkable history, which reads more like romance than sober fact. Though again and again attacked by the Mohammedan powers of Arabia they have never been conquered; on the contrary, they have not only held their own, but have on several occasions crossed the Red Sea and retaliated by inflicting severe injuries upon their invaders. They are an offshoot of the Coptic Church, whose Patriarch (of Alexandria) consecrates and sends to them one of his clergy as their Abuna or Archbishop. They mingle Jewish customs and ceremonies with Christian and use cymbals in their celebration of the Holy Eucharist. And their Kalendar is unique, for Pontius Pilate is commemorated in it, on the ground that he tried to save our Lord from the malice of His enemies! Of late, since education has begun to spread among them, an improvement has set in both in Church and State, and at the present moment the Russian Church is acquiring an influence in the country which, it is to be hoped, will eventually lead to the purification of their Church and its reception of the pure Catholic faith and a more perfect form of worship. The Abyssinians are intensely national and very jealous of foreign interference. Twice have they expelled Jesuit missionaries from their country, and it is remarkable that they should show such friendship to the Russians. Their sovereigns claim descent from Solomon through the Queen of Sheba.

The last of these separated bodies is Russian, and is known in Russia as the "Old Believers." They are not heretics in their teaching. They do not deny any Article of the Christian Faith, but have separated from the Russian Church in consequence of the revision of the office books of that Church by the Patriarch Nikon (of Moscow) in the seventeenth century. They are therefore schismatics pure and simple, and we cannot but hope that as education spreads among them they may be led to see the untenableness of their position and return to their spiritual mother. They are still a large number, and are very ignorant. It is difficult to know their real strength, but they are said by Russian writers, somewhat vaguely, to amount to nearly ten millions. They have no bishops. I have included them in this table for convenience, although they are only two centuries old.

TABLE III

We come now to the Modern Churches, the foremost of which in point of numbers and perhaps in every way is the Lutheran. The Lutherans are almost entirely of the Teutonic race and are, as their name implies, followers of the teaching of Martin Luther, the great German Reformer. Two-thirds of Germany and the whole of Scandinavia and Denmark and Finland are Lutheran, and there are millions also in America. In Scandinavia and Denmark their form of Church government is Episcopal, but elsewhere Presbyterian. The Episcopate of Denmark and Norway is lacking in the essentials necessary to the validity of that order, but the Swedish Church claims succession from the Apostles for its bishops; and recently an Anglo-American committee has been investigating this claim, at the wish of the Swedish Church, with a view to possible union; and the results of this investigation will be laid before the next Lambeth Conference. Unfortunately the Swedish Church, though claiming the succession, does not regard it as necessary, and is in full communion with those Lutheran Churches which do not possess it or desire to possess it; and, moreover, this Church has allowed the order of the diaconate to lapse. Its doctrinal standards are in keeping with those of other Lutherans, especially as regards Luther's peculiar teaching concerning Justification by Faith only. The Lutherans have produced and are still producing great scholars, as well as many holy men and women whose beautiful lives shine out and illuminate many a dark page of German history, and they have large and well-organized missions in many parts of Africa and India, not to speak of other countries. The little Moravian community, in close relationship to

German Lutheranism, is especially notable for its devoted labours among the heathen in the hottest as well as the coldest regions of the globe—in Greenland and Labrador as well as in Africa. Lutheran Christians have given us some of our most beautiful hymns, and it is sad to think of so vast a body being outside the organized ministry of the Catholic Church.

But Lutheranism, especially in Germany, has been honeycombed with rationalism and unbelief for more than a century, though its official standards of doctrine have remained with little or no change. It has a form of worship nearer to that of the Catholic Church than any other modern body of Christians. The Evangelical Lutheran Church, which dates from 1827, is a compound of Lutheranism and Calvinism.

The Presbyterians rank next in scholarship, though not in numbers. They are followers of John Calvin, a Frenchman who settled in Switzerland in the sixteenth century, and who, by his celebrated "Institutes," influenced the theology of multitudes in various parts of Europe. His teaching and his method of Church government, viz. by presbyters, are followed by the great majority of Scotsmen and have been adopted, at least in name, both in Switzerland and Holland, by the majority of the people of those countries. There are also large numbers of Presbyterians in the United States of America and in the British colonies, especially in Canada, where the Scottish element is very strong, and in South Africa, where the Dutch Reformed Church, a thoroughly Calvinistic body, is very powerful. In the Netherlands and Switzerland Calvinism has been largely engulfed in a wave of unbelief, while in Scotland its teaching concerning predestination is now seldom heard. The Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, though not so entirely permeated by Calvinistic theories as a century ago, is still, both in doctrine and discipline, the most Calvinistic body of Christians to be found anywhere. There are also about 600,000 of this religion in France. They form the French Reformed Church and are descendants of the Huguenots of the sixteenth century. But they, too, are for the most part sadly influenced by rationalistic thought.

The Wesleyan Methodists are the newest of the modern Christian bodies and in number rank next to the Lutherans. They are an English denomination, though their largest numbers are to be found in the United States of America. And they have a large following in the British colonies. In the United States several millions of negroes are members of this body. Though they call themselves by the name of Wesley they do not profess to follow his teaching in all respects. John Wesley was one of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, or indeed of any century, and did a wonderful work as an evangelist. He established a society designed to influence and raise the spiritual life of Englishmen. He intended it to be a guild or devotional society within the Church of England, of which he was a priest; and though self-willed and erratic in some of his proceedings he never wished to create a schism, but on the contrary warned his disciples in the strongest language more than once before his death against separating from the Church. Nevertheless the spirit of ambition was so strong within them that their prominent men very soon began to exercise the functions of the sacred ministry, altogether setting at nought the exhortations and warnings of their founder. To-day they possess organized Synods and an adapted liturgy, and have named themselves the Wesleyan

Methodist Church. There are several varieties of Methodists, and in America one section of them is known (as I have already remarked) as the Methodist Episcopal Church, being governed by chief pastors who are called by the name of bishops, but who possess no Episcopal succession from the Apostles.

The Wesleyans have large and flourishing missions in many parts of the world, and have ever been among the foremost in good works for the love of Christ. But does it not seem extraordinary that such devoted servants of God should have deliberately chosen to separate themselves from the Church which gave them birth, and by such action increase the distracting divisions of Christendom ? How could they do so with the solemn and pathetic words of their Master sounding in their ears : "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us : that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

That rash reformers, fanatics, firebrands or heretics should think nothing of rending the Body of Christ may be natural and easily accounted for ; but that godly, devoted, deeply pious Christians like the Wesleyans, with their knowledge of the New Testament, should quietly and persistently proceed on the path of separation and division when they must have known that the last intercessory prayer of the Lord Jesus for His disciples was that they might be one visible body, is incomprehensible. Such, however, is the sorrowful fact.

The Congregationalists took their rise in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the first who preached and taught their distinctive tenets being an eccentric Norfolk parish priest named Robert Browne, who was deprived for holding heretical opinions. He was a man who gave a good deal of trouble both to Church and

State and boasted that he had been an inmate of thirty-two prisons! After an extraordinary career and constant change of views, he finally conformed to the Church and ended his life as one of her pastors. He and those who adopted his theories were the first "Separatists," and were called Independents. They held Calvinistic doctrines, but entirely disagreed with Calvin's theory of Presbyterian government, maintaining that each separate congregation of the faithful was a distinct Church with entire freedom to manage its own affairs and appoint its own ministers, who were to be responsible to none but those to whom they ministered. Their name was afterwards changed into that of Congregationalists. Very few of them hold Calvinistic doctrines now; on the contrary, they are the most elastic of all the Modern Churches as regards the fundamentals of our holy Faith, and many of them are supporters of what is called the New Theology. They have produced many learned and distinguished men, one of the most honoured of whom was the deeply respected Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, whose writings are deservedly held in high esteem by Churchmen as well as Nonconformists.

A section of this body known as the "Pilgrim Fathers" emigrated to America in the seventeenth century in order to obtain freedom of worship, but with many of them that simply meant freedom for themselves. They were not all intolerant, but, as has been already remarked, most of their leaders when in power in the New World persecuted all who would not conform to the government they set up, and were especially severe upon Episcopalians and Quakers. But their modern descendants are among the most enlightened of mankind, being noted for their broad principles and love of toleration. The Congregationalists are almost entirely of Anglo-Saxon origin, and are chiefly found in North America. They also have many important missions to the heathen.

The Baptists are, or were, similar in their tenets and mode of Church government to the Congregationalists, but with the important difference that they do not hold it lawful to baptize infants. The English Baptists must not be confused with the German Baptists of Luther's time who taught revolutionary doctrines in political affairs and set at nought the first principles of Christian morality, and who were rigorously suppressed by the German princes.

Baptists are at present more numerous in the United States than elsewhere, though like the Congregationalists and other "Free Churches" they are to be found in considerable numbers both in England and her colonies. They, too, have flourishing missions to the heathen, especially in the Congo, where they have been the means of rousing public feeling against the inhuman treatment of natives by the Belgian Government officials. In South Africa I have found by experience that their younger people, living, many of them, isolated lives in remote districts, were almost always unbaptized. Not having been baptized in infancy and being without any Christian training or influence worthy of the name, it is no wonder that for the most part they gradually ceased to be in any true sense of the word practising Christians. It struck me as curious that a man should call himself a Baptist and yet be unbaptized and apparently undesirous of Baptism: it seemed a misnomer. No one cared for their souls until a priest of the Church came to hear of them and visit them, and not a few have after careful preparation been baptized and are to-day earnest Churchmen. I am speaking of days gone by.

Of the other and smaller Christian sects, which are mostly found in America, it is not necessary to speak, except to say that among them are the Irvingites (the "Catholic and Apostolic Church"), very few in number, but distinguished, as I remarked in an earlier chapter, by true Christian zeal and devotion. I cannot refrain from saying once more that, holding as they do the Faith of the Catholic Creeds, one can only hope that sooner or later they will as a body find their true home within the bosom of the Church in whose faith they believe.

And the Salvation Army must be included in these smaller bodies of Christians. The Army and its works of mercy and charity among the "submerged tenth" are so well known that there is no need to attempt to describe them.

We have now taken a rapid glance at the various Christian bodies which make up the sum-total of Christians throughout the world, and the problem that confronts us is, how they are to be united into one great Church of Christ.

Men tell us it is impossible—a mere dream, however beautiful. That there are enormous and, to human seeming, insurmountable difficulties, everyone must feel: the difficulties are great, the hopes and possibilities few and faint.

But here, before going further, it may be well to recall to our minds the comforting truth that however the Church of God may be outwardly rent or divided it is essentially one. Nothing can impair, much less destroy, its *essential unity.*

The Lord Jesus Christ founded one Church—one and no more—and gave to that Church the glorious promise that the gates of Hades should never prevail against it. It was to remain throughout the ages indestructible, indivisible and in the long run infallible, because of His abiding presence with it and because it was to be guided by God the Holy Ghost. The Church is therefore one; built upon Him the one Saviour of Mankind, the Rock of Ages. Jerusalem is built as a city in unity with itself. Day by day we confess that great and precious truth when we say, "I believe in *the* Holy Catholic Church," and we emphasize it in the universal Creed of Christendom: "And I believe *one* Catholic and Apostolic Church."

How is the Church *one*, though its visible unity has been shattered?

The Church is one because its members are all baptized with one Baptism into Christ its one Head, and are united together in one body, the Body of Christ, by one Spirit—the Spirit of the one God.

It is one because its members derive their spiritual life from Christ through the means of grace which He has appointed, especially the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood, according to His Own promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And He graciously declares the same comforting truth in the golden words, "I am the way, the truth and the *life*." And again, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life." "He that eateth Me, even He shall live by Me." "I am the Vine; ye are the branches."

Again, the Church is one because it is ever guided by God the Holy Ghost, Who at its first foundation was sent to guide the Apostles into all the truth; and it still teaches the truth of God, the Catholic Faith of the Creeds, the Faith once for all delivered to the saints.

That one Faith has been revealed to us by our Lord, and by the Apostles and other inspired writers of the

New Testament who committed it to writing, and it is summed up in the Creeds and in the teaching of the undivided Church.

And here we cannot but adore the loving Providence of God Who, knowing that His Church would be outwardly rent and torn through the sins and self-will of its members, so ordered it that all the fundamental truths concerning the Personality of the Only Begotten Son and His Incarnation and Virgin birth should be defined and enshrined in the formulas of the Church before the first great division of the Church into East and West. And that Catholic Faith is still professed and believed by the Universal Church in all its branches: Eastern, Latin, Old Catholic and Anglican. In the essentials of the Faith they are one, even as their spiritual life is one; for they all believe the Catholic Creeds and the teaching of the undivided Church. We have all of us known or heard of families in which there is disunion among the children; brother at variance with brother, so that they are not on speaking terms and even go so far as to disown each other. But they are nevertheless one family, however divided they may be or estranged from one another. So it has been and, alas, still is with the Church. Its outward unity has been marred, but its essential unity remains. It is one family, and disagreement and variance and estrangement cannot destroy the relationship of one member towards another.

If I am asked how we are to know which is the one true Church founded by the Lord Jesus Christ among all the various Churches and denominations which make up the Christendom of to-day, I answer, "Test their claims. Find out the marks of the Church. Go to the New Testament. Look into the 'Looking-glass of the Church,' the Acts of the Apostles, and see whether you can recognize there the likeness of any of these Christian denominations." The likeness of the Apostolic Church, fresh from the Hand of its Maker, is clearly portrayed there and made known to us by certain distinguishing marks or features, and each of the Churches of to-day must manifest these same features if it be really a representative of that Church at the present moment and its lineal descendant—that is to say, if it be the Church, or a portion of it, founded by the Incarnate Son of God.

These marks, these distinguishing characteristics, are four in number ; and they are written down for us, so that there can be no mistake in so important a matter, in the 2nd chapter of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, the 42nd verse. Let us read the words : "And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." Or, as in the Revised Version still more clearly and literally: "And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers."

Now notice the four characteristic marks there recorded :

i. The Apostles' doctrine or teaching.

ii. The Apostles' fellowship.

iii. The Breaking of the Bread.

iv. The Prayers, that is the Public Prayers of the congregation.

Test the claims of any present day Church by these four marks, and you will see at once whether it has any just claim to be the Church of the Apostles. If we examine the claims of the branches of the Church of which I have spoken and which I have placed under

Table I it will be apparent at once that they exhibit these claims, and that is why I have placed them together as being portions of the Historic Church of Christ coming down from the time of the Apostles.

Take the English Church, and apply these tests to her.

i. She preserves the Apostles' teaching or doctrine, and confesses it in the Creeds and teaches it to her children.

ii. She preserves the Apostles' fellowship through her threefold ministry, her chief pastors, the bishops, coming down from the Apostles by the laying on of hands.

iii. She preserves the Breaking of the Bread, the Holy Communion, and makes it her chief service.

iv. She preserves the public prayers in her Book of Common Prayer, her chief prayer being the prayer taught us by our Lord Himself. And so also have the Eastern, the Roman and the Old Catholic Churches preserved these four marks. These features of the one Church founded by Jesus Christ are stamped upon them, showing clearly that they are parts or branches of the Church coming down from the Apostles. It is true that Rome has added marks of her own to them—unwarrantable marks, as all Catholics who are not of the Roman obedience believe—but nevertheless the Roman Church still professes belief in the Creeds and traditions of the undivided Church of the Primitive Fathers. It is true also that the Faith may have been obscured or imperfectly taught and realized by members of the English Church at certain periods of her history, and that such may be even now the case, but she has ever retained the Catholic standards of doctrine and has not been guilty of adding to them. The Church on earth is not perfect, being made up of weak, fallible human beings. She has her human side. It cannot be otherwise while she is militant here on earth. Though she is holy by virtue of her constitution and teaching, coming as she does from Christ and being guided by the Holy Spirit, not all her members are holy. There are tares among the wheat, and they make their influence felt. But "the King's daughter is all glorious *within*," and at the Last Day she will stand forth before the worlds—before heaven and earth—in all her holiness and perfection, without "spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

But when we turn and look at the Modern Churches we find them wanting in one or other of these marks, and all of them lack the second—Apostolic fellowship. There is no connecting link between them and the Apostles. They may be, and some of them are, excellent societies of Christian men and women teaching many Christian truths; but, lacking these essential marks of the Church (more especially the second), it seems impossible to regard them as parts of the one original Christian Church. On the other hand, the Historic Churches, possessing as they do these four marks and teaching the traditional faith summed up in the Creeds, cannot but be regarded as parts of the one Catholic, universal Church coming down from the Apostles and founded by God Himself. Man can make a human society of believers: only God can make a *Church*. Man can no more make a Church, in the full meaning of the word, than he can jump off his own shadow.

Having thus cleared the way, let us go on now to consider the great question before us: Reunion.

The moment we come to close quarters and endeavour to grapple with this all-important question we are met by objections and confronted by difficulties. The objections merge themselves really into difficulties: difficulties so appalling that they seem overwhelming and insuperable. We cannot therefore be surprised that many Christians should regard reunion as an impossibility, and look upon it as a beautiful but delusive dream. Without doubt the difficulties are great, and the hopes small indeed in comparison with them.

Let us look first at the difficulties, trying to do so honestly and fearlessly; in the spirit of faith and charity.

PART II

THE DIFFICULTIES OF REUNION

In considering these difficulties it may perhaps be best to take in order first those connected with the branches of the Historic Catholic Church, and then go on to consider those connected with the Modern Churches.

It will be unnecessary to speak further of the Historic but heretical Churches of the East. They are for the most part remote from Western Christendom, and we can only hope and pray that as education spreads among them they may be led to return to the bosom of the great Church of the East to which they formerly belonged. At present it would seem that most of them are in a state of separation from the mother Church mainly through ignorance. The "Old Believers" of Russia are, as has been said before, not heretics but simply schismatics, and as they possess no Episcopate and are grossly ignorant it is reasonable to hope that time will tend to heal the schism, and the spread of education make clear to them how baseless their position is. And then there will be, please God, a return to unity and peace.

(i.) *The Eastern Church*

And first as to the Eastern Church, the Mother of all the Churches; for, as we know, the Church took its rise on the day of Pentecost in the city of Jerusalem; and the Patriarch of the Holy City, the successor of St. James, "the Lord's brother," its first Bishop, occupies the chair of that Apostle to-day.

But the Church of Jerusalem, though the mother Church of Christendom, is now only a small portion of that vast confederation of Churches which we call the Eastern Church. We have seen that this Church or Union of Churches numbers one hundred and twenty-two millions, the great majority of whom are found in the Russian Empire.

What are the difficulties of reunion with this magnificent and constantly increasing portion of the Catholic Church? How is it to be reunited with Rome and with ourselves?

As to Rome, I fear that any reunion of this Church with the Latin seems impossible as long as the Roman Pope continues to put forward those claims to supremacy of government and jurisdiction which were the root cause of the separation of the two Churches in the eleventh century. The Eastern Church repudiates those claims as strongly and steadfastly as ever, while the Roman continues to advance them without the least abatement. There seems therefore little or no hope of the healing of this ancient schism under present circumstances, though we must not cease to pray for the union of these eldest branches of the Church on that account.

But what of the reunion of the East with ourselves? Here, thank God, the difficulties though grave are by no means insuperable, and it is a joy to know that at the present moment there are many members of both Churches, including some of the most eminent bishops, who are praying for union and doing all that lies in their power to promote it.

The main difficulty, as I have before remarked, the one great bar to intercommunion, is the clause in the Nicene Creed commonly called in Latin the *Filioque*—"and the Son," referring to the eternal procession of God the Holy Ghost. This clause was not inserted in the Creed by any general council, Nicene, Constantinopolitan or other, but was added afterwards in the West, though not by the Roman Church. The Roman Popes indeed discouraged its liturgical use in the Creed, but it nevertheless obtained until it became universal all over the West, mainly through the influence of the Emperor Charlemagne. The Roman Church at length sanctioned it, and it was inserted in the Creed and recited by every Church of the West, including the Church of England.

But the Easterns always protested against it and did so on two grounds: first, that it implied or seemed to imply the existence of two separate and independent fountains or sources of Deity, whereas the Church has always taught that there is but one, there being only one God; and that God the Father is the sole fountain of Deity. The Son is in all His attributes equal to the Father; God of God; but is *of* the Father. The Holy Ghost is in all His attributes equal to the Father and the Son; of one essence (the Divine) with them, and is also of the Father though through the Son. Thus the Father is the sole source of Deity. The Holy Ghost derives His Godhead from the Father not by eternal generation but by eternal procession. Such has been the teaching of the Church from primitive times, deduced from Holy Scripture, concerning the greatest of all mysteries, the Adorable Trinity. There is but one God—one God eternally existing in three Personalities (as they are termed for want of a more adequate word), and these three Divine Personalities exercise but one will. They are Three in One and One in Three. But human language is at best inadequate to the task of defining or describing the nature of the Divine Being. It is impossible for a finite being like man to grasp the idea of infinity, or to define in any adequate sense the nature of the Godhead.

We all know the beautiful legend concerning St. Augustine of Hippo: how he was one day walking on the seashore, meditating on the Divine nature and endeavouring to find a definition of it which should satisfy his reason; and how, suddenly, he came upon a little boy busily engaged in filling and refilling a sea shell with the water of the ocean. Looking at the child in astonishment, the holy man asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," came the answer, "I am trying to empty the ocean into this shell."

"My child, that is impossible. You cannot do it. All your labour will be in vain."

"Not more impossible," replied the boy, "than for you to imagine that your small human reason can grasp the mystery of the nature of God."

And with that the child vanished.

Still, although the Church's language is inadequate to define the being of the Creator, we must believe that it is the best that could be found, the Church being perpetually guided by the Spirit of God and using the richest, most plastic, most supple and most fitting of all languages (the Greek) for her high and holy purpose. Catholic Christians therefore accept and make that language their own and, while recognising its human limitations, bow down and believe the truths thus defined. It must be remembered that though there has been no development of *doctrine* (for the Faith *was once for all* delivered to the saints) there has been a development of *definition.* The profound and pregnant foundation truths of the Christian faith have been defined by the Œcumenical Councils with the utmost care and in the most adequate language, as the need for a fuller and more exact definition of them became clear to the consciousness of the Church.

But does the Filioque necessarily imply two sources of Deity in the Godhead ? No one can think so who studies the meaning of the clause as taught and explained by the great theologians of the West. Nevertheless it is a stumbling-block to our Eastern brethren, or has been so until quite recently. But there is, thanks be to God, every reason to believe that this hindrance can be removed, and indeed that it is being removed daily, as I have remarked in an earlier chapter.

The other objection to the Filioque is that it is unauthorized by any General Council and ought not therefore to be inserted in the Creed, and there is considerable force in that objection. But that, too, will doubtless be overcome when it is clearly shown that the clause does not imply any erroneous teaching but is fully in accord with orthodox truth, and that the Anglican Church, while retaining it in the Creed as an additional safeguard of the Faith, does not claim for it universal authority (as a clause) in the Nicene Creed or Symbol.

There are other difficulties, but they are concerned with matters of discipline, and as such ought not to be insuperable. The most formidable of these is connected with Holy Matrimony. The whole Western Church, our own included, has ever held that marriage is indissoluble, and that no marriage of a divorced person is permissible during the lifetime of the divorced partner. The Church only permits separation, nothing further. But for many centuries the practice of the East has been to permit re-marriage in certain cases. This certainly seems to create a bar to union, but I understand that learned canonists like Mr. Bayfield Roberts, and others, maintain that the ancient canons of the East forbid re-marriage equally with those of the West, and that in permitting re-marriage the East has fallen away from its own standards; so that really the marriage law of the whole Church is the same. Granting this, the divorce difficulty does not seem impossible of solution by a council of Eastern and Anglican bishops.

Other matters of discipline, such as that of the marriage of the clergy, may well vary, as they ever have done. And so also as regards ceremonial usages, which have never been uniform in the Church, while the essentials of Divine worship have ever remained the same.

But there are two formidable difficulties of a practical nature still remaining—the ignorance and the prejudice of the great mass of the people of both Churches. The great majority of the Easterns, even of the educated classes, know very little about the Anglican Church, and that little is so incorrect, one might almost say grotesque, that it is no wonder they have strong prejudices against it and do not recognize it as a branch of the true Vine. They are penetrated with the conviction that only the Holy Orthodox Church has preserved truly Catholic teaching: that Rome has fallen away from the Faith, and the Pope is the chief Protestant of the world; while as to the Anglican Church they think it only another variety of Protestantism, differing from the Lutheran or Presbyterian, but, like them, a new form of Christianity and therefore to be avoided. But their learned men know better and are rapidly influencing the thought of their fellow Churchmen, especially in Russia; and moreover the contact with Anglicans now constantly taking place in America and the British colonies has opened the eyes of the thousands of the Orthodox who have emigrated to those countries. We have therefore good reason to believe that the ignorance is growing less and that prejudices are being overcome.

And if our Eastern brethren are ignorant of us, surely we are very ignorant concerning them, and prejudiced also.

Apropos to this, I well recollect how hopelessly puzzled I was as a boy by what I read in my geography and history books. Those books spoke of two kinds of Christians, Catholic and Protestant; meaning by the former those in Communion with Rome and by the latter all who differed from them; and hence they included the Church of England among the Protestant denominations. In my boyish ignorance I naturally thought that these were the only kinds of Christians in the world, but presently, when Russia and Greece were described, I was informed that Russians and Greeks and some other Christians in eastern countries were members of the "Greek Church." I wondered what in the world that could mean. Were they "Catholics"? No; the books told me they were not. Then they must be "Protestant"? But no; they were not Protestants.

What were they then? For I had thought in my simplicity that these were the only Christians to be found anywhere. I thirsted for information, but could gain none. Here were millions of people who were evidently Christians of some kind, and I could get no information concerning them except that they belonged to some strange kind of Church which was very corrupt and full of superstition; that they worshipped images even more than "Catholics" did, and that their clergy were as ignorant and dirty and degraded as the people themselves. Moreover some books told me that these Greek Church Christians did not believe in the Pope of Rome and were always disputing with him; and others that they had not the true light of the Gospel, like Protestants. I was hopelessly puzzled. Nobody could tell me anything really trustworthy about these Greek Christians any more than they could about the Puseyites, who were making such a stir in those days.

The first really accurate information I got concerning them came, curiously enough, through the Crimean War. I happened to witness the good-bye of the Queen (Victoria) to a battalion of her household troops at Buckingham Palace on the morning of their departure for the front (I think in 1854), and it made a deep impression upon me, for it was indeed an affecting scene. The Queen and Prince Consort and their children were standing on the balcony of the palace, the Guards being drawn up before them in the open space in front of the gates. As Her Majesty said good-bye and waved her handkerchief her Guards raised their "bearskins" on high and a thrilling "Hurrah!" rent the air. It was an awe-inspiring, touching spectacle which made my young blood tingle. Thrice was the farewell greeting repeated—a mighty hurrah which went up from a thousand throats; the farewell of men ready to do and die on behalf of their Queen and country. The Queen was so deeply moved that she burst into tears, and some of the royal children were weeping too. It was indeed a scene never to be forgotten by any who beheld it, and it made me eager to find out the cause of the war and why England was fighting the Russians. It was the first time that the Guards had been called out for foreign service since Waterloo, and I naturally thought there must have been some very grave reason why we should ally ourselves with France to go to the aid of the Turks against the Russians who were, after all, fellow Christians, although, as I had been taught, besotted and sunk in barbarism, ignorance and superstition. But the only ground I could discover was that there had been some dispute between the Greeks and Latins as to their respective rights over the Holy places, more especially with regard to the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem; and that the French had intervened on behalf of the Latins, while the Russians had supported the Greeks and in some way threatened the independence of Turkey. It was this quarrel that had caused the war. I knew little about politics, for I was still very young, but the war made me wish more than ever to get to the truth as to the creed of the Russians and how it was that they belonged to the Greek Church. Fortunately the riddle was partially solved not very long afterwards by some of the writings of Dr. Neale which happened to fall into my hands, and which gave me the clear and trustworthy information I had so longed for. I revelled in his *Voices from the East*, a volume long since out of print; and when afterwards in my student days I read Blackmore's translation of Mouravieff's *History of the Russian*

Church my eyes were completely opened, and I realized that there was a great and venerable communion of Christians who were neither Roman Catholics nor Protestants, and that the old division of the Christian world into " Catholic " and " Protestant " was not in accordance with fact. And when in the 'sixties Neale's translations of the Hymns of the Eastern Church appeared I at once fell in love with them, and began to cherish an affection for our Eastern brethren which has never left me.

I give my own case as a sample of the ignorance that abounded among Englishmen as to the Eastern Church, her teaching and her claims. Thousands have been brought up no doubt in the same baseless and foolish ideas, and it is no wonder that great numbers of English Churchmen are still in ignorance of the extent of that august communion and prejudiced against it. Moreover, it is only of late years that they have even heard of the mission work of the Russian Church in Japan and elsewhere. And this ignorance will have to be enlightened and old prejudices overcome before a union worthy of the name can be effected. Any premature action or hurrying on of union will do more harm than good. The great mass of English laymen must be in cordial sympathy with their bishops and other leaders before definite proposals for union can be made, and meanwhile we must pray on and possess our souls in patience.

(ii.) *The Roman Church*

And now as to reunion with Rome.

We Englishmen owe such a debt of gratitude to Pope Gregory for sending St. Augustine to evangelize our heathen forefathers that that thought alone ought to move us to reunion with her, if it be in any way possible without the sacrifice of what we believe to be Christian truth. St. Augustine was a Roman monk, and though the Roman mission of which he was the head did not succeed in converting more than the southern or south-eastern part of our island, it nevertheless brought us into union with the civilized and dominant Church of the West, and that at a time when the influence of that Church for good was incalculable among such semi-barbarians as were the then Anglo-Saxons.

But the moment we begin to think of reunion with the Apostolic See of the West we find ourselves confronted with difficulties which seem altogether overwhelming, and these difficulties culminate in the claims of the successor of St. Peter—claims which have been even increased and amplified since the abolition of the Papal jurisdiction in England by the decree of the Synods of the English Church in 1534. It is these claims which still form the great barrier to reunion with the Church of Rome. They are the crux of the difficulty. And they have been enormously increased and accentuated through the rise and dominance of the Ultramontane school of thought in the Latin communion and the decrees of the Vatican Council. Moreover, the Papal Bull of Leo XIII, in 1896, condemning our Holy Orders as null and void and therefore invalid, has emphasized already existing difficulties still further. The Bishop of Rome in that document solemnly informs us and proclaims to the world that, whatever our bishops and priests and deacons may be, they are not ministers of the Catholic Church and are therefore not the ministry ordained by Christ and His Apostles, and that our clergy are, with relation to that ministry, mere laymen. Certainly no condemnation could be more sweeping, and it is clear that by that last act the Roman Church has not only done her utmost to shut the door against reunion with Anglicans, but actually bolted and barred it. Rome will agree to nothing but absolute submission to all her claims, which submission, were we tempted to accord it, would involve on our part nothing less than spiritual suicide. If our martyred Primate of the seventeenth century could say when offered a Cardinal's hat as a reward for his submission, "Somewhat dwelt within me, which would not suffer that, till Rome were other than she is," how much more emphatically must we make his words our own to-day?

As to the Bull, its arguments (such as they were) have been so completely shattered and its baselessness so entirely and convincingly demonstrated by the masterly and dignified reply of the two Primates of England that nothing further need be said on the subject.

But could we imagine the Bull recalled, which seems, at least under present circumstances, impossible, there are still the claims of absolute supremacy and infallibility promulgated by the decrees of 1870 to be reckoned with. In common with the East we Anglicans reject them as unscriptural, unhistorical and uncatholic, and therefore as not being in accordance with the mind of the Divine Founder of the Church.

Previous to the Vatican Council and when the Ultramontane spirit, though strong and daily increasing in strength, had not obtained complete control in the Latin Church, it might have been possible by mutual explanations on both sides to end the three hundred years of separation, but that Council closed the door to any such hopes. It gave the death-blow to the aspirations and labours of those on both sides of the barrier who had striven amid evil report and good report, with tender charity and glowing faith, to lessen the difficulties and suggest methods whereby the two Churches might be again united in the common Faith; and from that time forward men like the revered Dr. Pusey on the one side and Ambrose Phillips de Lisle on the other felt that their hopes were shattered, and that the possibility of reunion had come to an end until, in the overruling Providence of God, a new way might be opened out for the fulfilment of our Lord's Eucharistic prayer.

Anglicans have prayed and striven, often amid obloquy, for reunion with Rome on the basis of the Faith of the undivided Church of primitive times; and though their efforts have come to nought and have apparently only called forth greater opposition than ever—nothing less indeed than the condemnation of their Sacred Orders and the denial of the grace of their Sacraments (except that of Baptism), yet we cannot believe that these efforts and prayers have been in vain. A day will yet come when they will bring forth fruit rich and glorious; when the children of the afflicted Bride of Christ, delivered from the misery and sorrow of division and estrangement, will sing with joy at the glad tidings of peace.

Since coming to England I have been told that notwithstanding the decree of Papal infallibility and the condemnation of their Orders, there are to be found Anglican priests who still believe in the possibility of reunion with Rome as she now is. That they are very few in number I can well imagine. Their position is difficult to understand, but we must give them credit for sincerity of purpose and not doubt their loyalty to the Church which gave them their priesthood. I cannot, however, help saying that such a position seems to me indefensible from a logical point of view and that they are doomed to disappointment. Rome has barred the door against any explanations or advances, and tells them that in her eyes they are simply laymen. Is not that a warning? Does it not seem as if our Lord were saying to us: "This is not the way, neither is this the city?"

That the whole Catholic Church suffers grievously in many ways through our unhappy divisions is a fact which constantly comes home to us. Satan has been permitted to wound the sacred Body of Christ through the divisions of its members. Though he can never destroy the Church he can wound it. "Thou shalt bruise his head, but he shall bruise Thy heel." Perhaps he has bruised Christ's Heel most of all by stirring up human passions and ambitions within the Church, and causing heart-burnings and divisions among her members. And amid these divisions and contentions we hear the voice of Rome assuring us of her infallibility, and inviting, nay urging, us to come to her and submit to the one chief pastor of the Church and find rest for our souls in his communion. There we shall find the peace and unity we seek in vain elsewhere. The Pope is infallible in his teaching, and if we only humble ourselves to listen to his voice we shall be safe. He is the living voice of the living Church. Other speakers speak with stammering tongues or speak not at all, but he speaks distinctly and with sure utterance; and when he speaks multitudes of all the nations of the earth listen and obey. He speaks with God-given authority, and we may be certain of unerring guidance when we follow his gentle leading. There is no doubting and disputing in his Church. All is peace and unity. It is an alluring picture and many have been fascinated by it. But *is it true?*

The Pope, we are assured, is infallible in his teaching when he speaks *ex-Cathedra* as the universal teacher and mouthpiece of the Church. But when does he do that? *When* does he speak *ex-Cathedra?* That is the question, and to that question we get no answer. Or rather we get a variety of answers which disappoint and bewilder us. Some learned Roman theologians tell us that "probably" he has spoken with infallible voice *ex-Cathedra* only twice: once in 1854, when he proclaimed the hitherto pious opinion of the Church concerning the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin to be a dogmatic truth which all Catholics are bound to believe; and again in 1870, when defining and proclaiming his own infallibility according to the decree of the Vatican Council. Others, equally learned, are of opinion that the Syllabus of Pius IX was a document infallible in its teaching and that all good Catholics ought to submit to its conclusions as well as to the decrees of 1854 and 1870. Others again, that all Bulls and authoritative documents issued on a certain day of the week are infallible utterances, but that other Bulls are not; while a few assure us that *all* official utterances proceeding from the Vicar of Christ are infallible, or at any rate that it is safer to believe them to be so and submit to their teaching. It was said of a distinguished Roman controversialist of the hyper-Papal school that he would like to find on his breakfast-table every morning a Papal Bull together with his copy of *The Times.*

There is no certainty: none. No one among his most learned and devoted followers seems to know *when* this infallible Teacher who is to settle all doubts for us and give us peace of heart and mind speaks with unerring voice as our guide, philosopher and friend. Our guide has failed us, and we are left in as great uncertainty as ever. Take the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* issued in 1896, of which I have spoken, condemning Anglican Orders. We were assured that it was irreformable and that all the faithful were bound to believe it and abide by its decision, Rome had spoken and the cause was ended. That was at any rate a certain voice. There could be no doubt about its meaning. It was put forth with every authority, and the Teacher of the nations had spoken *ex-Cathedra*. Moreover, it was announced that a considerable number of Anglican clergy who were before in doubt as to the reality of their priesthood would, now that the infallible voice had spoken, at once resign their cures and take refuge in the bosom of the one true Church. And I read in the papers of that day that a fund had been started both at Rome and in England to support those Anglican clergy who might after all lack the courage—poor things!—to take the anticipated step, out of fear of poverty and want. Now they could cross the Rubicon with the knowledge that a temporal as well as a spiritual house was before them. Of course the fund was never drawn upon, for all these doubting clerics were only imaginary. The clergy of the English Church know and are sure that whatever the Pope of Rome may say their orders are as valid as his own, the evidence for their validity being from every point of view perfectly clear and conclusive to any unprejudiced mind; so clear and conclusive that no part of the Catholic Church can produce anything clearer or more convincing. There was no earthquake and no quaking of heart. The Anglican Church in all its branches survived the publication of this pitiful utterance, as it has survived other shocks, real and imaginary, and will, by the mercy of God, survive many another.

A well-known example, often cited, of the fallibility of official Papal utterances is that of Pope Eugenius IV in 1439 with regard to the matter and form of ordination. He defined these to be the *porrectio instrumentorum* (the giving or delivering of the chalice, etc.) with the words, " Receive authority to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Masses as well for the living and the dead " —a ceremony unknown in the Roman Church itself for wellnigh a thousand years. This decision is now regarded as an error by the best and most learned Roman Catholic liturgiologists and theologians, and a very different definition of the form and matter of ordination was put forth in the Bull of Leo XIII we have just been speaking of.

But it is already whispered that this latter Bull was not an infallible utterance, though it is to be received with the greatest respect, and an exterior consent must be accorded to it. One priest at least of the Roman obedience, Fr. Carson, maintained that it was not infallible and therefore not absolutely binding upon the consciences of his co-religionists, and it was known by his friends that up to the day of his death he still believed in the validity of Anglican Orders, notwithstanding the publication of the Bull. It is possible that his writings were condemned at Rome, but I have seen no public or official censure of them.

And so we come to this: that after all the vast majority of Papal utterances are no more binding upon the conscience of Roman Catholics than are the Encyclicals of the bishops of the Lambeth Conference upon Anglicans, or those issued from time to time by the Eastern Patriarchs upon the Churchmen of the East. They serve as helpful signs, warnings, guides and finger-points in times of danger, and it would be rash, except for the gravest reasons, to differ from them. That is all that can be truly said for them; so that all this exalted language about the living voice of the one Teacher really counts for little or nothing when impartially examined and compared with actual fact. Men may believe that the living voice, the Pope, has spoken and regard that voice as infallible in its utterance—as to them the voice of God—and yet, after all, it may prove to be only the voice of man. The utterance may have been a mistaken one, to be corrected or recalled in the future, and meanwhile they have been living under a delusion and have guided their faith and their conduct by that which was not really true. This must be so, unless every official utterance put forth by the Western Patriarch and declared by him to be binding on the faithful is at the same time declared infallible, and for ever incapable of alteration or repeal. And this is not done.

There is, therefore, no more absolute certainty to be found in the Roman than in any other branch of the Catholic Church with regard to decisions and utterances put forth from time to time by authority. But thank God we all have the Catholic Faith of the Creeds and the universal traditions of the Church to fall back upon in times of doubt and anxiety, and surely that is enough for all who seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. We cannot look for an infallible utterance until the Church once more speaks in a truly General Council, free, representative and unfettered.

Another great difficulty, indeed the greatest, is the headship of the Pope as now expressed and taught. The primacy of St. Peter and his successors has been stretched into a universal headship in the fullest sense of the word, and we are gravely told not only that it was always so, but that the Church cannot exist without an earthly head. History records its protest against the first of these assertions, and philosophy and fact tell against the second. As to the latter it may be sufficient to cite the unity for century after century of the great Eastern Church, the Patriarchs and Synods of which never act independently of each other when dealing with the dogmatic teaching of the Church. I will not adduce the example of the Anglo-Catholic Church, because by far the greater number of its twenty provinces have grown up within the last half-century, and it might be asserted that not sufficient time has yet expired for their unity in the Faith to be put to the test.

An adequate consideration of this weighty subject would fill a volume and has been dealt with fully and conclusively of late years by Fr. Puller, and still more recently, I believe, by Mr. Denny, whose learned volume I have not yet seen ; but as to the headship of the Pope and his universal jurisdiction the whole question may be summed up in a single sentence : such claims are unscriptural, and have never been acknowledged by the Eastern Church.

I am not attempting to write a theological essay. These " Musings " are only the thoughts of a man who for the greater part of his life has been called upon to live in a distant and but little-known corner of Africa, and who has ventured in these pages to commit to paper the results of his reading and reflections. And these results have more than ever convinced me that the Petrine texts (as they are called) when compared with other texts of the New Testament apposite to the subject, not only do not bear out the Ultramontane theory now so universal in the Latin Church, but are decisively against it. Everyone knows that the chief of these texts is, " Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell (Hades) shall not prevail against it."[1] And everyone who has carefully and dispassionately gone into the matter knows also that the Rock here mentioned is interpreted by many of the Fathers of the Primitive Church to mean Christ Himself, and not Peter; and that those (the majority) who do interpret it of the Apostle had no thought of reading a universal headship, and that too for all ages, into the words of our Blessed Lord. That was an interpretation which grew up later, fostered by the occupants of the See of Rome in their own interests, and is plainly at variance with the teaching of the New Testament, as well as unknown to the Fathers of the Church.

Of the texts clearly antagonistic to the Roman theory it will be quite sufficient to quote only one, Acts viii. 14–17: "Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

Here we are told that the Apostles delegated two of their number, and they the most eminent, to go down to Samaria to confirm a number of newly baptized converts, the fruits of the labours of St. Philip the deacon. Surely if words mean anything they mean here that the Apostolic College or Synod was the supreme body, superior to any one member of it, Peter included; otherwise how could they have authorized and despatched St. Peter himself, together with St. John, to go down to Samaria and exercise their Apostolic ministry there?

---

[1] St. Matthew xvi. 18.

Had St. Peter been the head (as on the Roman theory he must have been) he would have selected and "sent" those necessary for this Apostolic function, or perhaps elected to go himself. But that was in nowise the method of procedure. On the contrary, St. Peter himself was selected and sent by his co-Apostles, which clearly shows the collective Apostolate to have been superior in authority to any individual member of it, including the Primate, Peter, himself. He was first among his equals, not their superior and lord; for surely the sender is greater than the sent. Can we imagine the bishops of the Vatican Council or the College of Cardinals sending the Pope and (say) the Archbishop of Westminster to go to Sweden, or any other country, to confirm certain converts waiting for the Sacrament of Confirmation? We cannot. And yet, if the Roman Church is Apostolic, as it claims to be, such a precedent would be naturally followed now. But it is not, and could not be. On the contrary, such a proposal on the part of Cardinals or Council would be deemed a scandal, and the bishops proposing it would be at once condemned as rebels and as usurpers of the powers and prerogatives of the Vicar of Christ. Does not this show how greatly the Roman teaching of the present day has departed from the Apostolic standard?

I have sometimes asked Roman clergy, personal friends, for an answer to this difficulty, but have never obtained one. The only explanation ever given was that these were "exceptional circumstances." Indeed! Then why are they recorded in the New Testament in connection with the first administration (as far as we know) of Confirmation? Has the Book of Acts ceased to be the "Looking-glass of the Church"?

But is not this claim to a universal headship based on a fundamental misconception of what the Church really is, and its relation to our Lord and Saviour ?

The Church is the Kingdom of Heaven projected into this world ; established in the world by Him Who is its King, Who declared it to be the Kingdom of God, and Who also declared it to be not of earth but of heaven. " My Kingdom is not of this world."[1]

Again, it is so intimately united to Him that St. Paul tells us it is His Body. A body can have only one head. Were it to have more than one it would be a monstrosity. " But," say our Roman brethren, " we do not deny that Christ is the great Head of the Church : we assert it equally with you. But the Church on earth needs an earthly head ; it could not exist without one. Surely you must grant that ? "

We grant nothing of the kind. We say that not only is no earthly head necessary, but that the very idea of one militates against the one, sole, universal headship of Christ. For, where *is* the Church ? *By far the larger part of it is in the world unseen.* The part of it here in this world, that which forms what we call the Church Militant, is but a fraction of it. And whether on earth or in the unseen world it is only *one body*, and *one body cannot have two heads.* There is no real and essential separation between the Church Militant and the Waiting Church or the Church Triumphant. They are but parts of the One Body of which the Lord Jesus is the One Head ; and to set up an earthly head, as if the Church on earth were a separate entity of its own, is in conflict with the fundamental conception and constitution of the Church.

Moreover, even the Roman Church is sometimes without a head. It is so when the Pope dies and until his successor has been elected, which may be a period of many days or weeks, or even months. What becomes of the Church then ? Is she dead ? When the head dies the body dies with it. Does, then, the Church die each time the Pope dies ? And is she supernaturally restored to life again upon the election of a new Pope ? Such must certainly be the case if she cannot exist without a head on earth.

---

[1] St. John xviii. 36.

Again, how is this earthly head appointed ? He is elected by the Cardinals in conclave. But they are the inferiors of the Pope—altogether his inferiors in power and jurisdiction. All jurisdiction, we are told, flows from the Pope either directly or indirectly (Roman theologians are divided on the question) ; and he exercises his jurisdiction over the Episcopate by (among other ways) the issue of their quinquennial faculties. But how can the Cardinals who elect him bestow upon him a jurisdiction they do not themselves possess ?

The theory, to be consistent, postulates an ordination or appointment to the Popedom by St. Peter himself and by each of his successors. St. Peter must have nominated his immediate successor (Linus) and that successor his, and so on until the present day. But no procedure of that kind has ever taken place. Water cannot rise above its level, and no body of Cardinals or other men on earth can confer on their head, by election, the unique power, authority, jurisdiction and lordship of the Church claimed for the Patriarch of the West.

If it be said that nations do often elect a Monarch or President and monastic orders a General invested with absolute power within defined limits, and that the subjects are bound to obey him, the reply is that *this gives away the case.* For the ministry of the Church comes from *above*, not from *below*. It comes from the Lord Jesus Christ Himself through the Apostles ordained by Him, and not from the congregation of the faithful. They elect, but they can confer no spiritual gifts or powers : these come from Christ alone, through the laying on of hands by the Apostolate.

The Church of Rome is of God in her origin and is the mother of many saints, and we revere her as such ; but ever since her chief pastor became a temporal prince in the seventh and eighth centuries the methods of her rulers and their courts have become more and more mundane—of the earth, earthy.[1] A vision of the world rose up before her and allured her. Fascinated by its glory and grandeur, she succumbed to them and loved them. She became a world power as well as a spiritual power, not recognizing that the two were incompatible and alien to the mind of her Lord. Her Bishop forthwith became a temporal prince, with a court and an army and a government like that of other earthly powers and potentates. Nay, she even aspired to a supreme headship over all other powers and kingdoms of the world. That was her snare. It was that more than anything else which, while it brought earthly might and majesty and riches and glory to herself, wrought havoc in the Kingdom which is not of this world, and caused the cruel rents which we still behold in the seamless robe of Christ the Redeemer-King.

At Dunster Castle in Somersetshire I saw in 1890 several heavy cannon with the pontifical tiara embossed upon them and the words " Pontifex Maximus " staring me in the face. They had come ashore in the wreck of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada in the Bristol Channel, so I was told. I looked at them with horror and disgust. Here was one who claimed to be the Vicar of the Good Shepherd deliberately contributing huge and deadly weapons to the fleet of the great world-power of the age, in order that that fleet might burn, kill and destroy the islanders whom he regarded as rebels against his authority. What an awful satire upon the mind of Christ! What a comment upon the words of the Master, "My Kingdom is not of this world." "If My Kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight."

---

[1] But it must not be forgotten that long before those days the Popes of Rome had attained to great power, being bishops of the capital of the world. They often made uncatholic claims which were withstood in the East and elsewhere.

In the Providence of God the temporal power of the Pope has been taken from him, but it is to be feared that the spirit engendered by it still remains and will not be easily exorcised. The temporal power has gone, but the old methods of procedure still remain. I repeat it: they are of the earth, earthy. Often crooked, they are bound to fail; as they have failed again and again in the past and are failing now. This language may seem too strong and too sweeping, but history amply justifies it. Strong as it is, its truthfulness is borne out by the evidence of Roman Catholic writers themselves. For our own times alone let anyone read Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, and ponder over the facts therein brought to light, and I think he will grant the truth of what has been said. And it is to be feared that a knowledge of the methods by which the condemnation of Anglican Orders was procured will only confirm the truth of these assertions. From the evidence now given to the world it can hardly be denied that the judgment of the Papal Commission was one "not of law but of policy." It cuts one to the heart to have to write such words, but truth is truth and must be spoken. Facts must be dealt with fully and completely if ever there is to be a hope of reunion. For no union can ever be achieved unless facts are faced and made clear, and stumbling-blocks removed. Then, and then only, can there be a hope of a solid and enduring union built upon strong and lasting foundations.

In the all-embracing and ineffable love of God this sin-stained earth on which we dwell, a mere speck among the orbs of the universe, was chosen by the Almighty Creator to be the scene of the most stupendous act in the history of that universe—more stupendous even than its creation—The Incarnation of the Eternal and Only Begotten Son. A lowly maiden, a daughter of Jehovah's ancient Church and people, was elected in the eternal counsels to be the mother of the Incarnate God. Mary, ever Virgin and ever Blessed, became, through the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, the Mother of God Incarnate, in order that her Divine Son, Jesus, might be the Head of a regenerated human race, the family of God. This regenerated human race, incorporated by Baptism into the God-Man, nourished sacramentally by His life and sanctified by His Spirit, is called in the New Testament the Church—the family and Kingdom of which He is the Head. How surpassingly wonderful that poor, weak, sinful men should be destined to people heaven! How ineffable the love of God! Regenerated humanity, in and through Christ, has been elected by the free and undeserved grace of God to take up its abode in the glorious realms of the unseen, whither its Head has departed and where He awaits it. "I go to prepare a place for you," "that where I am ye may be also."[1]

I have said that the largest part of the Church is not in this world, but in the world unseen, and I humbly think that there is great need for us to realize this truth far more than we do.

"One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Yes, but the great majority of the faithful have already passed through their allotted time in the ranks of the Church Militant and have entered into the "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

I doubt whether most of us think enough about this. We do not ponder over it and remember it enough in our prayers. We Catholics all pray for the faithful departed, and, God be thanked, these prayers are greatly on the increase. Thousands now pray for light, peace and refreshment for our brethren at rest who never thought of doing so in my boyhood, but nevertheless we do not yet sufficiently realize the great truth that it is only a fragment of the Church, though that fragment amounts to hundreds of millions, which has its dwelling-place upon earth. The Head is in heaven as our Great High Priest and King; the greater part of the body in paradise, undergoing its final preparation for eternal happiness in the life of the world to come. Only the feet, as it were, are on the earth, and they all bruised and torn and weary. For the way is rough and stony and often strewn with thorns. But they struggle on, advancing day by day by the grace of God on their pilgrimage to Zion, the Jerusalem above—the "city which hath the foundations," the city of peace, whose builder and maker is God. For "our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven."

---

[1] St. John xiv. 2, 3.

Let us try to bring home to our minds more and more this glorious truth and do our best to impress it upon the hearts of our friends, so that day by day our prayers may go up more fervently for those beyond the veil in the unseen world, and our spirits be refreshed by communion with them.[1] Then we shall live more in the unseen than we do now; we shall be less mundane, and see things *as they really are* and not as they merely seem to be. And this practice of prayer for the departed will enlarge our hearts and make us yearn more and more for the restoration of the broken unity of the Church, in which we are all one in Christ, whether in this world or in that to which we are hastening. Though, alas, not on "speaking terms" with many of our brethren in the Faith, we are all daily fed with the one Bread of Life and guided onwards by the one Spirit of Eternal truth and love.

What has been said as to ignorance and prejudice being hindrances to union with the East is, I fear, equally the case as regards union with the Roman West. It is true that many of us know much more about each other than we do about our Eastern brethren, but nevertheless the great majority on both sides, Anglican and Roman, know but little, and are a prey to rooted prejudices inherited for generations. Not only the ordinary English Nonconformist but large numbers of Churchmen share that ignorance and have imbibed those prejudices. The ignorance will be cured by closer and more intimate intercourse, but eradicating the prejudices will be no light matter and will take perhaps a long time to accomplish. There are men, and some of them at least nominal Churchmen, who see Jesuits everywhere: at the back of every war, fomenting political party strife, conspiring against the peace and unity of the home and the family, in the Foreign Office or the Home Office, among the clergy and even among the bishops, in the Church and in the State. In fact we may say that they have Jesuits on the brain. But such men are happily very few in number and have little or no influence on Churchmen in general. But the hatred and fear of Rome caused by the Marian burnings are still smouldering in the breasts of Englishmen; and as they do not observe that Roman writers have expressed real sorrow for such horrors, but merely content themselves with narrating the persecutions of "Romish Recusants" under Elizabeth, they still cherish a deep prejudice against Rome and all her doings.

---

[1] Some people imagine that prayer for the departed involves a belief in the Roman doctrine of Purgatory. Surely this is not the case. When we pray for a friend far away in some distant country we do not suppose that he is undergoing penal servitude there, or being tortured in a dungeon.

And this anti-Roman feeling is still stronger among Continental Protestants. I have spoken to Dutch Presbyterians, French Protestants and Italian Waldensians on the need of unity and the duty of praying for it, and the reply has always been the same from each of them. "What! union with Rome! Never! You Englishmen do not know the Church of Rome: we do. We know of her unspeakable cruelties in the past to our forefathers, and we know, too, that her spirit has not changed. She is the same as ever; and if she had the chance would persecute us to-morrow as she did our fathers. She would burn us all, and you Anglicans with us, in one pile, and sing a *Te Deum* while doing it!"

How much ground, if any, they may have for such opinions I do not know. I refer, of course, to the spirit of persecution still supposed to be existing. One thing I do know, and that is, that it is all very sad. And, sad as it is, it must be faced and the ill feeling and prejudice removed before reunion can be seriously contemplated. A union which would only embrace a part of Christendom would be better than nothing, but our aim must be higher and greater than that. One cannot, however, help believing that time and increased knowledge will tend to the softening of present prejudices and asperities.

And on the Roman side there is also great ignorance and deep prejudice. Very few of our Latin brethren on the Continent of Europe know anything which is really true about the Anglican Church. They have a fixed idea, shared by many German Protestants, that the English Church is an "Established" religion of a remarkably peculiar kind—a State Church, consisting of two distinct Churches, the High Church and the Low Church, bound together in one body against their wills by the iron yoke of the State. Grotesque as we know the idea to be, it ought surely to humble us for our divisions and for the exaggerations and party feeling existing amongst us. That this idea is prevalent on the Continent is well known to travellers, and it has been imported into South Africa by German, French and other European foreigners. Let me give an illustration of it:

In 1895 I went with my diocesan (Bp. Hicks), Canon Crisp and Fr. Sanderson, S.S.A., to Maritzburg

(Natal), in order to attend the Provincial Missionary Conference held there that year. At the end of the Conference, finding we had a day to spare before starting on our homeward journey, the Bishop, Fr. Sanderson and myself paid a visit to the celebrated Trappist monastery at Marian Hill near Pinetown. We were received with much courtesy by the guest master and ushered into the visitor's room, where presently the Lord Abbot of the community joined us.

The Abbot was a beautiful-looking old man with the face of a saint, and though simple and unpretending in manner possessed a natural grace and dignity which enhanced the charm of his presence. The community is a German-speaking one, nearly all the monks being Austrians by birth. The Abbot spoke only German, though he had some knowledge of Dutch. Our interview was very cordial. Light wine and cake were brought in and conversation became animated, the Abbot evincing considerable curiosity as to who we were and what religious body we belonged to. We, of course, told him that we were Anglicans, who wished, with his permission, to visit the monastery and its church and also the schools and workshops. One of us was the Bishop of Bloemfontein and the other two were his priests.

Looking at his lordship's pectoral cross, the Abbot said, "Yes, I understand. You are the High Church Bishop of Bloemfontein."

"No," replied his lordship, "I am the Bishop of Bloemfontein. There is only one Bishop of Bloemfontein, and I am he."

But the good Abbot did not seem able to take in such a thought. Then, observing Fr. Sanderson's religious habit, he said, "Yes, yes, I see. It is the

High Church Bishop of Bloemfontein and two of his clergy."

It was in vain that we tried to impress upon him that there were not two Bishops of Bloemfontein with two sets of clergy. We could see that in spite of all our protestations he still clung to the idea in which he had been brought up. And this dear old saint was simply an example of the general opinion held on the Continent respecting the High Church and the Low Church. He seemed quite astonished to hear that there was not also a Low Church Bishop of Bloemfontein !

After a time the prior, who spoke English remarkably well, came in and conducted us over the church and other buildings. He was perfectly courteous, but a very different type of man from his superior, and we did not feel drawn to him.

But, owing to the visits of English tourists, many of whom are Churchmen, and the erection of churches in many of the larger towns for the resident Anglican population, Continentals are gradually getting truer ideas of what the English Church really is. Many of them are beginning to cherish a respect for it and sometimes even attend its worship ; so that as time goes on ignorance and prejudice will be greatly lessened, if not entirely dispelled. One would not expect Continental clergy, French, German or other, to be acquainted with the Book of Common Prayer, but I have sometimes met even Irish Roman Catholic priests who had never seen a copy of it, and who had only the vaguest and most ludicrous idea of its contents.

Whether "Modernism," as it is called, will make for reunion or against it is difficult to determine. There are so many varieties of Modernism that it is almost impossible to speak of it in the lump. There are Modernists whose sole desire it is to present the foundation truths of the Christian Faith to the scientific thought of the age in language which that thought can best understand and appreciate. They wish simply to set forth the teaching of the Church in the terms of current thought, without in the least watering it down or importing a pantheistic meaning into the Creeds. They are not exponents of a "reduced Christianity." With such Modernists every true believer must be in entire sympathy. But there are others who, while still retaining their positions in the Church and ministering at her altars, emasculate the Creeds of their meaning and deny many or all of the historic facts contained in them, until finally they have reduced the Lord Jesus Christ to the "shadow of a shade." And there are all degrees of varieties between. Modernism has appeared everywhere in the West, and the present Pope (who certainly ought to know) has assured us that the Roman Church is, or was, honeycombed with it; and that, too, in some instances, in forms which are incompatible with any real belief in the Incarnation worthy of the name.

We must not condemn all Modernists indiscriminately. We must try (prove) the spirits, whether they be of God,[1] as Holy Scripture bids us. Time will show their good or their evil tendency, and in these days it will not take long to do so. We shall know them by their fruits. If they produce good fruit and are the outcome of the guidance of God the Holy Ghost, they will be a help to the cause we have at heart. If not, they will only cause further disunion and division.

---

[1] 1 St. John iv. 1.

(iii.) *The Modern Churches.*

We come now to the question of union with the Modern Churches, Lutheran and other, which have sprung up during the last four centuries. That question is not less beset with difficulties, many and great, as we shall see.

But before considering these difficulties it is our duty to remember that, mistaken as we believe them in many ways to be, we Catholic Christians owe these Modern Churches a debt of gratitude for the witness they have often borne to truths sometimes obscured or not sufficiently emphasized in the teaching of the Catholic Church, and also for the magnificent work they have done and are still doing for the evangelization of the heathen. This latter is indeed their glory. Wherever one travels in heathen lands, in Africa or India, or China or elsewhere, one finds Protestant missions, the representatives of these Modern Churches, ably conducted and for the most part well staffed and splendidly equipped. And this is especially true of the American group. Devoted men and women labour in them and bear witness to Christ by the fervency of their faith in Him and their works of love for His sake, and not less so by their beautiful Christian lives—lives often ended in the mission field. I cannot help thinking that it is this missionary zeal which, more than anything else, has helped to keep these religious bodies alive. The missionary spirit and the devotion of their missionaries have reacted on the congregations at home and renewed their spiritual life, for a Church destitute of the missionary spirit must sooner or later wither away and perish.

These Churches, whatever may be their defects, or however divided they may be among themselves, or invaded by passing waves of unbelief or negation, are still powerful organizations, numbering as they do at least one hundred and fifty-six millions of Christians. They have mapped out the heathen world among themselves, and have thus covered an immense field of labour.

The Presbyterian missions of Scotland and the United States are especially noted for their magnificent educational institutions, while the German Lutherans devote themselves in a marked degree to industrial training of various kinds. But nearly all the missions of these new Churches are doing good, solid work on sensible, well-planned lines.

What is it that impels this army of Christian men and women thus to go forth into the heathen deep with such burning zeal and devotion ? Surely it is their love for Christ : nothing less. This it is which inspires and constrains them. They have not the Sacramental life of the Catholic Church to help them. They have never possessed it, and do not know its sweetness and strength and joy as Catholics do. But they believe with all their hearts in the Lord Jesus Christ as their one and only saviour, and they love Him. This is the one great moving inspiration which impels them to go forth and evangelize the heathen world. And when we realize this, surely we cannot but long to be united with them in the closest bonds of fellowship, and our hearts ache within us when confronted with the sorrowful fact that there is a great wall of separation between us. I know that I, for one, have had that feeling many a time when brought into personal contact with such devoted labourers in the mission field.

But how are we to be united ? Can we be united with such difficulties in the way ? One can only reply, "With God all things are possible." And we know that the Lord Jesus prayed that His disciples might be one, in order that the world might believe that the Father had sent Him to be its Saviour.

Let us look at the difficulties.

The first and probably the greatest—the foundation difficulty—is that these good souls do not believe in the existence and the claims of the visible, historical, Apostolic, Catholic Church. They do not believe the ninth Article of the Apostles' Creed as Catholics do. Their idea of the Church is, as we have seen, fundamentally different. They believe it to consist of the faithful and elect Christians who form the invisible Church known to God alone—what we should call the soul of the Church. But there is in their eyes no one, visible, historic society now in the world which can rightly claim to be *the Church*, the society founded by Jesus Christ, and over which He commissioned His Apostles to act as chief shepherds. The "Churches," in their eyes, are only bodies of Christian men and women who have formed themselves into various societies or congregations for the better edification and well-being of the faithful, as it is quite lawful for them to do; and their ministers are devout and well-instructed men chosen by the congregation, and invested with the authority of the congregation to minister to them. They do not claim for that ministry any descent from the Twelve or believe that an Apostolic succession exists anywhere in the world. Such a succession is a figment in their eyes, a mere delusion; and moreover a delusion conducive to spiritual pride and "sacerdotal arrogance." As a fact it does not exist, and if it ever did the chain of succession must have snapped long ago in the "dark ages." A chain is not stronger than its weakest link, and this chain has not only been weak but must have been broken many times over, it being incredible that every individual bishop was properly ordained, and impossible to prove that everyone so ordained was a fit subject for ordination. He might even have been unbaptized, and that without knowing it.

That is the way in which, following Macaulay and others, they dispose of the "figment" of Apostolic Succession. They do not realize that the succession is not like a chain of single links but like a coat of mail, the links of which form an innumerable series in a network. Thus the succession of bishops is a fact beyond dispute. For it must be remembered that from the earliest ages of the Church several bishops take part in the consecration of a bishop, though one only is sufficient for validity of consecration. The Nicene Council (325) directed that at least three should thus take part, and this rule has always been observed by the English Church. Not knowing or realizing these all-important facts our good Protestant brethren naturally believe that there is no succession: there is and can be no ministry now on earth which can rightly claim authority from the Apostles, and therefore there is no Apostolic Church. The Church which is the Bride of Christ is the invisible Church of the faithful and elect, who shall be gathered out of all nations at the last day. There is no Church on earth coming down from Christ by visible succession and guided by the Spirit of God. Such is their position. At least that is what is maintained in their writings, and what I have gathered from personal intercourse with their members.

It would seem, therefore, that before there can be any real hope of union these fellow-Christians must be brought to see that there is such a visible Church as that described in the New Testament and the Creeds.

They have first to believe and realize the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ did found a visible society, which was to remain in the world and bear its continuous witness to Him among all nations until He should come again; and that He declared concerning this Church or society so founded by Him, that the gates of Hades (the unseen world) should not prevail against it. And they must be reminded that He gave His commission to the chief ministers of that Church, men chosen by Himself, to evangelize the world, in the well-known words, "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."[1]

In this commission, which has been called the Charter of the Church, the Church is described as Catholic (universal) with respect to peoples, places, time and creed. The Apostles were to go into the whole world and teach every nation, and their Lord was to be with them always (all the days) even unto the end of the world—the consummation of the age. They were to teach the nations the whole truth of God as revealed to them by their Teacher, the Son of God: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." And the Holy Spirit was promised in order that He might bring to their remembrance whatsoever their Master had taught them, and also that He might guide them into all the truth.

Well now, it is quite clear that if that Church thus founded by our Saviour is no longer in the world the powers of the unseen world, the powers, that is, of darkness, must have prevailed against it, and the promise of Christ's perpetual presence with it must have come to nought. This no Christian can believe, and it therefore follows that the Church He founded must be still in the world, with His presence still vouchsafed to it, and the Spirit from on high guiding it. This is what our separated brethren need to be convinced of and to realize before they can enter into the spirit of reunion. And Churchmen must never be weary of bringing this thought before them, and of reminding them of our Lord's prayer to the Father for the unity of His people. This is the initial step.

---

[1] St. Matthew xxviii. 18, 19, 20. R.V.

But when convinced of these truths there will at once come into prominence the grave question of the constitution of the Church, especially with regard to its ministry, a question not only grave but for them beset with difficulties—difficulties which should command our utmost sympathies. They will feel that it is impossible for them to go behind their own spiritual experience, and to deny that they have again and again received grace and guidance and comfort through the faithful preaching of the Word of God by their ministers, and that the ministry of these servants of Christ has often and often been blessed to their souls; while, on the other hand, they will recognize that it would be impossible for the Church to surrender its own appointed ministry, coming down, as it does, from the earliest ages with the authority of Christ stamped upon it.

Here lies the gravest of the difficulties in the path of union between the Ancient Churches and the Modern, for indeed it is impossible for any part of the Catholic Church to surrender the ministry which comes to her through what is ultimately Divine appointment. She knows that it is not hers to surrender: it is Christ's, and belongs to Him.

But while she knows and teaches this, she also knows and teaches that, although she is bound to preserve the ministry and means of grace appointed by her Lord and by the inspiration and guidance of His Vicar, the Holy Ghost, He Himself is not bound or limited to them. He can, and does, act independently of them, and in manifold ways bless the ministry of others than those ordained by succession from His first Apostles. The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the world; the wind bloweth where it listeth; and God the Holy Ghost is constantly using the ministry of devout, humble-minded men to the benefit of their fellow-Christians. In accepting, therefore, the ministry of the Church, our separated brethren would not be called upon to deny the spiritual blessings which had come to them through the ministry to which they had been accustomed. But the difficulty would be keenly felt by the ministers themselves, for they have not been merely preachers of the gospel—evangelists or prophets. They have ministered in other ways also; not only by administering holy Baptism (which a layman may do, and ought to do in case of necessity), but by administering the Supper of the Lord.

That this difficulty is acutely felt is shown by the failure of the Quadrilateral, as it is called, put forth first by the American bishops and afterwards by the Lambeth Conference, in their invitation to the Modern Churches to come into line and unite with the Anglican Church. Four points were put forth as the basis of union: the Bible, the two great Sacraments, the Nicene Creed and the Episcopate; and it was on this last requirement that the invitations of the bishops proved to be unacceptable. The ministers felt that by submitting to ordination at the hands of the bishops they would be seeming to deny the validity of their present ministry, and this they could not do. The difficulty has proved so far insuperable.

But it is not clear that the good men in America and elsewhere who were not averse to uniting with the Anglican Church had at all adequately realized the meaning of the ninth Article of the Apostles' Creed or the duty of union. We must have patience. What has been thus far accomplished has not been done in vain. Meanwhile there are Churchmen, some of whom are in high places, who urge union at all hazards, and are even prepared to surrender the Episcopate and the other Catholic Orders, on the ground that they are not necessary to the life of the Church but only conducive to its well-being. And some of them are ready to acknowledge the validity of the ordinations of the Modern Churches, and to receive their ministers into the ministry of the Church without any sort of Catholic ordination. Speaking with the utmost respect, I do not think that such proposals can be entertained for a moment. If the three orders of the ministry come from the Apostles and through them from Christ Himself, it would be in the highest degree perilous for the Church to think of surrendering them. They are not hers to surrender. And, moreover, were such an attempt made it would result not in union but in fresh division and greater disunion than ever. The Bishop of Oxford's (Gore) warning that any procedure of that kind would rend the Anglican Church in twain would most surely be seen to be true.

One knows, of course, what use has been made of Bp. Lightfoot's writings, and the deductions which have been drawn from them in spite of his protest. But as to

Episcopal government the fact remains, whatever may be said, that St. James, " the Lord's brother," was chief pastor or superintendent or bishop (call it what you will) of the flock of Christ in the Holy City, and Timothy and Titus were Apostolic legates with power to ordain and to superintend the newly planted Churches in Ephesus and Crete—that is to say, what we should call missionary bishops. And it is also a fact that in the days of St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus and St. Polycarp the threefold ministry was already in existence and widespread. It must therefore have been the recognized ministry of the Church early in the second century, and there is nothing to show that it was an innovation much less a revolution, as some maintain. That a radical change was made in the constitution of the ministry—a ministry appointed by the Apostles, be it remembered—within much less than a century after the martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. Paul and half a century after the death of St. John, seems so improbable that, unless borne out by express and unimpeachable testimony, it can hardly be worthy of credence. And no testimony of the kind can be adduced. We may therefore safely assert that the words of the preface to the Ordinal still remain true : " It is evident unto all men diligently reading the holy Scripture and ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church : Bishops, Priests and Deacons."

No, we may depend upon it that rash proposals of union would result in more harm than good, and be the means not only of embittering multitudes of fellow-Christians in all parts of the world but of rending the seamless robe of the Saviour more sadly than ever. There are no short cuts to union, great as is its need. But undoubtedly this temptation, now lurking in the path of the English Church, to sacrifice the Apostolic ministry in the interests of a supposed charity, is a very real one, and one which we must pray God to avert.

The temptation among many of our brethren at the present moment is to come together, no matter how or at what cost. It is an attitude which would ignore differences, and in these days such an attitude is accounted liberal and reasonable. But what it really means is the suppression of convictions.

We are told that we must be charitable and not exclusive, and that charity demands that we should be ready to recognize the "Orders" of our separated brethren. But in spite of what I venture to think is only so-called charity, it seems to me as true as ever that religion is still a matter of conviction—of deep and profound conviction—and that our religious belief is not a mere bundle of ephemeral opinions, open more or less to question, but a faith which cannot be put aside.

Again, when it is seriously proposed that the Church of England should recognize the Orders of the Modern Churches, it is necessary to ask, what Orders? and of which of these Churches? For they vary greatly in the different denominations. The Lutherans and Presbyterians (or Reformed, as these latter are called on the Continent) have a ministry of presbyters, except in the case of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where the system is modified so as to include superintendents or bishops. But in these latter countries no claim is made, except in the case of Sweden, to a succession from the ancient Episcopate and through that from the Apostles. These presbyters claim (as a body) no succession from the ancient Catholic ministry and attach no value to it, with the exception of a few in Scotland and elsewhere, who maintain that they do possess it and really value it.

One is glad to hear this, though the fact of the succession has, I think, not been at all clearly demonstrated. But, in any case, there is no instance in history from sub-Apostolic times down to the sixteenth century of ordination by presbyters being recognized as valid. By presbyters I mean priests, for priest is only presbyter "writ short." The only instance ever quoted is that of the presbyters of Alexandria in very early times electing and consecrating their Archbishop, and that is involved in considerable obscurity; while we know that the Church refused to recognize the ordination conferred by presbyters in one or two isolated cases where it had been attempted. The power of ordination was always reserved to the Episcopate. And should further research prove the Alexandrian case to be as alleged, it stands entirely alone and existed only for a short time; and "one swallow does not make a summer."

The Presbyterian ministry is, in some of the Churches, a copy as far as possible of the Catholic inasmuch as it is threefold, consisting of minister, i.e. pastor or teaching elder and preacher, and two kinds of assistants termed elders (or ruling elders) and deacons. These ruling elders and also the deacons are admitted to office for a term of years by a quasi-ordination and are the local counsellors of the pastor, and, as a rule, possess much power.

The Wesleyans have only one kind of fully empowered minister, but have others of inferior grades, such as supernumeraries and local preachers. But in the United States, as has been said, the Wesleyan Church is Episcopal in its constitution, its Orders (if we may so term them) being derived from Dr. Coke, an English priest whom John Wesley ordained to be the superintendent or bishop of the missions he had founded in America.

This was perhaps the one quite indefensible action of that eminent man. It was done in his old age and hastily, when ill in bed, and it pained and scandalized his brother Charles, a man of beautiful Christian character ever loyal to the Church, though a devoted helper of John in his evangelistic labours. It provoked from him (Charles) the well-known squib :

> " How easily are bishops made, by man or woman's whim !
> Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid, but who laid hands on *him ?* "

The Congregationalist ministers are more or less assisted by deacons, who often have enormous influence over both pastor and congregation.

The Baptists have a similar organization.

Now when we are asked to recognize the Orders of these various Churches we are somewhat at sea. The Lutherans and Presbyterians are the oldest and have in their own way the most perfect organization, but, as the newer Churches virtually stand on the same platform with them, it seems clear that if we recognize the older we must also the newer. The chief difference between them is that the Lutherans and Presbyterians did not secede from the English branch of the Catholic Church, like the Congregationalists, Baptists, Wesleyans and others, but from the Roman.

But though their ministry varies, all these Churches now interchange pulpits and recognize each other as Churches of Christ, and most of the English-speaking ones are banded together under the name of " The Free Churches." It would therefore be manifestly unfair to recognize as valid the ministry of some and to rule out others. If one ministry be recognized all must be.

But setting aside this weighty question of the ministry there are other grave difficulties to be encountered.

I will not speak of doctrinal difficulties connected with the Sacraments, especially the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, though these strike one as very serious. Nor will I speak of the liturgical and ceremonial worship of the Church as contrasted with the unliturgical services of the new denominations, though these cannot be overlooked or ignored in any movement towards union. I will speak of something more serious still—something, alas, sorrowful and alarming, to which I have already referred.

It is a sad fact that on the Continent of Europe the Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches are honeycombed with unbelief and are virtually unitarian, if even that. We all know how largely this is the case in Germany, and the same is said to hold good of Denmark also. The Presbyterian or Reformed Churches of Switzerland, the Netherlands and France are equally a prey to this spirit of unbelief, which has wrought sad havoc among them. It is nothing less than a dry rot, eating into and destroying their faith in Christ and sapping and pulverizing their spiritual life. The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and South Africa, not to speak of America, have, up to the present, been free from it or have shaken off its baleful influence, for which we must thank God. But on the Continent both Lutherans and Presbyterians are sharply divided into " Orthodox " and " Liberal "—the latter meaning what we should call rationalistic or unbelieving. It is the " Orthodox " party in both Churches, i.e. those who really believe in the Incarnation, which supports mission work and sends out those well-trained and devoted Christian workers of whom we have spoken to heathen lands. In France the Reformed or Huguenot Church with its 600,000 members is almost equally divided between the two parties, and the

"Orthodox," small as are their numbers, maintain flourishing missions in Africa and Madagascar. The "Liberals" of these denominations do little or nothing for missions, which is not to be wondered at, since they really have no gospel to preach to the heathen; but the "Orthodox" who regard the Incarnation of the Eternal Son of God as "the one central hope of our poor wayward race"[1] are full of zeal for the Saviour, and their one great desire is to extend His Kingdom throughout the world.

How far this deadly blight of doubt and unbelief has affected the English Nonconformist Churches I am not in a position to say. One hears of the "down grade" and the "New Theology" in connection with some of them, but one would hope that the great majority cling, like their fathers, to the central doctrines of Christianity. In South Africa they certainly do; as I know from personal experience. They are true Christians and firmly believe in the Deity of our Blessed Lord. But though up to the present the New Theology and Pantheistic and Unitarian theories have not perceptibly influenced them, they have largely relaxed the rigorous Puritan discipline of former years. In my boyhood no Wesleyan would be found in a ballroom, but in South Africa to-day one finds them there equally with other Christians, and I know one of their preachers, a good man and a personal friend of my own, who is devoted to dancing and has discarded what he would call the narrow ideas of a bygone generation. How far this is a real gain is not for me to say. I only know that in Devonshire sixty years ago everyone who went to dances was regarded by Methodists as unconverted, and it was held that no "child of God" could take part in them without peril to his soul.

---

[1] Gladstone.

In any proposals for union with these Modern Churches the difficulty would arise as to whether the English Church should deal with them corporately or endeavour to unite with the "Orthodox" sections only. The "Liberals," as they are called, do not seek union with us or with any other part of the Catholic Church, and there is not much evidence that the "Orthodox" display any keen desire for it, except perhaps in some instances in the mission field.

As regards the ministry, the Modern Churches, as far as my observation goes, have a great repugnance to Episcopacy, regarding it as worldly and tyrannical and not in accordance with the mind of Christ. A bishop is a "proud prelate" in their eyes, for whom there is no room in their religious system. And unfortunately the mediæval views of grandeur and wealth and power, which have lingered on even to our own times in countries where the Church is the established religion, have done not a little to nourish and strengthen this miserable misconception of the office of a bishop. In England, however, things are improving, and our Nonconformist brethren now witness the daily spectacle of prelates who make no display, and who go in and out among the lowest as well as the highest of their fellow-men in the spirit of devoted and humble servants of Christ. We may be thankful that the old coach-and-four fashion with its liveries and powdered lackeys has departed never to return, and that it has given place to a much more real, if simpler, dignity more in accord with the spirit of our Divine Master.

In the colonies the "proud prelate" idea has never held a place, nor indeed could it. The dignity of bishops is greatly respected, and they themselves are held in honour for their simple mode of life and their unwearied labours. May it ever be so.

Another bugbear which is a hindrance to union on the part of many is the dread of "sacerdotalism." It is difficult to define the meaning of this portentous word; but if it signifies arrogance, a lording it over the flock, or a tyrannical interference with households or personal convictions, then certainly "sacerdotalism," or any other ism, merits our severest censure. It is possible that clergymen, even in our own days, may not have been entirely free from such unchristian traits of character, for, after all, priests are only men; but any tendencies of that kind that I have ever noticed (which I am bound to say have been very few) have been as much marked among Protestant ministers as Catholic. I think we may say that this bugbear no longer exists, except in the minds of a few prejudiced persons with whom it is impossible to reason, who would not count in any proposals for reunion.

There is one other difficulty that must be mentioned: the Erastianism still prevalent in the Home Church. This is certainly a real hindrance to union, as anyone who has had much personal intercourse with our Nonconformist brethren cannot but testify. We Churchmen owe these brethren a deep debt of gratitude for the splendid and continuous stand they have made against the encroachments of the State upon the spiritual functions of the Church. But it is not only the "Free Churches" which have stood up for the spiritual rights of the Church. The Established Church of Scotland, though a Presbyterian body, has resolutely maintained its spiritual independence in spite of its alliance with the State, and has in that way put to shame great numbers of English Churchmen. Many of these latter, especially those in high places, have by their cowardice and pusillanimity and their tacit acquiescence in the present indefensible condition of things in England, done more than they imagine to imperil the existence of the Establishment. An act of Parliament is held by them to alter the marriage law of the Church! And this is only one, and that a recent evidence of their ingrained Erastianism. We have come to the parting of the ways, and if this Erastian spirit of entire subservience to the State in spiritual things is still persisted in, it will not be long ere the great body of Churchmen as well as their nonconformist brethren will cry out for Disestablishment. Little wonder is it that Nonconformists should regard the union of Church and State as treason to Christ, nor is it wonderful that under present circumstances thousands of earnest-minded, thinking Churchmen should share their views.

The State has intruded again and again into the things of God, and until the British Parliament allows the Church of England to have her own Spiritual Courts, as is the case with the Established Church of Scotland the present union of Church and State will become more and more indefensible and a real bar to reunion. No Nonconformist body would accept reunion unless and until a radical change were effected.

Noting the signs of the times, I for one cannot but believe that ere long this stumbling-block will be removed. Either the Church will have freedom to teach her own Faith and exercise her own spiritual discipline and manage her own affairs, or she will cease to be the Established Church of England.

This is a difficulty which does not exist in the colonies, since in them every religious denomination is perfectly free from interference in spiritual matters. Nonconformists see that the Anglican Church is in no favoured position but stands upon her own merits, and perhaps that is one reason why they are more ready to entertain the thought of union with her than is the case at home.

And now let us turn and see what gleams of hope there are of reunion.

Part III

THE HOPES OF REUNION

I am sometimes asked, "What are the distinctive doctrines of the Church of England?" And my answer is, "The Church of England has no 'distinctive' doctrines. She teaches the Catholic Faith—the Faith once for all delivered to the saints." That Faith is revealed in the New Testament, summed up in the Creeds and handed down to us in the teaching and traditions of the undivided Church. That is the Faith of the Church of England, and she knows no other. Other Christian bodies may hold and teach "distinctive" doctrines unknown to that Faith or conflicting with it; but it is her desire, as it is her glory, to walk in the old paths and proclaim the doctrines handed down from the Apostles and universally believed and held by Catholic Christians until the great rent between East and West in the eleventh century. She knows no other and teaches no other as necessary to salvation.

It is true that amid the disputes, theological, social and political, of the quarrelsome sixteenth century, when the whole of Western Christendom was in a continual state of ferment, she put forth a certain document entitled the XXXIX Articles; but these Articles were and are binding on her clergy only and are called "Articles of Religion," not Articles of Faith. The first six of these are simply emphatic and amplified statements of the great foundation truths of the Christian faith; the remainder are guides and danger-warnings and finger points for her clergy amid the embittered controversies of modern times, and none of them, when literally and honestly explained in accordance with an adequate knowledge of history and theology, conflicts with Catholic truth. I know that they are popularly supposed to be Calvinistic in their teaching, but that is a delusion. Were it true, the Calvinistic party in the Church would not have tried to supersede them by the "Lambeth" Articles during the primacy of Whitgift. The effort failed, thanks be to God, and the English Church was preserved from Calvinistic error.

The Council of Trent was still in session, dealing with embittered controversies; the Lutheran and Reformed bodies had put forth numerous Confessions of their Faith; and it was natural and fitting that the Church of England should make known to Christendom her attitude towards the various "burning questions" which engrossed the minds, not only of her own children, but those of Christians all over the West during that stormy period. She did so in these XXXIX Articles, which served a useful purpose and do so still, being so worded as to allow considerable breadth of thought on secondary questions and pious opinions which do not conflict with the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion. I think that an honest and dispassionate examination of them will show not only that they are not Calvinistic, but that they contain no "distinctive" doctrines such as those of some of the older Modern Churches. And if there should be doubt as to the meaning of any clause in them, surely it is fair to assert that such clause must be interpreted in harmony with the general teaching of the Church coming down from Primitive times; for it is to these Primitive times of the undivided Church that the Church of England constantly appealed in her attempts at reforming and sweeping away abuses which had crept into her, as into other parts of the Church, during the centuries following the division of East and West.

Holding the position she does, and teaching the Catholic Faith pure and simple in its fullness and integrity, she has become in the Providence of God a medium through which other Christian Churches may be approached in the interests of reunion. Her unique position in this respect has often been recognized, and was pointed out by a Catholic layman of great zeal and acute intellect—de Maistre—not a son of her own, but a Frenchman and Latin ultramontane. He regarded her as "precious" to Christendom from the point of view of reunion. And Bishop Lightfoot has called her the "Church of the Reconciliation."

It seems natural, therefore, that overtures towards reunion should proceed from her, and such has been the case, as I have noted in an earlier chapter. What have been the results of these overtures? Are there at the present moment any hopes of reunion worthy of the name?

There are, thanks be to God, bright hopes with regard to the Eastern Church, and that in all its branches. None indeed could be brighter. The immovable East has been moved. Never before has it been stirred as now with the thought and the duty of reunion. Thousands of its members are daily praying for the reunion of Christendom, and more especially for the union of the Eastern Churches with the Anglican. All the Eastern Patriarchs and Metropolitans are in sympathy with these prayers and longings, the great Church of Russia taking perhaps the lead. This opens out such a glorious vista that the thought of it seems too good to be true. But it *is* true. We see efforts being made and we hear of continuous prayers being offered, and humanly speaking there are no hindrances which may not be overcome. We must pray on in faith and hope, and ere long the day will dawn which will see the chief pastors of both these branches of the one Church—Eastern and Anglican—met together in council, solving difficulties and giving mutual explanations; and so paving the way to that union and full intercommunion for which multitudes of hearts are yearning. Such a union would powerfully affect the whole Christian world—nay the Mohammedan and heathen world also; and might perhaps be the first great step towards the reunion of the whole of Christendom. May God grant it.

But when we turn to our Latin brethren it is, alas, different. It must be sorrowfully confessed that at present the door is shut. We have already seen that no reunion in any sense worthy of the name is possible under present circumstances. Submission, the entire submission of all Christians, is what is demanded by the Roman Pope: not only of Anglicans (though it would seem of them most of all) but of the Eastern Churches likewise. And while such submission—absolute surrender—is demanded the door must remain closed.

Like the Eastern, the Anglican Church has never denied the primatial authority of the Bishop of Rome as Patriarch of the West, nor his rank as the incumbent of the most eminent of the patriarchal sees. But such primatial authority is not of Divine right. It is one of order only; not of *jurisdiction*. He is to his brother bishops what a Metropolitan is to his Comprovincials—*primus inter pares*, the first among his equals. We Anglicans would gladly welcome him as such in any really General Council of the whole Church. In our eyes he must be what St. Peter was to the Twelve; the *leader* of the Episcopate, not their *head*, in any exclusive sense of that word: not, that is, their monarch and the source of their ministerial authority and jurisdiction, or the exclusive channel through which authority and jurisdiction flow forth from the one Head of the Church, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The commission of the Lord Christ to the Apostles was addressed to them all: "Go *ye* and teach all nations." It was addressed not to St. Peter only but to the whole Apostolic college, and they were not told that St. Peter and his successors were to be His Vicars through whom all jurisdiction coming from Him should flow. But that is what the Patriarch of the West claims to-day, and what neither East nor Anglican West can ever grant.

Surely these Ultramontane claims, unknown as they were to St. Peter himself (there is no sign of his ever claiming them or acting upon them) and to the Primitive Church, cannot be according to the mind of Christ, but have their root in that lust of power which, as I have already observed, was so greatly fostered by the worldly grandeur and wealth and possessions of the Roman see. The Kingdom of Christ is not a military despotism with its chief pastor as Commander-in-Chief; it is the Kingdom of Heaven set up on the earth and based not upon physical force but moral; not upon servile submission but upon the obedience of filial love.

How much longer the afflicted Bride of Christ will have to endure such a claim we cannot tell, but there are signs that Ultramontanism has attained its zenith. Our days have witnessed a marked development of its spirit as well as its spread throughout the Latin Church until it has become what it now is, all-powerful; and one does not see how it can be further developed or its supremacy increased. And there is hope in that thought. For "when things come to their worst they begin to mend."

How or in what way it may please our Blessed Lord to purge the Latin Church of this earthly leaven we cannot tell. We can only fall back on His parting words to His disciples, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his Own power."[1] But that this great barrier which at present blocks the way to unity will be removed like all other barriers before the Second Advent we cannot doubt. All authority is His in heaven and in earth, and He can say to this mountain which confronts us, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the midst of the sea."[2]

Meanwhile we must not grow faint-hearted, and we must be careful not to do anything which may estrange us still more from our brethren of the Latin obedience, or prevent the opening of the door of reunion in the future. In common with the whole Church we recognize their zeal and devotion and the holy lives of the saints of God among them, and we pray, as good Bishop Andrewes did, for the Roman Church and its Chief Pastor.

But even now Ultramontanism has not entirely crushed out the older and more truly Catholic school of thought. There are still a certain number left who have drunk of purer and more spiritual fountains, and among them are some who have not failed to note the wonderful work which God the Holy Ghost has wrought and is still accomplishing in the Anglican Church. Such devout and faithful souls do not cease to add their prayers to ours for the reunion of the Churches in God's Own time and way. They will increase when the Ultramontane wave has spent itself, and with their increase the way may be opened out for a true and healthy reform within the Latin Church and the realization of hopes which seem impossible now.

---

[1] Acts i. 7

[2] St. Mark xi. 23.

But we long for union not only with our Greek and Latin brethren but with the vast company of Christians who make up what I have called the Modern Churches.

What is their present position with regard to this great question, and does it yield any solid ground for hope?

It is difficult to say. Individuals among them do earnestly desire unity with the Historic Church, but I fear that there is not much evidence of a widespread desire for it or for any union of the whole of Christendom. The hindrances of which I have spoken still exist, and prejudices are still strong and widespread. Moreover with regard to the older of the Modern Churches, the Lutheran and Presbyterian on the Continent, it seems almost impossible for them to take any corporate action in favour of unity. Their lamentable differences on fundamental questions such as the Incarnation forbid it. The way does not seem clear for further overtures at the present moment, nor does it seem likely that fresh proposals can be made with any hope of success until our separated brethren have really grasped the great truth that our Blessed Lord founded a visible Church which should be in the world until His coming again. It seems to me that until that foundation truth is brought home to them there can be but little hope of reunion, for they will not be impressed with the need of it, except perhaps among themselves in the mission field.

Meanwhile much can be done by personal intercourse in the spirit of true Christian charity. We must seek to know each other better, and we English Churchmen on our part must ever be ready to realize with thankfulness the work they are doing for God and for the salvation of souls. Our dear Lord vouchsafes to bless their labours, even as He is ever ready to bless the labours of all who love and serve Him truly. We know that nothing done for His sake is ever done in vain, and that even the cup of cold water given to a disciple in His Name will not go without its reward. While we may not, without incurring the guilt of schism, unite with them in the public worship to which they are accustomed in their places of assembly, we may and ought to take every opportunity of joining them in social service for the welfare of our fellow-men. Let us cultivate Christian friendship with each other in that and other ways, and so get to know and understand each other better. And when we speak to them of the glorious truths which we hold and teach and which they have not yet been able to believe, let us never forget to do so in love, for otherwise our words will only serve to repel. Yes, and let us beg their prayers, and in return not forget to pray for them, for mutual prayer will lead to a softening of hearts and the growth of mutual love. Let us lay to heart St. Peter's exhortation, "See that ye love one another out of a pure heart fervently."[1] Such love will be a sure means of preparing our hearts for spiritual influences and drawing us nearer to each other in the faith of Christ, and thus increase the possibility of union.

Perhaps it may be said, "How can you, an Anglican, speak in this way as to the need of reunion? And how can you venture to use such language concerning the Anglican Church, going even so far as to claim for her the position of peacemaker? Would it not be well for you to look at home first, and to recognize the division and discord and party feeling existing in your own Church?"

To which I would reply, "Yes, Good Friend, it is a sorrowful fact that there is still a great deal of discord and party feeling in the Mother Church of England and that many of her children are not blameless in that respect even in her missions. But there is less of it than formerly, and the spirit of unity is growing." I am sure of it.

Looking back at the state of things seventy years ago and comparing it with the present, one sees what a wonderful change there has been for the better. There is far more life in the Church now than in my boyhood, and the spirit of unity among her members is growing daily. The schools of thought are still unduly exaggerated, but Churchmen are nevertheless being drawn daily more and more together in the bonds of faith and charity. There has been a general levelling up all round. As an evidence of this I will only note one fact —a fact as significant as it is cheering: the universality of early celebrations of the holy Communion. In the 'forties and 'fifties there were very few churches in which one had the opportunity of making one's communion early on the Lord's day, and such churches were regarded as Puseyite: now, as everyone knows, early Eucharists are universal.

---

[1] 1 Peter i. 22.

I might adduce many other evidences of the growth of a deepened spiritual life and of the strengthening of the spirit of unity, notwithstanding the fact that there are still to be found extremists on either side. After all, they are but few. I have already spoken of some on the Catholic side of the Church. On the extreme left or Protestant side there are but few, very few, of the fanatics of the 'fifties remaining, and they manifest their presence chiefly by defacing or destroying the sacred symbols of the Saviour and His saints. They have indeed fallen low, and it is no wonder that they have alienated from themselves the respect of all law-abiding and right-minded people. Poor, misguided souls, they have a strong claim upon our pity and our prayers.

Gradually, slowly, but surely the Anglican Church is rising to a conception of the responsibilities to which her Lord is calling her. She is finding herself: realizing herself. She stands for the Catholic Faith pure and simple: the Faith once for all delivered to the saints. In the Providence of God she is having a chance now which she has never had before—that of manifesting what she really is. Her Prayer Book is in the hands of her people, and in proportion as they mould their lives according to its teaching she will become more and more an abiding and powerful influence in the direction of reunion. What we have to do is to humble ourselves for our faults, to read the signs of the times, and to embrace any opportunities for union which may be opened out to us.

But whatever happens one thing must never be forgotten: there can be no true union which is not based upon *truth*. We must be true to the Faith. We must hold fast to the Creeds, for in them is enshrined the truth of God revealed to us by Jesus Christ and recorded in the pages of the sacred Scriptures; and no blessing, but, rather, further disunion and division would result from the surrender of it.

Methods of presenting that truth may vary; the truth itself must ever remain the same. The ceremonial of the Church may be changed in its details and made richer or fuller, or more elementary and simple, according to present needs or the requirements of various races and nationalities, but the Sacraments themselves must remain unchanged both as to matter and form. Reunion can only be effected upon the basis of the Catholic Faith, not upon any "distinctive" doctrines in conflict with that Faith. Divisions must be healed by the agreement of the various Churches to give up their particular predilections and to embrace the common Faith in the spirit of peace and charity. The Apostle's rebuke to the Corinthian Church must be brought home to those Christians who glory in their divisions and personal predilections, instead of mourning over them and bewailing them as obstacles to unity. "Each one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ."[1] And he goes on to tell them that while they thus speak and cling to their divisions they are carnal, and walk after the manner of men, and not according to the mind of Christ.

Alas, so it is with many Christians even to-day!

One comes to us and says, "I am of Cephas (Peter), the Rock on whom the Church is built. Come with me and be united to the Church of Peter. That is the only true Church. In that Church you will be sure of salvation, and you will hear the voice of Christ speaking to you through His Vicar, Peter's successor, in the Eternal City where Peter fixed his seat. Submit yourself to Peter. He is the Rock of the Church. Only obey him and you will be safe. You will have no more doubts and difficulties concerning the faith, and you will have every privilege you could desire. Your heart and mind will be at rest and your soul at peace. Believe me, there is no safety outside the Church of Cephas. He who is of Cephas—Peter—is of Christ. He who belongs to the Church of Peter belongs to the Catholic Church, for the Catholic Church is the Church of Peter. To be a Catholic you must be ready to say with all your heart, 'I am of Peter.'"

---

[1] 1 Cor. i. 12.

"Come to me," says another; "I am of Paul. Join the true Church of Christ, the Evangelical. Unite yourself to it by becoming a member of one of the 'Free Churches,' or if you are a German or a Scandinavian, the Lutheran Evangelical Church, which is of the same company of the faithful of the Lord. Here you have the pure gospel of Christ brought home to your conscience through the teaching of Paul, and in that blessed teaching you will find the peace of heart you seek. Your storm-tossed soul will find a sure anchorage in the sweet and comforting evangelical doctrine of the greatest of the Apostles—Justification by Faith alone. You will know and feel then that you are indeed a disciple of Jesus and a member of the Church of the elect."

"Come to me," says a third. "I am of Christ. I follow Christ alone. You will find no rest for your soul in any of the so-called Churches. They will only hinder you from following Christ: they cannot help you. The old Churches, Catholic or Anglican or any other, have been corrupted by false teaching and are eaten out with worldliness, and their day is past. The New Churches are narrow and Pharisaic in their spirit, and almost as worldly and effete as the old. They do not reflect the mind of the Master. Study His character in the gospels, and do not attach yourself to any denomination. It will only cramp and fetter you. Be a 'Christian Unattached' and follow Christ alone. Read the Sermon on the Mount and try to act it out in your daily life, and then you will be really His disciple and your soul will be at rest."

No: not in these ways will the Saviour's prayer for the unity of His followers be fulfilled. Such paths will only lead to further division, not to unity. They are all carnal, merely human ideas and devices, as the Apostle warns us; and the wonder is that so many good Christian men can read his rebuke to the Corinthians and yet go on perpetuating the spirit of division, saying in the very words which merited such censure, "I am of Peter; I am of Paul; I am of Christ: I am of Rome; I am an Evangelical; I am a Christian Unattached."

The only sure and solid ground of unity will be the acceptance of the one Faith, the one Lord, the one Baptism. The basis of unity must be that of the old universally accepted formula of St. Vincent of Lerins: "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*"—that which has always been believed, everywhere, and by all the faithful.

And the Anglican Church, adopting as she does that basis, seems called in the Providence of God, notwithstanding her many imperfections, to invite all who believe in Jesus as the Son of God to sink their divisions and have done with their dissensions, and reunite on that firm foundation.

But when all is said the brightest hope of reunion lies in the prayers that are being offered for it. Thousands of petitions go up daily all over the earth to the throne of grace that the Saviour's prayer may speedily be fulfilled, and who can doubt that they will be answered? And the prayers, too, of those who have passed beyond the veil ascend with ours to the eternal throne. Herein lies our greatest hope for the future of the Church, for we know that the effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

And there is one other thought that forces itself upon my mind.

What is the meaning of the Catholic Revival? What is to be its ultimate result? It will soon be a century since its first manifestation in the Anglican Church in Oxford and in America, and it has affected the whole of Christendom. All parts of the Church and every Christian denomination has been influenced by it, but the Anglican Church most of all. "Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."[1] Nothing like it has been known in the whole history of the Church. It is unparalleled. I think that may truly be said. Surely it must be the work of God.

Look at the Church of England a century ago. Men thought of it, "Can these dry bones live?"[2] But they have lived and now stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army. In every department of Church life the revival has been wonderful: in the increase of the Episcopate, which now numbers more than three hundred in nearly all parts of the world: in home missions and foreign: in beautiful and reverent services—Catholic worship rendered with great fervour and with perhaps greater splendour than ever before: in the restoration of thousands of churches and the erection of many thousands more at home and abroad: in the education of the young: in the founding of theological colleges: in social efforts of all kinds for the well-being of our fellow-creatures: in words of love among the sick, the suffering, the outcast and the fallen: and last, but perhaps greatest of all, the revival of the religious life in communities of men and women. It is said, and probably with truth, that there are more Sisters of Charity and other religious women of the Anglican obedience living in community now in England than there were before the suppression of the religious houses under Henry VIII; and they have spread abroad also, and are found in increasing numbers in America, in India and in our colonies. In South Africa alone there are three communities of men and seven of women engaged in active work among both Europeans and natives—in the evangelization of the heathen and the training and educating of the young. This is the miracle that our eyes have seen.

---

[1] Canticles iv. 16

[2] Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.

But what is its ultimate purpose? What is all this leading up to? Can it be anything less than the reunion of Christendom? Is not that to be its crown? Will anything less than that be worthy of it?

"Yet," someone will say, "there is no apparent hope of unity. It seems hopeless to think of it. And as to Rome, she has deliberately shut and barred the door. Nay, she has slammed it in our face."

Yes, unhappily, Rome has done so. But may not that be in order to teach us that Christ's appointed way to the fulfilment of His prayer does not lie in a Romeward direction? May not that closing and barring be His warning to us to advance no further on that path? It may be so. We do not know. Time will show.

What we have to do is to pray on in faith, and possess our souls in patience. "Show Thy servants Thy work and their children Thy Glory." We have seen His work: our children will see the glory of it in the reunited Church.

It is impossible to end these "Musings" on reunion without thinking of two honoured names which come at once to our minds: those of Earl Nelson and Viscount Halifax. The former, who passed to his rest and reward while these pages were being written, laboured for many years bravely and unweariedly in the cause of Home Reunion; a cause which must be dear to the heart not only of every Churchman but every Englishman. Little or nothing has so far resulted from his efforts, but at least he has familiarized our Nonconformist brethren with the thought of reunion; and as that thought deepens and they are led to realize how alien division is from the mind of Christ, the outlook for the future will grow brighter. He has done a great work, though at present it seems barren of results. It is not appreciated now, but it will be in days to come as the desire for unity grows and strengthens.

Lord Halifax has been called an incorrigible optimist. He may be. But I wish we had a hundred more like him in the House of Lords. A large-hearted, broad-minded Catholic; a brave defender of the Faith and a loyal son of the English Church amid evil report and good report; he has been indefatigable in his zeal and devotion to the sacred cause of reunion, and has earned the affection and gratitude of all who pray for the peace of Jersualem all over the world. And so, too, have his fellow-labourers on the Latin side of the wall of separation—Portal and others with him, whose names are dear to the lovers of truth and peace.

Great names rise up and present themselves to our minds as we think of those who have so prayed and laboured in the past: Casaubon, Cassander, Leibnitz, Barrington, Doyle, Phillips de Lisle, Neale, Forbes, Pusey, Kireef and many another whose eyes closed upon this earthly scene without a glimpse of the fair vision for which they longed. But that vision will in the Lord's Own time become a reality. His prayer cannot remain unanswered for ever.

"Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, and be not angry with us for ever."

"Wilt Thou be displeased at us for ever: and wilt Thou stretch out Thy wrath from one generation to another?"

"Wilt Thou not turn again and quicken us: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

"Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord: and grant us Thy salvation."

Prayers for Unity

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly Union and Concord: that, as there is but one Body, and one Spirit, and one Hope of our Calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one holy bond of Truth and Peace, of Faith and

Charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst unto Thy Apostles Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church; and grant unto her that peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy will; Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Our Father.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PLYMOUTH

LIBRARY OF PHILOSOPHY

The Great Problems

BY

PROF. BERNARDINO VARISCO

Translated by PROF. R. C. LODGE

Demy 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Know Thyself

BY

PROF. BERNARDINO VARISCO

Translated by DR. GUGLIELMO SALVADORI

Demy 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

"Professor Varisco is certainly one of the representative thinkers of the time."—*Times.*

Write for Complete List of Vols.

The Economic Synthesis

BY

PROF. ACHILLE LORIA

Translated by M. EDEN PAUL

Demy 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, LIMITED

The Life and Works of Treitschke

This is a book of great importance at the present moment. Treitschke is the German philosopher whose teaching is directly responsible for the Prussian method in German politics, and the direct inspirer of Bernhardi's book. Lord Acton pronounced him to be "The one writer of history who is more brilliant and powerful than Droysen; he writes with the force and fire of Mommsen of a time remembered by living men and pregnant with the problems that are still open. He marshals his forces on a broader front than any other man, and accounts for the motives that stir the nation as well as for the councils that govern it."

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Germany, France and Islam

NEW VOLUME OF ESSAYS BY TREITSCHKE

Demy 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Preface

1. What we Demand from France
2. The Incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine in the German Empire
3. Memories of the Great War
4. Turkey and the Great Powers
5. Germany and the Oriental Question
6. Luther and the German Nation

GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, LIMITED

Archbishop Darboy: and Some French Tragedies

1813–1871

BY

REV. L. C. PRICE

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

THIS book describes many scenes on battlefields, within prison walls, and in the streets of Paris during the Second Empire and Commune which have never yet been told in England. They form a thrilling and interesting story of the great French nation during that period.

Whirlpool Heights

The Dream-House on the Niagara River

BY

JULIA CRUIKSHANK

4*s.* 6*d. net.*

NOT a book with a purpose, not a book with a moral, and not even a story, but a record, kept in journal fashion, of summer days spent in the open air, always with books and sometimes friends, at the top of the beautiful wooded cliff from which one looks down upon the seething whirlpool, far below, of the Niagara River.

"It is certainly very charming throughout, and shows a strong personality on the part of the writer," says a Canadian critic. "The descriptions throughout the diary are beautiful. The reflections as they appear in the diary from day to day of men, women, and events are very interesting and entertaining. . . . There is a sane philosophy of life throughout. . . . The little notes on books and reading are well done, and form not the least interesting part of the book. Better still is the dominant note of cheerfulness, happy and gay as the writer herself."

The Conquest of Mount Cook

BY

FREDA DU FAUR

Super Royal 8*vo.* *Fully Illustrated.* 16*s* *net.*

A vivid account of the New Zealand Alps, and the story of the wonderful mountaineering achievements of an Australian girl who made a complete traverse of Mount Cook and other arduous ascents that no climber had hitherto accomplished.

African Adventure Stories

BY

J. ALDEN LORING

Field Naturalist to the Roosevelt African Expedition

WITH A FOREWORD BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Large Crown 8*vo.* *Illustrated.* 6*s* *net.*

Twenty-two narratives of the adventures and experiences of the author and other famous hunters in Africa. Mr. Loring was a member of the Roosevelt expedition, and Mr. Roosevelt says in the foreword: "What he describes as fact may unhesitatingly be accepted as such." It is a most exciting series of dangerous and unusual adventures.

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, LIMITED.

[illegible]

LIBRARY
NOV
18
1981
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

BRIEF
DTB
0014909

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 09 03 15 12 021 8